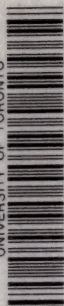


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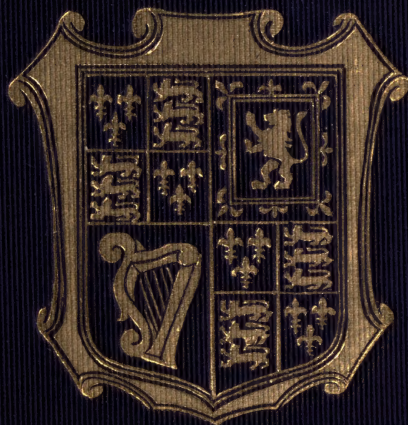


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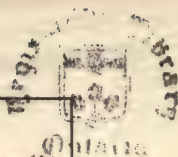
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THE COURT OF ENGLAND.

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ELIZABETH BAGOT, COUNTESS OF FALMOUTH AND DORSET.

Lineage of This Lady — Her Beauty — Her Marriage (with the Earl of Falmouth) — Her Husband Killed in an Action with the Dutch — Grief of the King and the Duke of York at His Loss — Dryden's Satire on Lady Falmouth — Her Second Marriage (with the Earl of Dorset) — Her Death.

LITTLE is known of this pretty lady, beyond the graceful touches of De Grammont, the charming portrait of her by Lely, and the rude lines of Dryden. She was the daughter of Colonel Hervey Bagot, of Pipe Hall, in Warwickshire, second son of Sir Hervey Bagot, Baronet, of Blythfield, in the county of Stafford. Her father, having distinguished himself by his gallantry during the civil troubles, had the post of gentleman pensioner conferred on him at the Restoration; while his daughter received the appointment of maid of honour to the Duchess of York, a situation,

at that period, at least, of questionable respectability.

The praises of De Grammont are valuable from their rarity. In his libertine observations on the new court, and the merits of the fair faces which surrounded him, "Miss Bagot," he says, "was the only one who was really possessed of virtue and beauty among these maids of honour: she had beautiful and regular features, and that sort of brown complexion which, when in perfection, is so particularly fascinating, and more especially in England, where it is uncommon. There was an involuntary blush almost continually upon her cheek, without having anything to blush for." De Grammont, like most libertines, could admire modesty in a woman, though he ridiculed it in a man.

About the year 1663 Miss Bagot became the wife of Charles Berkeley, Earl of Falmouth,¹ a gallant and handsome profligate, whose society was as agreeable as his principles were indifferent. Their union was but short-lived. In 1665 Lord Falmouth volunteered on board the fleet which was sent against the Dutch. In the heat of the great action of the 3d of June, he was standing by

¹ Second son of Sir Charles Berkeley, of Bruton in Gloucestershire. He was created, by Charles II., Baron Berkeley and Viscount Fitzhardinge in Ireland, and, on the 17th of March, 1664, Baron Botetourt and Earl of Falmouth in England. He died June 3d, 1665, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.





the side of his friend and master, the Duke of York, when his head was carried off by a cannon-ball, giving, as Sir John Denham says on the occasion, —

“ The first last proof that he had brains.”

The duke, who was covered with his blood, had the misfortune to see Lord Muskerry and Robert Boyle, a son of the Earl of Burlington, killed by the same shot.

Lord Falmouth must have been possessed of some engaging qualities, to have occasioned, as he did, among his own circle, the sorrow which followed his loss. The king was much affected. “ Those who knew him best,” says Lord Clarendon, “ were amazed at the floods of tears which he shed upon this occasion.” The Duke of York even, cold as was his nature, is said to have felt his loss deeply, and to have regretted the laurels he had gained, since they had been purchased by the loss of his friend.

From this period till her second marriage with Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset, the celebrated poet and wit, we know little of the history of the young widow. Considering that the slight knowledge which we possess of her character is far from being unfavourable, the following gross and unfeeling lines of Dryden are the more startling and unwelcome. The point of the satire being unknown, it is impossible to canvass its justice.

“ Thus Dorset, purring like a thoughtful cat,
Married, but wiser puss ne’er thought of that.
And first he worried her with railing rhyme,
Like Pembroke’s mastiffs, at his kindest time;
Then, for one night, sold all his slavish life,
A teeming widow but a barren wife;
Swelled by contact of such a fulsome toad,
He lugged about a matrimonial load;
Till fortune, blindly kind as well as he,
Has ill restored him to his liberty;
Which he would use in his old sneaking way,
Drinking all night, and dozing all the day;
Dull as Ned Howard, whom his brisker times
Had famed for dullness in malicious rhymes.”

The Countess of Dorset died in 1684. By Lord Falmouth she was the mother of one child, Mary, who became the wife of Gilbert Cosyn Gerrard, Esq. (son of Sir Gilbert Gerrard, Baronet, of Feskerton, in Lincolnshire), from whom she was divorced in 1684. By her second husband Lady Dorset had no children; but, whether Dryden be at all justified in his expression of the “teeming widow,” we have no evidence to decide. It was, perhaps, no compliment to her memory that the Earl of Dorset married another wife, Lady Mary Compton, within a year after her death. At Althorp there is a picture of Miss Bagot by Lely.

CHAPTER II.

ELIZABETH HAMILTON, COUNTESS DE GRAMMONT.

Lely's Portrait of Miss Hamilton — Her Wit and Beauty — Her Various Lovers — Joke Practised by Her on Miss Blague — Her Marriage with the Count de Grammont — Doubts of His Previous Sincerity — The Countess Quits England for France — Charles Introduces Her to His Sister, the Duchess of Orleans — Unpopularity of the Countess de Grammont at the French Court — Becomes a Devotee — She Endeavours to Convert Her Libertine Husband — Conversion and Death of De Grammont — Her Own Death.

THERE is a charm in Lely's celebrated gallery of the beauties of the court of Charles, which none but a very cold or a very sanctimonious person could fail to appreciate. There is in the bright aspect of beauty in the grave, — in the eye that still languishes on the canvas, and in the smile that still warms, — a fascination and a reality which identifies us almost involuntarily with the merry court of Charles; which recalls vividly the song, the laughter, and the sparkling wit, and conjures up to our imagination all the blandishments and allurements of that Paphian court. Standing in that circle of beauty, the imagination easily recalls the studio of the illustrious Lely,

and pictures it to itself, what it once was, the lounging-place of the young, the beautiful, and the gay. We can fancy one of the fair forms around us seated before the obsequious painter, exhibiting, it may be, all the absurd yet graceful prettiness of spoiled beauty and petted caprice. We can fancy the swarthy features of the "merry monarch," while bending over the chair of his mistress, whispering his soft nothings, and provoking the gay repartee; while around are grouped the idle courtiers, favoured, according to their merits, by the guardianship of the muff, the lap-dog, or the fan. The very languish which still captivates on the canvas may have been the actual expression of the minute, thrown out in a moment of tenderness to snare the easy heart of Charles, and caught in a happy moment of inspiration by the admiring artist.

Whether considered as a work of art, or on account of the beauty of the features it represents, the portrait of Miss Hamilton is decidedly the most charming of Lely's celebrated collection; nor, if we are to believe encomiums (dictated, as they however were, by the fond pride of a husband and the affectionate regard of a brother), was her mind less perfect than her face was lovely. The exquisite portrait of her in the "*Mémoires de Grammont*" is one which never fades from the memory. Whatever is supposed to be most fascinating in the mistress, or valuable in the wife, —



we observe it to itself, what it once was, the indulgence of the young, the beautiful, and the gay. We can think out of the fair form around us, and believe the handsome garden, smiling, it may be, all the while you gaze at pictures of social luxury and passed vigour. We can fancy the worthy features of the "great monarch," while hanging over the chair of his mistress, whispering his soft nothings, and pivoting the gay apartment; while around are grouped the idle nobles, in honour, according to their merits, by the generosity of the staff, the lap-dog, or the fan. The very language which still exists on the canvas may have been the actual expression of the scene.

La Belle Hamilton, afterward Countess of Grammont.

Photo-etching after the painting by Sir Peter Lely.

Whether considered as a work of art, or as a picture of the beauty of the nature it represents, the portrait of Miss Hamilton is decidedly the most charming of Lady's celebrated collection; nor, if we are to believe traditions (derived, as they however were, by the fond pride of a husband and the affectionate regard of a brother), was her mind less perfect than her face was lovely. The exquisite portrait of her in the "Mistress of the Quaker" is one which never fades from the memory. Whatever is supposed to be said concerning the manner of seducing the wife, —



wit, beauty, and good-humour, an agreeable perception of the ridiculous, added to the most irreproachable conduct and the strongest sense, — such is described to have been the wife of the profligate Count de Grammont, the heroine of one of the most agreeable works which has ever issued from the press. Such is the likeness of the Countess de Grammont as drawn by her own family. If in the evidence of others there is nothing which actually disproves its truth, there is, unfortunately, but little to support its accuracy. It is ungracious, however, to criticise a portrait so admirably drawn and so generally admired.

The subject of the present memoir was the eldest daughter of Sir George Hamilton, a soldier of some note during the civil troubles. He was the fourth son of James, first Earl of Abercorn, and married Mary, granddaughter of Walter, eleventh Earl of Ormond, by which means Miss Hamilton became the niece of James, the first and great Duke of Ormond. On the death of Charles the First, Sir George Hamilton had retired to France, where he accepted a military command under the French monarch. At the Restoration, however, he returned to England, where he presented himself at the court of Charles with a large family, distinguished equally by wit, beauty, and talent.

His charming daughter, Elizabeth Hamilton, was born in 1641, and, consequently, when she

first appeared in the gay circles of Whitehall, could scarcely have attained her twentieth year. Lovers, many of them the most eligible of the period, were not slow in presenting themselves. The Duke of York had fallen in love with her portrait in Lely's studio, and, on being presented to her, was no less charmed with the beautiful original. His proposals, however, were dishonourable, and were haughtily rejected. The Duke of Richmond, the gamester and drunkard; the simpleton Arundel, afterward Duke of Norfolk; the handsome and libertine Falmouth; the Russells, uncle and nephew, celebrated by De Grammont; and the lady-killer Jermyn, alike wore her chains and offered her their hands. De Grammont, graceful, impudent, and clever, was more successful. That she should have received as a lover one whose only recommendation was his wit, and who could look only to the products of the gaming-table for the means of supporting her as his wife, certainly speaks but little in favour of her judgment. On De Grammont's part, he had the merit of discovering her mental as well as personal accomplishments. The portrait of her, as she appeared to him at this period, was thus dictated by him to her brother, Count Hamilton, after a union of more than twenty years:

"Miss Hamilton was at the happy age when the charms of the fair sex begin to bloom; she had the fairest shape, the loveliest neck, and most

beautiful arms in the world ; she was majestic and graceful in all her movements ; and she was the original which all the ladies copied in their taste and air of dress. Her forehead was open, white, and smooth ; her hair was well set, and fell with ease into that natural order which it is so difficult to imitate. Her complexion was possessed of a certain freshness, not to be equalled by borrowed colours ; her eyes were not large, but they were lively, and capable of expressing whatever she pleased ; her mouth was full of graces, and her contour uncommonly perfect ; nor was her nose, which was small, delicate, and turned up, the least ornament of so lovely a face. In fine, her air, her carriage, and the numberless graces dispersed over her whole person, made the Chevalier de Grammont not doubt that she was possessed of every other qualification. Her mind was a proper companion for such a form ; she did not endeavour to shine in conversation by those sprightly sallies which only puzzle ; and, with still greater ease, she avoided that affected solemnity in her discourse which produces stupidity ; but without any eagerness to talk, she just said what she ought, and no more."

The following lively anecdote discovers agreeably enough that peculiar love of mischief and fun for which Miss Hamilton was distinguished among her acquaintance. Miss Blague, who had the misfortune to be the victim on the occasion, was maid

of honour to the Duchess of York. "Miss Blague," says Count Hamilton, "was a good subject for ridicule ; her shape was neither good nor bad ; her countenance bore the appearance of the greatest insipidity ; her complexion was the same all over ; and she had two little hollow eyes, adorned with white eyelashes as long as one's finger. With these attractions she placed herself in ambuscade to surprise unwary hearts, but she might have done so in vain, had it not been for the arrival of the Marquess Brisacier. Heaven seemed to have made them for each other. He had in his person and manners every requisite to dazzle a creature of her character ; he talked eternally, without saying anything, and in his dress exceeded the most extravagant fashions. Miss Blague believed that all this finery was on her account, and the marquess believed that her long eyelashes had never taken aim at any but himself. Brisacier, whom she looked upon as smitten, had wit, which he set off with commonplace talk, and with little songs he sung out of tune most methodically, and was continually exerting one or other of these happy talents. The Duke of Buckingham did all he could to spoil him, by the praises he bestowed both upon his voice and upon his wit ; and, upon his authority, Miss Blague, who hardly understood a word of French, regulated herself in admiring the one and the other. It was remarked that all the words which he sung to her were in praise of fair women, and

that, taking this to herself, she always cast down her eyes in acknowledgment and consciousness. Upon these observations it was resolved to make a jest of her the first opportunity."

The following mischievous project, devised by Miss Hamilton and her accomplices, it was decided should be carried into effect at an approaching masquerade, at which the court were expected to be present. Parisian gloves, of which Miss Hamilton had by chance several pair, were then very much in fashion. A pair of these she despatched to Miss Blague, accompanied with about four yards of very pale yellow riband, and a note, as if from Brisacier, beseeching her to wear them at the fête, in order that he might be able to discover her in the crowd. Shortly after the messenger had departed, Miss Price, one of the maids of honour, happened accidentally to call upon Miss Hamilton. This lady was the sworn foe of Miss Blague, and, accordingly, the fair Hamilton determined to renew hostilities between them by throwing her in Brisacier's way. She presented her therefore with some gloves and riband, exactly similar to those which she had previously had conveyed to Miss Blague, desiring her jocularly not to interfere with the latter's plans upon Brisacier, an injunction which she well knew would have a very different effect from what was apparently intended.

The day of the fête arrived. All that was beautiful and splendid was present, and among them

the laughing Hamilton and her accomplices, waiting eagerly for the *dénouement* of their joke. It was eminently successful. "Miss Blague," says Count Hamilton, "was more yellow than saffron; her fair locks were ornamented with the citron-coloured riband, put there out of complaisance to Brisacier; while, to inform him of his happiness, she often raised to her head her victorious hands, adorned with the gloves we have before mentioned. But if they were surprised to see her in a head-dress that made her look more wan than ever, she felt very different sensations at seeing Miss Price partake with her, in every particular, of Brisacier's present; her surprise soon turned to jealousy, for her rival had not failed to join in conversation with him, in consequence of what had been insinuated to her the evening before; nor did Brisacier fail to return her first advances, without paying the least attention to the fair Blague, nor to the signs which she was tormenting herself to make him, to inform him of his happy destiny.

"Miss Price was short and thick, and consequently no dancer; the Duke of Buckingham, who brought Brisacier forward as often as he could, came to desire him, on the part of the king, to dance with Miss Blague, without knowing what was then passing in this nymph's heart. Brisacier excused himself, on account of the contempt that he had for country dances. Miss Blague thought that it was herself that he despised; and seeing

that he was engaged in conversation with her mortal enemy, she began to dance without knowing what she did; her indignation and jealousy being sufficiently remarkable to divert the whole court, though none but Miss Hamilton and her accomplices understood the joke perfectly."

It seems that Miss Blague was painfully at a loss to discover the cause of the change in Brisa-cier's manner. In the letter which had purported to have been sent by him, her eyes had been poetically likened to those of the wild boar, the French word *marcassin* having been made use of for the occasion. Miss Blague, being ignorant of the language, had applied to her friends for the meaning; while they, on their parts, from the circumstance of there being no wild boars in England, had innocently translated it to her as "young pig." This was naturally construed by her into a deliberate insult, and she was highly indignant in consequence. In the midst of her resentment, however, says Count Hamilton, "Sir — Yarborough, of as fair a complexion as herself, made her an offer of marriage and was accepted: chance made up this match, I suppose, as an experiment to try what such a white-haired union would produce." The joke practised by Miss Hamilton on Lady Muskerri, at the same masquerade, is as well known, and scarcely less amusing.

About the year 1668, Miss Hamilton became the wife of the celebrated Philibert, Count de

Grammont. From our knowledge of his worldly mind and unprincipled character, as well as from several hints which have been handed down to us, it would seem that the vivacious Frenchman had been hitherto merely sporting with her feelings, and that marriage was the last circumstance which had entered into his libertine ideas. There is an anecdote connected with this supposition, which, willing as we may be to dispute its truth, is unlikely to have been entirely a fiction. De Grammont, as is well known, had been banished from the French court, for presuming to be the rival of Louis the Fourteenth for the favours of Mlle. La Motte Houdancourt. On receiving the tidings of his recall, after a banishment of six years, so eager he is said to have been to return to his native land that he forgot his engagements with Miss Hamilton. At all events, he neglected to fulfil them before he took his departure. He was already, we are told, entering the town of Dover, when her two brothers came up to him, determined either to bring him to an explanation or to provoke him to an encounter. "Chevalier de Grammont," they exclaimed, "have you forgotten nothing in London?" De Grammont was not the person to be easily disconcerted. "I beg your pardon," was his characteristic reply, "I forgot to marry your sister." The anecdote is said to have afforded to Molière the idea of "*La Mariage Forcée*." De Grammont had been the lover

of Miss Hamilton for six years, and consequently the first bloom of beauty must already have begun to fade from her cheek at the time when the libertine came to the tardy determination of offering her his hand.

After the birth of her first child, in 1669, the countess retired to France with her husband, where she continued to reside during the remainder of her life. Charles appears to have respected her character, and to have regretted her departure. In a letter to his sister, the Duchess of Orleans, dated the 24th October, 1669, he warmly recommends to her notice the Countess de Grammont, who, he intimates, is on the point of setting out for France with her husband. "And now I have named her," he proceeds, "I cannot choose but again desire you to be kind to her; for, besides the merit her family has on both sides, she is as good a creature as ever lived. I believe she will pass for a handsome woman in France, though she has not yet, since her lying-in, recovered that good shape she had before, and I am afraid never will."

Whether this partial loss of beauty had rendered her appearance less dazzling, or whether, as is probable, her natural charms had never in reality been so striking, or her mind quite so amiable, as they have been pictured to us by a husband and a brother, certain it is that at the French court Madame de Grammont was neither so beloved nor

so admired as seems to have been anticipated by her friends. Not impossibly, the flattering reception which she had met with from the King of France, the vast accession of fortune which her husband shortly afterward acquired by the death of his elder brother, her appointment as dame du palais, at Versailles, as well as her own wit and beauty, may have prejudiced her fair contemporaries against the gifted and beautiful Englishwoman. Certainly she was no favourite among the female wits and in the heartless circle of the Louvre. Madame de Sévigné speaks of her as haughty and disagreeable; Madame de Caylus denounces her as *une Anglaise insupportable*, and Madame de Maintenon as *plus agréable qu'aimable*.

With the increase of years and the decay of beauty, the character of Madame de Grammont seems to have undergone a complete change. Taking refuge in the customary resource of a Frenchwoman when thrust aside by younger and more engaging rivals, she devoted herself to her religious duties, as soon as others had ceased to show devotion toward herself. She even applied herself sedulously to make a convert of her worthless husband. "At the time," according to the younger Richardson, "when this celebrated libertine was thought to be on his death-bed, the king sent the Marquess Dangeau, a famous devotee of those times, to talk with him of God. The Countess de Grammont, also a professed devotee,

and who had before been perpetually teasing her husband with repentance, was sitting on the bedside. So, after the king's devotee had been haranguing him for some time, he turned to his wife, and said, 'Countess, if you don't look about you, Dangeau will smuggle [*escamotera*] my conversion.'" St. Évremond declared that he would gladly die, to go off with such a *bon mot* in his mouth.

At this period De Grammont was in his seventy-fifth year. He had hitherto rarely known a day's sickness, and, indeed, used to declare jocularly that he should never die. He not only recovered from his malady on this occasion, but survived till the 10th of January, 1707, when he expired at the age of eighty-six. It appears, by the letters of St. Évremond to Ninon de l'Enclos, that though he retained his constitutional vivacity to the last, he followed the praiseworthy example set him by his beautiful wife; expressed his belief in revealed religion, and died penitent, cheerful, and devout. The latter writes to St. Évremond of their mutual friend: "Madame de Coulogne has undertaken to make your compliments to the Count de Grammont, by the Countess de Grammont. He is so young that I think him as light as when he hated sick people, and loved them after they had recovered their health." His widow survived him only a year, dying in 1708, at the age of sixty-seven. Of their two daughters, the only offspring

of their marriage, Claude Charlotte, a beautiful and accomplished woman, married, in 1694, Henry, Lord Stafford.¹ Mary Lepel, Lady Hervey, whose praise is of value, observes of her: "She had as much honour and as much good sense as I ever met with in any creature." Her younger sister died abbess of the *chanoinesses* in Lorrain.

¹ Henry Howard, Viscount Stafford, was created an earl by James II., not many days before his abdication, in 1688.

CHAPTER III.

ANNE, COUNTESS OF SOUTHESK.

Lineage of the Countess of Southesk — Her Intrigue with the Duke of York — Jealousy of Her Husband — His Singular Mode of Revenge — Her Family Afflictions and Death.

ANNE, COUNTESS OF SOUTHESK, remarkable only for her fair face and abandoned character, was the eldest daughter of the handsome and gallant Duke of Hamilton, who died of the wounds which he received at the battle of Worcester. Of her early history little is known. She seems, before marriage, to have been the friend and confidante of Mrs. Palmer, afterward the famous Duchess of Cleveland, from whose conversation and example she probably imbibed that taste for intrigue which has obtained for her so discreditable a position in the annals of gallantry and vice.

Lady Anne Hamilton must have been still young when she became the wife of Robert, Lord Carnegie, eldest son of the Earl of Southesk, a man whose only characteristic seems to have been ill-temper, and whose principal occupations were bull-baiting and the cockpit.

According to De Grammont, Lady Southesk had already been long famous for the tenderness of her disposition at the time when the Duke of York expressed himself a suitor for her favours. The misery which her encouragement of the duke's addresses occasioned her jealous husband, as well as the eccentric and disgusting means to which he reverted, in order to avenge himself on his rival, are circumstantially related both by Bishop Burnet and in the "*Mémoires de Grammont*."

Lady Southesk seems to have passed through the usual ordeal of pain, misery, and disappointment, with which the world is in the habit of rewarding its veterans. She is described as having been a constant attendant at the gaming-table, and Pepys alludes to her as "devilishly painted," and a flaunting frequenter of the Park. The close of her life was marked by the bitterest domestic suffering. Her first-born, Lord Carnegie, treated her with contempt; while her youngest and beloved son, William Carnegie, falling a victim to his passion for an abandoned woman, died at Paris at the age of nineteen in a miserable quarrel. The year of Lady Southesk's decease is unknown and unimportant. It is certain, however, that she was survived by her husband, who died in 1688.



CHAPTER IV.

SUSAN, LADY BELLASYSE.

Marriage of This Lady — Death of Her Husband in a Duel —
The Duke of York Places a Contract of Marriage in Her
Hands — She Is Frightened into Returning It — Her Death
— Picture of Lady Bellasyse at Hampton Court.

SUSAN, LADY BELLASYSE, was the only child of Sir William Armine, Baronet, of Osgodby, in Lincolnshire, by Mary Talbot, granddaughter of George, sixth Earl of Shrewsbury. At an early age she became the second wife of Sir Henry Bellasyse, son of John, Lord Bellasyse, and nephew of Thomas, Lord Falconberg, the son-in-law of Cromwell. She was early left a widow, her husband losing his life in a drunken fracas with Tom Porter, a groom of the bedchamber, and his own intimate friend. Sir Henry died a Knight of the Bath, an honour for which he seems to have been indebted rather to his intimacy with the Duke of York, and the military services of his father during the civil wars, than to any merit of his own.

After the death of her husband, in 1667, Lady Bellasyse, who had been left with an only son, Henry, afterward second Lord Bellasyse, retired from the court. She returned, however, in about

two years, when the Duke of York showed his respect for the memory of his friend by publicly making love to his widow. Whether there was any criminality in their intercourse is not known. The fact is certain, however, that, after the death of his duchess, when Lady Bellasyse was no longer young, the Duke of York, probably in order to satisfy the scruples of his mistress, signed a contract of marriage, which he placed in her hands, at the same time making use of every means in his power to convert her to popery.

Whether or not he achieved a victory over her heart, it is certain that, in his attack on her religious principles, he was entirely unsuccessful. Subsequently, in consequence of the duke continuing his visits, her friends remonstrated with her on their frequency, and on the injury they reflected on her reputation. Thus provoked to defend her character, Lady Bellasyse, probably in a moment of indignation, produced the marriage contract which she had received from the Duke of York. The story was soon bruited abroad. Her father-in-law, Lord Bellasyse, a bigoted papist, overlooking the advancement of his family in his regard for the interest of the religion which he professed, and dreading the influence which a zealous Protestant like his kinswoman might obtain over the duke, immediately addressed himself to the king. Charles, according to Burnet, sent for the duke. "It was too much," he said, "to have played the

fool once ; that was not to be done a second time and at such an age." Lady Bellasyse, in her turn, was so intimidated by the threats of the court as to give up the original contract, adopting, however, the useless precaution of preserving an attested copy. It may be remarked that, after the death of her husband, the Duke of York procured for his mistress the rank of Baroness Bellasyse for her own life.

Pepys mentions his accidentally meeting Lady Bellasyse at a fashionable coachmaker's in 1669. She was seated, he says, with "other great ladies," in a new coach, where they were enjoying themselves, eating bread and butter and drinking ale. The incident is only so far of importance as throwing an amusing light on the character of the times.

In middle age, Lady Bellasyse united herself to one Fortrey, described as a gentleman of fortune, from which period little is known of her history. As she was invited to be present at the accouchement of Mary of Modena, and signed the famous deposition of the birth of the Prince of Wales, it is probable that she was well received at the court of her royal lover after his accession to the throne. In the poem of "The Deponents," originating in the well-known "warming-pan story," she is alluded to with little reverence :

" Then pocky Bellasyse the next comes in,
And says she saw the cast of Charles's queen ;

And, hearing that the queen in labour was,
She hurried in without a call or pass," etc.

From a letter of Swift's, we learn that her life was extended to the reign of Queen Anne. "You know," he writes, "old Lady Bellasyse is dead at last? She had left Lord Berkeley of Stratton, one of her executors, and it will be a great advantage to him, they say above ten thousand pounds."

The picture among the court beauties at Hampton Court, which passes as Lady Byron, is generally supposed to have been painted for Lady Bellasyse.

According to Granger, the almost total absence of beauty confirms the conjecture. Vertue doubted whether it was intended for Lady Byron, and Walpole argues, from its resemblance to the mezzotinto of Lady Bellasyse from the original by Sir Peter Lely, that it was meant for that lady. The same authority informs us that he had a miniature of Lady Bellasyse by Cooper, which was "historically plain." Walpole conjectures, though apparently with little reason, that the portrait of Lady Bellasyse was admitted by Charles among the court beauties, in order to display the superiority of his own taste over that of his brother. The portrait of Lady Bellasyse at Hampton Court is by Huysman, the pupil of Vandyke.

CHAPTER V.

ISABELLA, LADY ROBARTS.

Her Doubtful Identity — The Duke of York Her Professed Admirer — Jealousy of Her Husband — He Removes Her from London — Her Death and Numerous Children.

OF this lady we know but little beyond the passing notice which De Grammont has vouchsafed to her charms and her frailty. Her very name and family are involved in doubt.

According to Horace Walpole, the Lady Robarts of De Grammont was Sarah, daughter of John Bodville, of Bodville Castle, in Carnarvonshire, wife of Robert Robarts, eldest son of John, first Earl of Radnor. This is undoubtedly a mistake, and is corrected by Sir William Musgrave in his MS. notes to De Grammont. He justly observes that it in no manner "agrees with the description of her husband as being old and a lord, because Robarts the son could not have been very old when he died before his father, who [moreover] was only Lord Robarts." The lady, there can be little question, was Isabella, daughter of Sir John Smith, Knight, of Kent, and the second wife of John, second Baron Robarts and first Earl of

Radnor, the father of the person to whom Horace Walpole has allotted her. As the son never bore the title of Robarts, it is another argument that she could not have been his wife. Lord Robarts, the father, had sided against his sovereign during the civil wars, and yet, notwithstanding his disloyalty, was received into favour at the Restoration. Lord Clarendon speaks of him as a morose, proud, and ill-tempered man, which exactly agrees with the description of De Grammont.

"Lady Robarts," says the latter, "was then in the zenith of her glory: her beauty was striking; yet, notwithstanding the brightness of her fine complexion, with all the bloom of youth, and with every requisite for inspiring passion, she was not attractive. The duke, however, would probably have been successful, if difficulties, almost insurmountable, had not opposed themselves to his good intentions. Lord Robarts, her husband, was an old, snarling, troublesome, peevish fellow, in love with her to distraction, and, to complete her misery, never suffered her out of his sight." The lady, however, appears to have persisted in giving the duke encouragement, who in consequence redoubled his attentions, while the watchfulness of the husband not unnaturally increased. Various plans were devised by the duke and his friends, either to bribe him into compliance, or blind him to his dishonour. Among other expedients, it was proposed to him that his wife should accept

an important post about the queen or the Duchess of York, while he was himself offered either the lord lieutenancy of his own county or the management of the Duke of York's revenues in Ireland. The one would have given his wife apartments at Whitehall, the other would have removed him to a distance from the court. "But in vain," adds De Grammont, "did ambition and avarice hold out their allurements, — he was deaf to all their temptations. Under the pretence of a pilgrimage to St. Winifred, the virgin and martyr, who was said to cure women of barrenness, he did not rest until the highest mountains in Wales were placed between his wife and the person who had designed to perform this miracle in London, after his departure." The duke, after his separation from his mistress, figures as anything but a disconsolate lover. In the pleasures of the chase, and in the charms of Lady Chesterfield, he seems to have speedily forgotten the exiled lady and her jealous lord.

Such is the little that can be ascertained respecting this unimportant beauty. Presuming her, however, to be the lady we have supposed, the visit to St. Winifred's Well was either very needless, or else it was eminently successful. She figures in the Peerages as the mother of no fewer than four sons and five daughters, of whom the eldest was Francis, member of Parliament in the reigns of Charles II., James II., William III.,

and Queen Anne; vice-president of the Royal Society, and, moreover, a man of considerable intellectual acquirements. His brother, John, eventually succeeded as fourth Earl of Radnor, and, dying in 1764, unmarried, the title became extinct. It was conferred the following year on Willam Bouverie, second Viscount Folkstone.

CHAPTER VI.

ANNE TEMPLE, LADY LYTTTELTON.

Her Narrow Escape from the Court Libertines — Her Beauty and Silly Disposition — Notice of Her Husband, Sir Charles Lyttelton — His Dread of Being Cuckolded — Death of Lady Lyttelton.

THIS beautiful but silly woman, the heroine of an agreeable, but scarcely decent adventure in De Grammont's memoirs, was maid of honour to the Duchess of York. She appeared at court when extremely young, and fortunately quitted it before she was much older.

Anne Temple was the daughter of Thomas Temple, Esq., of Frankton, in Warwickshire, by Rebecca, daughter of Sir Nicholas Carew, Knight, of Beddington, in Surrey. She no sooner appeared at the court of Charles than she excited the attention of its libertine frequenters. The gay Rochester and the handsome Sydney were suitors for her smiles, and, as she loved to be admired, her reputation very narrowly escaped being ruined by their dalliance. "Miss Temple," says Count Hamilton, "was brown compared with Miss Jennings; she had a good shape, fine teeth, lan-

guishing eyes, a fresh complexion, an agreeable smile, and a lively air. Such was the outward form, and it would be difficult to describe the rest; for she was simple and vain, credulous and suspicious, coquettish and prudent, very conceited and very silly." She figures as the companion of Miss Hobart, a person who shared the strange moral peculiarities of Sappho, without a tittle of the genius of the Lesbian poetess.

Fortunately, Miss Temple had scarcely been two years at court when a very eligible offer of marriage gave her an opportunity of escaping from her dangerous post of maid of honour. At the age of eighteen she accepted the hand of Sir Charles Lyttelton, Knight, a gallant cavalier of forty, and owner of the afterward classical seat of Hagley. He had formerly distinguished himself under the royal standard in the civil troubles, and since then had been governor of Jamaica, where he built the town of Port Royal. At the period of his marriage he was colonel of the Duke of York's regiment. He afterward rose to be a brigadier-general, Governor of Sheerness, and sat as member of Parliament for Bewdley. He seems to have experienced a severe struggle between his love for the lady and his dread of her proving unfaithful to him after his marriage; however, he seems to have had no reason to complain of the conduct of his fair wife. They appear to have led a domestic life, Lady Lyttelton bearing him

thirteen children, of whom there were five sons and eight daughters. Sir Charles lived to the age of eighty-six, dying at Hagley on the 2d of May, 1716. His lady survived him only two years, expiring also at Hagley, on the 27th of August, 1718. The celebrated Lord Lyttelton was her grandson.

CHAPTER VII.

MISS BROOKE, LADY DENHAM.

Introduction to Court by Her Uncle, the Earl of Bristol — His Scheme of Advancing His Interests through Her Shame — Her Marriage with Sir John Denham, the Poet — Anecdotes of Sir John — Lady Denham Becomes the Mistress of the Duke of York — Madness of Her Husband — Believed to Have Caused Her Death by Poison — Her Last Illness — Distress of the Duke of York — Death of Sir John Denham.

LADY DENHAM was the eldest daughter of Sir William Brooke, K. B., and niece of George Digby, second Earl of Bristol. Her brief but romantic story, the genius of her husband, and her own loveliness and untimely end, have invested her name with a peculiar interest. The world believed that, in introducing her to the libertine monarch, and in obtaining invitations for her to the royal parties, the unprincipled earl trusted to advance his own interests by means of the charms, if not the shame, of his beautiful kinswoman.¹ In his

¹ It appears by a passage in Pepys's memoirs that her subsequent endeavours to advance the intrigues of her profligate uncle produced a temporary coolness between the Duke of York and Lady Denham, who for some time had notoriously encouraged the addresses of her royal lover.

public capacity, Lord Bristol is sufficiently well known from his absurd political inconsistencies, and, in private life, as a sycophantic panderer to the amusements and pleasures of Charles the Second.

Miss Brooke, at the time when she appeared at court with her lovely sister Frances, was only eighteen.¹ Her charms at once attracted the attention of Charles. Lady Castlemaine, however, who was then in the zenith of her beauty and power, interfered with her headstrong jealousy, and accordingly the king was robbed of his prize, and Miss Brooke of the honour of enslaving her sovereign.

The Duke of York succeeded as her professed lover, but as long as she remained unmarried she appears to have afforded him but little encouragement. It was probably yielding to the advice of her friends, who hoped to save her from ruin by a timely marriage, that she consented to become the wife of Sir John Denham, the celebrated poet, a man no less wealthy than disagreeable, sarcastic, and old. The story of the poet, more especially as he figures as the social companion of two monarchs, the first and second Charles, requires a passing notice.

He was the only son of Sir John Denham, Knight, of Little Horseley, in Essex, chief baron

¹ Frances Brooke, also noticed in De Grammont's memoirs. She afterward became the wife of Sir Thomas Whitmore, K. B.

of the exchequer in Ireland, and afterward promoted to be a baron of the exchequer in England. His gifted son was born in Dublin (according to Wood, in 1615), and in 1631 was entered a gentleman commoner of Trinity College, Oxford. At the university, according to Aubrey, he was regarded as the "dreamingest young fellow alive." He seems, at a very early period, to have imbibed a miserable passion for play, and, whenever he was not in a poetical reverie, to have been engaged at the gaming-table. "He was looked upon," says Anthony Wood, "as a slow, dreaming, young man, and more addicted to gaming than study; they could never imagine he could ever enrich the world with the issue of his brain as he afterward did." After a residence of three years at the university, he entered himself as a member of Lincoln's Inn, where, as Aubrey assures us, he was again "much rooked by gamesters, and fell acquainted with that unsanctified crew to his ruin." Both Wood and Aubrey relate an amusing anecdote of him at this period. His father, having received intimation of the ruinous course of life his son was leading, addressed a forcible and affectionate letter of remonstrance to his prodigal offspring. The father, if the anecdote be true, was probably as weak-minded as the son was hypocritical. In order completely to lull any inconvenient suspicions on the part of his parent, the poet actually composed and printed an essay

against gaming, which he transmitted to his father. The scheme was apparently successful, for the old lawyer subsequently bequeathed him a considerable fortune, the savings probably of a long life of labour and self-denial.

Aubrey relates another anecdote of the poet, at the period when he was studying the law. "He was generally," he says, "temperate in drinking; but one time, when he was a student of Lincoln's Inn, having been merry at the tavern with his comrades, late at night a frolic came into his head to get a plaisterer's brush and a pot of ink, and blot out all the signs between Temple Bar and Charing Cross, which made a strange confusion the next day, as it was in term time; but it happened that they were discovered, and it cost him and them some moneys. This I had from R. Estcourt, Esquire, who carried the ink-pot." His father dying in 1638, the improvident poet, within a short period, squandered a considerable portion of his property; and, in consequence of his subsequently taking the part of his sovereign in the civil troubles, the Parliament without scruple deprived him of the remainder.

In 1642 he published his tragedy of the "Sophy," which had been acted in the course of the previous year at the theatre in Black Friars, and where it was received with considerable applause. The following year he printed at Oxford his celebrated "Cooper's Hill." In a

satirical poem, published many years afterward, we find :

“ Then in came Denham, that limping old bard,
Whose fame on the Sophy and Cooper's Hill stands ;
And brought many stationers, who swore very hard,
That nothing sold better, except 'twere his lands.”

In 1652, when on a visit at Lord Pembroke's seat at Wilton, he is said to have burlesqued one of the books of Virgil, which he afterward burnt. It was a shame, he said, that the first poet in the world should be abused.

Sir John performed some good service for his sovereign during the civil wars. About the year 1642 he was appointed Governor of Farnham Castle, but his military genius proving far inferior to his poetical powers, he soon relinquished his command, and repaired to Charles, who was then holding his court at Oxford. In 1647 he was entrusted by Henrietta Maria with a message to her unfortunate husband, then in the hands of the army. He was also on other occasions employed in the royal cause. He is said to have accompanied the young Duke of York to the Continent when he fled from St. James's in disguise in 1648. The fact, however, is unlikely, inasmuch as neither Lord Clarendon nor the Stuart Papers make the least allusion to his having been the companion of the duke in his adventurous flight. Sir John appears to have been received

on terms of familiar companionship by Charles the First, of whom, in his dedication of his poems to the second Charles, he speaks affectionately as his "old master." About the year 1650 he was sent by Charles the Second, then in poverty and exile, as his envoy to the King of Poland. On the decease of Inigo Jones, in 1652, he was appointed surveyor of his Majesty's buildings, — an unprofitable appointment, it would seem, inasmuch as the young king had not a house he could call his own. At the Restoration he was created a Knight of the Bath.

According both to Aubrey and to De Grammont, Sir John was an "old and limping" man at the period when he was weak enough to unite himself with Miss Brooke. There seems to be some doubt, however, whether he was really as old as he is represented to have been by the lampooners of the time. If the data of Anthony Wood be correct, who places his birth in 1615, he could not have far exceeded the age of fifty at the time of his marriage. Unless we suppose that dissipation had produced an appearance of premature old age, the discrepancy is difficult to be reconciled.

The marriage of Miss Brooke with the snarling and ungainly poet was a signal to the Duke of York to redouble his unhallowed attentions. According to Pepys, he used to follow her up and down the presence-chamber "like a dog." And

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Sir John performed some good service for his sovereign during the civil wars. About the year 1642 he was appointed Governor of Farnham Castle, but his military genius proving far inferior to his poetical powers, he soon relinquished his command, and repaired to Charles, who was then holding his court at Oxford. In 1647 he was entrusted by Henrietta Maria with a message to her unfortunate husband, then in the hands of the army. He was also on other occasions employed in the royal cause. He is said to have accompanied the young Duke of York to the Continent when he fled from St. James's in disguise in 1648. The fact, however, is unlikely, inasmuch as neither Lord Clarendon nor the Stuart Papers make the least allusion to his having been the companion of the duke in his adventurous flight. Sir John appears to have been received

on terms of familiar companionship by Charles the First, of whom, in his dedication of his poems to the second Charles, he speaks affectionately as his "old master." About the year 1650 he was sent by Charles the Second, then in poverty and exile, as his envoy to the King of Poland. On the decease of Inigo Jones, in 1652, he was appointed surveyor of his Majesty's buildings, — an unprofitable appointment, it would seem, inasmuch as the young king had not a house he could call his own. At the Restoration he was created a Knight of the Bath.

According both to Aubrey and to De Grammont, Sir John was an "old and limping" man at the period when he was weak enough to unite himself with Miss Brooke. There seems to be some doubt, however, whether he was really as old as he is represented to have been by the lampooners of the time. If the data of Anthony Wood be correct, who places his birth in 1615, he could not have far exceeded the age of fifty at the time of his marriage. Unless we suppose that dissipation had produced an appearance of premature old age, the discrepancy is difficult to be reconciled.

The marriage of Miss Brooke with the snarling and ungainly poet was a signal to the Duke of York to redouble his unhallowed attentions. According to Pepys, he used to follow her up and down the presence-chamber "like a dog." And

he adds, "The Duke of York is wholly given up to his new mistress, my Lady Denham, going at noon-day with all his gentlemen to visit her in Scotland-yard; she declaring she will not be his mistress as Mrs. Price, to go up and down the privy stairs."

According to De Grammont, the obduracy of Lady Denham was but the whim of the moment. "She suffered the duke," he says, "to entertain hopes of an approaching bliss, which a thousand considerations had opposed her granting him before her marriage." And he adds, "It was soon brought to a conclusion, for where both parties are sincere in a negotiation, no time is lost in cavilling." The unhappy poet almost deserved the bitter penalty which awaited his folly. Where the selection of a wife was in question, any contact with a society such as Charles the Second's court was composed of must have been sufficient to rob any woman of her charm. Sir John Denham was not only well aware of this fact, but it was remarkable that he had been long famous for exerting his biting powers of sarcasm against any friend or acquaintance who had been weak enough to select a wife from the voluptuous court of his royal master. Either, however, he was silly enough to place confidence in a giddy girl, or else he was vain enough to except himself from the general doom. "Every man," writes Doctor Johnson to Barretti, "believes that mistresses are unfaithful

and patrons capricious, but he excepts his own mistress and his own patron."

On discovering the frailty of his young wife, either his love or his vanity suffered so deeply that it occasioned a temporary aberration of mind. "His madness," says Aubrey, "first appeared when he went from London to see the famous free-stone quarries in Portland, in Dorset. When he came within a mile of it he turned back to London again, and would not see it. He went to Hounslow and demanded rents of lands he had sold many years before ; but it pleased God that he was cured of this distemper, and wrote excellent verses, particularly on the death of Abraham Cowley, afterward." Lord Lisle writes to Sir William Temple, 26th September, 1667, "Poor Sir John Denham is fallen to the ladies also. He is at many of the meetings, at dinners, talks more than ever he did, and is extremely pleased with those that seem willing to hear him, and from that obligation exceedingly praises the Duchess of Monmouth and my Lady Cavendish ; if he had not the name of being mad, I believe in most companies he would be thought wittier than ever he was. He seems to have few extravagances besides that of telling stories of himself, which he is always inclined to."

In Butler's "Posthumous Works" will be found a scandalous attack on Sir John Denham, entitled "A Panegyric upon his recovery from his mad-

ness." Anthony Wood also makes mention of his aberration of mind. "Upon some discontent arising from a second match,¹ he became crazed for a time, and so, consequently, contemptible among vain fops. Soon after, being cured of his distemper, he wrote excellent verses on the death of Abraham Cowley, the prince of poets, and some months after followed him." These verses, it may be remarked, though indifferent as to merit, exhibit no signs of insanity. The fact appears somewhat singular if we consider the reputed cause of his madness, that in a poem on such a subject he should have introduced the following irrelevant lines. Speaking of Cowley he says :

"His fancy and his judgment such,
Each to the other seemed too much :
His severe judgment, giving law,
His modest fancy kept in awe ;
As rigid husbands jealous are,
When they believe their wives too fair."

The fate of his lovely wife is described as having been a miserable one. Pepys inserts in his Diary, 10th November, 1666, "I hear that my Lady Denham is exceedingly sick even unto death, and that she says and everybody else discourses that she is poisoned." Count Hamilton evidently falls

¹ His first wife, according to Aubrey, was a Miss Cotton, of Gloucestershire. He obtained with her a fortune of five hundred pounds, and had by her one son and two daughters.





into the opinion, which was pretty general at the time, that her death was caused by the jealousy of her husband. "As no person," he says, "entertained any doubt of his having poisoned her, the populace of his neighbourhood threatened to tear him in pieces as soon as he should come abroad; but he shut himself up to bewail her death, until their fury was appeased by a magnificent funeral, at which he distributed four times more burnt wine than had ever been drunk at any funeral in England." There were others who did not scruple to implicate the Duchess of York in this doubtful tragedy. The improbable suspicion, however, rests entirely on the lampoons of the time, one of which is said to have been actually affixed to the duchess's door. Aubrey tells us authoritatively, though without adducing any evidence whatever, that Lady Denham was "poisoned by the hand of the Countess of Rochester with chocolate."

One argument against Lady Denham having met with unfair play was the fact of the lingering nature of her indisposition. Pepys mentions his incidentally hearing of her illness as early as the 10th of November, 1666; whereas it is known that she did not expire till so late as the 7th January, 1667. The Duke of York, notwithstanding his cold nature and variable affections, is said to have been deeply distressed at her death. She was the second lady who was believed to have been poisoned by her husband out of jealousy

of the duke. Sir John Denham survived his unhappy wife several years. He expired at his house at Whitehall, opposite the present Admiralty, in March, 1688, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, near the graves of Chaucer and Cowley.

CHAPTER VIII.

SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE.

Summary of Etherege's Character — His Comedy of "The Comical Revenge" — Introduced to the Private Parties of Charles — His Dramatic Writings — Libertinism of His Poetry — Marries a Rich Widow to Retrieve His Fortunes — His Necessities Compel Him to Quit England — Retires to Ratisbon — His Witty Letter to the Duke of Buckingham — The German Widow — Sudden Death of Etherege — His Sprightliness and Showy Person.

IF the court of Charles the Second was the resort of all who were profligate and unprincipled, the king at least collected around his own person as much wit as the age could afford, as well as that kind of light and agreeable talent which embellishes, if only with a superficial lustre, the grossness and stupidity of ordinary vice.

Among those whom their genius or conversational talents had introduced to the royal circle, was Sir George Etherege. He was a man known affectionately among his own friends as Gentle George and Easy Etherege, and is still popular with posterity from his dramatic writings as well as from some lighter productions of his accomplished and versatile mind. He is described by

his contemporaries as one of the finest gentlemen who frequented the court, and was certainly not without a considerable share of wit. Unfortunately, however, the profligacy of his life was exceeded only by the libertinism of his muse.

Sir George Etherege, who was born about the year 1636, is said to have been descended from an ancient family in Oxfordshire. There is reason to believe that he graduated at Cambridge. As regards his youth, however, it is only certain that he travelled early in France, and that he entered himself, on his return, at one of the Inns of Court. The dry details of the law being but little suited to the vivacity of his disposition, he, not long afterward, deserted the courts of law for those of pleasure and the muses. In 1664, we find him famous as the author of a successful comedy, "The Comic Revenge, or Love in a Tub."

The flattering reception of his play, which was first acted at the Duke of York's Theatre, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, as well as the reputation he had acquired for social humour and conversational talent, introduced him at once into the society of the court wits and to the private parties of Charles. In dedicating his play to the gay Mæcenas of his time, Charles, Lord Buckhurst, afterward Earl of Dorset, "I could not," he says, "have wished myself more fortunate than I have been, in the success of this poem; the writing of it was a means to make me known to your lord-

ship; the acting of it has lost me no reputation; and the printing of it has now given me an opportunity to show you how much I honour you," etc. Indolence was one of the many failings of the good-humoured poet. It was not till the year 1668 that he brought out his second and more finished comedy of "She Would if She Could;" and, moreover, nearly eight more years of idleness were allowed to elapse before he gave to the world his last and most celebrated production, "The Man of Mode, or Sir Fopling Flutter," which is still read and admired. According to a couplet in the "Session of the Poets,"

"In the crying sin, Idleness, he was so hardened,
That his seven years' silence was not to be pardoned."

"The Man of Mode," in consequence of the general impression that existed at the time that the poet had introduced into it existing characters under fictitious names, excited the eager attention of his contemporaries. Sir Fopling Flutter was thought to be Beau Hewit, a famous fop of the period; Dorimont, Wilmot, Earl of Rochester; and Medley, the poet himself. Dean Lockier, on the other hand, who was personally acquainted with Etherege, was of opinion that it was the courtly Dorimont with whose character the poet intended to identify himself. "Sir George Etherege," he said, in conversation with Spence, "was as thorough a fop as ever I saw; he was exactly

his own Sir Fopling Flutter, and yet he designed Dorimont, the genteel rake of wit, for his own picture."

The circumstance is characteristic of the easy morality of the period, that a play which stands conspicuous for its immoral tendency should have been dedicated to a woman of unblemished virtue, Mary of Modena, who afterward shared the throne with James the Second. The "Man of Mode," however, is not so much to be reprobated for any offensive grossness of expression as for that dangerous and insinuating libertinism, and that evident intention to extol vice and undermine virtue, which is the general character of all his productions.

"Here gentle Etherege and Sedley's muse,
Warm the coy maid and melting love infuse;
No unchaste words, with harsh offensive sound,
The tender ears of blushing virgins wound;
Nor thoughts, which nauseous images inspire,
And damp the glowing heat of warm desire:
But calm and easy the sweet numbers move,
And every verse is influenced by love."

Addicted, beyond all moderation, to wine, women, and the gaming-table, — with an impaired constitution and an impoverished purse, — the poet is said to have paid his addresses to a rich widow, whose only merit in his eyes was the means she possessed of extricating him from his pecuniary difficulties. The lady, we are told, refused to

marry him, unless he "could make her a lady." Accordingly, he purchased the honour of knight-hood, and gave her, in exchange for an easy competence, a ruined character and an empty title. The name of the lady to whom he united himself, as well as the tale of their married life, remain unrecorded. Whether Etherege squandered her wealth, or whether he was disappointed in obtaining possession of it, it is certain that, not long afterward, his necessities compelled him to exile himself from his native country. Through the influence of the Duchess of York, he obtained the appointment of minister at Ratisbon. According to Oldys, the wits, alluding to the well-known irregularities of his past life, observed, humorously, that he was sent ambassador to Rot-his-bones.

There are extant two letters addressed by him during his residence at Ratisbon to George Villiers, the witty Duke of Buckingham, which not only abound with humour, but go far to illustrate the character of the libertine poet. The following extract is from a letter dated Ratisbon, 2d October, 1689.¹ After reminding his Grace of the former incidents in their London life, — of suppers spent in the society of Dorset and Sedley, and the smiles of past beauties, — Etherege thus proceeds: "I have been long enough in this town, one would

¹ As the duke died considerably before this period, either the date must be a mistake, or the communication between Ratisbon and London must have been anything but rapid.

think, to have made acquaintance enough with persons of both sexes so as never to be at a loss how to pass the few vacant hours I can allow myself. But the terrible drinking that accompanies all our visits hinders me from conversing with the men so often as I would otherwise do, and the German ladies are so intolerably reserved and virtuous (with tears in my eyes I speak it to your Grace), that it is next to an impossibility to carry on an intrigue with them. A man has so many scruples to conquer, and so many difficulties to surmount, before he can promise himself the least success, that for my part I have given over all pursuits of this nature ; besides, so universal a spirit of censoriousness reigns in this town, that a man and woman cannot be seen at ombre or piquet together, but it is immediately concluded some other game has been played between them ; and as this renders all manner of access to the ladies almost impracticable, for fear of exposing their reputation to the mercy of their ill-natured neighbours, so it makes an innocent piece of gallantry often pass for a criminal correspondence.

“ So that to deal freely with your Grace, among so many noble and wealthy families as we have in this town, I can only pretend to be truly acquainted with one : the gentleman’s name was M. Hoffman, a frank, hearty, jolly companion ; his father, one of the most eminent wine merchants of the city, left him a considerable fortune, which he improved by

marrying a French jeweller's daughter of Lyons. To give you his character, in short, he was a sensible, ingenious man, and had none of his country's vices, which I impute to his having travelled abroad and seen Italy, France, and England. His lady is a most accomplished, ingenious person, and notwithstanding she is come into a place where so much formality and stiffness are practised, keeps up all the vivacity and air and good-humour of France.

"I had been happy in my acquaintance with this family for some months when an ill-favoured accident robbed me of the greatest happiness I had hitherto enjoyed in Germany, the loss of which I can never sufficiently regret. M. Hoffman, about three weeks ago, going to make merry with some friends at a village some three leagues from this place upon the Danube, by the unskilfulness or negligence of the waterman, the boat wherein he was unfortunately chanced to overset, and of some twenty persons not one escaped to bring home the news but a boy that miraculously saved himself by holding fast to the rudder, and so by the rapidity of the current was cast upon the other shore.

"I was sensibly affected at the destiny of my worthy friend, and so indeed were all that had the honour of knowing him; but his wife took on so extravagantly, that she, in a short time, was the only talk both of city and country. She refused to admit any visits from her nearest relations; her

chamber, her antechamber, and pro-antechamber were hung with black ; nay, the very candles, her fans, and tea-table wore the livery of grief ; she refused all manner of sustenance, and was so averse to the thoughts of living that she talked of nothing but death. In short, you may tell your ingenious friend, M. de St. Évremond, that Petronius's Ephesian matron, to whose story he has done so much justice in his noble translation, was only a type of our more obstinate, as well as unhappy, German widow.

“About a fortnight after this cruel loss (for I thought it would be labour lost to attack her grief in its first vehemence), I thought myself bound, in point of honour and gratitude to the memory of my deceased friend, to make her a small visit, and condole with her Ladyship upon this unhappy occasion ; and though I had been told that she had refused to see several persons who had gone to wait on her with the same errand, yet I presumed so much upon the friendship her late husband had always expressed for me (not to mention the particular civilities I had received from herself) as to think I should be admitted to have a sight of her. Accordingly I came to her house, sent up my name, and word was immediately brought me that, if I pleased, I might go up to her.

“When I came into the room I fancied myself in the territories of death, everything looked so gloomy, so dismal, and so melancholy. There was

a grave Lutheran minister with her that omitted no arguments to bring her to a more composed and more Christian disposition of mind. 'Madam,' says he, 'you don't consider that by abandoning yourself thus to despair you actually rebel against Providence.' 'I can't help it,' says she, 'Providence may even thank itself for laying so insupportable a load upon me.' 'Oh, fie! madam,' cries the other, 'this is downright impiety. What would you say now if Heaven should punish it by some more exemplary visitation?' 'That is impossible,' replies the lady, sighing, 'and since it has robbed me of the only delight I had in this world, the only favour it can do me is to level a thunderbolt at my head and put an end to all my sufferings.' The parson, finding her in this extravagant strain, and feeling no likelihood of persuading her to come to a better temper, got up from his seat and took his leave of her.

"It came to my turn now to try whether I was not capable of comforting her, and being convinced by so late an instance that arguments brought from religion were not likely to work any extraordinary effects upon her, I resolved to attack her Ladyship in a more sensible part, and represent to her the great inconveniences, not which her soul, but her body, received from this inordinate sorrow.

" 'Madam,' says I to her, 'next to my concern for your worthy husband's untimely death, I am grieved to see what an alteration the bemoaning

of his loss has occasioned in you.' These words raising her curiosity to know what this alteration was, I thus continued my discourse : ' In endeavouring, madam, to extinguish, or at least to alleviate your grief, than which nothing can be more prejudicial to a beautiful woman, I intend a public benefit ; for if the public is interested, as most certainly it is, in the preserving of a beautiful face, that man does the public no little service who contributes most to its preservation.'

" This odd beginning operated so wonderfully upon her that she desired me to leave this general road of compliments, and explain myself more particularly to her. Upon this, delivering myself with an unusual air of gravity, which your Grace knows I seldom carry about with me in the company of ladies, I told her that grief ruins the finest faces sooner than anything whatever ; and that as envy itself could not deny her face to be the most charming in the universe, so if she did not suffer herself to be comforted, she must soon expect to take a farewell of it. I confirmed this assertion by telling her of one of the finest women we ever had in England who did herself more injury in a fortnight's time, by lamenting only her brother's death, than ten years could possibly have done ; that I had heard an eminent physician at Leyden say, that tears, having abundance of saline particles in them, not only spoiled the complexion, but hastened wrinkles. ' But, madam,' concluded I, ' why

should I give myself the trouble to confirm this by foreign instances, and by the testimonies of our most knowing doctors, when, alas! your own face so fully justifies the truth of what I have said to you.'

"'How!' replied our disconsolate widow, with a sigh that came from the bottom of her heart, 'and is it possible that my just concern for my dear husband has wrought so cruel an effect upon me in a short time!' With that she ordered her gentlewoman to bring the looking-glass to her, and, having surveyed herself a few minutes in it, she told me that she was perfectly convinced that my notions were true, but, cries she, 'What would you have us poor women to do in these cases? For something,' continued she, 'we owe to the memory of the deceased, and something too to the world, which expects at least the common appearance of grief from us.'

"'By your leave, madam,' says I, 'all this is a mistake, and no better; you owe nothing to your husband, since he is dead, and knows nothing of your lamentations; besides, could you shed an ocean of tears upon his hearse, it would not do him the least service; much less do you lie under any such obligations to the world as to spoil a good face only to comply with its tyrannic customs; no, madam, take care to preserve your beauty, and then let the world say what it pleases, your Ladyship may be revenged upon the world

whenever you see fit.' 'I am resolved,' answers she, 'to be entirely governed by you ; therefore, tell me frankly what sort of a course you would have me steer.' 'Why, madam,' says I, 'in the first place forget the defunct ; and in order to bring that about, relieve nature, to which you have been so long unmerciful, with the most exquisite meat and the most generous wines.' 'Upon condition you will sup with me,' replies our afflicted lady, 'I will submit to your prescription.' But why should I trouble your Grace with a narration of every particular ! In short, we had a noble regale that evening in her bedchamber, and our good widow pushed the glass so strenuously about that her comforter (meaning myself) could hardly find the way to his coach. To conclude this farce (which I am afraid now begins to be tedious to your Grace), this Phoenix of her sex, this pattern of conjugal fidelity, two mornings ago was married to a smooth-chinned ensign of Count Trautman-dorf's regiment, that had not a farthing in the world but his pay to depend upon. I assisted at the ceremony, though I little imagined the lady would take the matrimonial receipt so soon."

In the "Familiar Letters" are two epistles in verse, addressed by Etherege to the Earl of Middleton, during the residence of the poet at Ratisbon. Although they possess no particular merit, they are rendered agreeable enough from their entertaining ridicule of the German beauties ;

their pleasing recurrences to past times, and the manner in which the poet describes himself as spending his time :

“ Where, minding nothing all the day,
And all the night too, you will say ;
To make grave legs in formal fetters,
Converse with fops and write dull letters ;
To go to bed 'twixt eight and nine,
And sleep away my precious time ;
In such an idle sneaking place,
Where vice and folly hide their face.”

The manner of Etherege's death was characteristic of the life which he had led. According to Oldys, whose account is confirmed by the writers of the “*Biographia Britannica*,” he had been entertaining some friends, and, having drunk to intoxication, was proceeding, with lights in his hands, to show his guests from his apartments, when he lost his balance, and, tumbling headlong down-stairs, broke his neck in the fall. He died at Ratisbon, according to Dennis, either in 1693 or 1694. The year 1688, however, seems to be the last in which any evidence of his existence can be traced in the records of his native country.

By his wife, Etherege is believed to have left no children. By the beautiful actress, Mrs. Barry, to whom poor Otway addresses his six well-known pathetic letters, he left one daughter, on whom he contrived to settle six or seven thousand pounds.

The child, however, did not long live to benefit by the provision.

In the words of Oldys, Sir George Etherege was "a man of much courtesy and delicate address." Profligacy, sprightliness, and good humour seem to have been his principal characteristics. In person he is described as a "fair, slender, and genteel man," and his face is said to have been handsome. In later times, however, his comeliness is reported to have been spoiled by the effect of intemperance and the exceeding irregularity of his career.

CHAPTER IX.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

Parentage of Sir Charles — Waller's Epitaph on His Mother — Sedley's First Appearance at Court — His Reception among the Wits — Insidious Libertinism of His Poetry — His Dramatic Writings — Narrowly Escapes Being Crushed to Death — His Famous Frolic in Covent Garden — Kynaston, the Actor — Sedley Reforms His Conduct — His Daughter, the Countess of Dorchester — Witty Speech of Sir Charles — His Death.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY was another of those gifted profligates of whom the court of Charles was so prolific. Like Etherege, he was no less distinguished by his wit and vivacity in social life than by his reckless pursuit of pleasure. Their poetry, moreover, is characterised by the same insinuating and poisonous sweetness. It was to this fraternity of libertinism that Evelyn alludes in his imitation of one of Ovid's elegies :

“ While fathers are severe, and servants cheat,
Sedley and easy Etherege will be great.”

Again, in a couplet already quoted, we find :

“ Here gentle Etherege and Sedley's Muse
Warm the coy maid, and melting love infuse.”

Sir Charles Sedley was born at Aylesford, in Kent, about the year 1639. He was the grandson of Sir William Sedley, Baronet, who founded the Sedleian Lecture of Natural Philosophy at Oxford, and son of Sir John Sedley, also a Kentish baronet. His mother was Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Henry Saville, the learned Provost of Eton, whose fortune and talents she seems to have inherited. Waller wrote her epitaph in beautiful verse, though the ideas are apparently borrowed from Grotius :¹

“ Here lies the learned Saville’s heir,
So early wise, and lasting fair,
That none, except her years they told,
Thought her a child, or thought her old.”

According to Anthony Wood, her promising son was entered, at the age of seventeen, a fellow commoner of Wadham College, Oxford. After remaining a due time at the university, he retired to his father’s house, where he continued till the Restoration.

The poet first appeared at court about the year 1667. In the brilliant assemblage of wit and humour which Charles assembled around his person, there was no one who was more courted for his society or admired for his talents. The king, who especially delighted in his convivial qualities, ob-

¹ *Unica lux sæcli, genitoris gloria, nemo
Quem puerum, nemo credidit esse senem.*

served of his favourite, that "Nature had given him a patent to be Apollo's Viceroy."

Sedley's poetry has at least the merit of being free from these obscene expressions which sully, if they do not entirely degrade, the pages of Suckling, Rochester, and other libertine versifiers of the age. In that more dangerous art, which, while it offends not the taste, insensibly kindles the imagination, he was certainly a pernicious adept. The Duke of Buckingham called it "Sedley's witchcraft," and Lord Rochester writes on the subject :

"For songs and verses, mannerly obscene,
That can stir nature up by springs unseen;
And, without forcing blushes, warm the quean —
Sedley has that prevailing, gentle art,
That can, with a resistless charm, impart
The loosest wishes to the chastest heart;
Raise such a conflict, kindle such a fire,
Betwixt declining virtue and desire;
Till the poor vanquish'd maid dissolves away,
In dreams all night, and sighs and tears all day."

Langhorne, in his "Effusions of Fancy," considers that these verses rather allude to Sedley's "personal address" than to the witchery of his writings. The critic, however, could scarcely have paid any attention to the commencing line.

Sedley appears to have been no less popular with his brother poets than with the fashionable and high-born hangers-on of the court. Dryden

dedicated to him his "Assignment," and Shadwell grows warm when he speaks of his brilliant conversational powers. "I have heard him," he says, "speak more wit at a supper than all his adversaries could have written in a year."

Sir Charles, in addition to his agreeable lyrics, was the author of several plays. The latter, indeed, have little merit, but as they suited the taste of the age they obtained an ephemeral popularity. His tragedy of "Anthony and Cleopatra" was first acted at the Duke's Theatre in 1667; his "Mulberry Garden," a comedy, was brought out at Drury Lane in 1668, and his "Bellamira, or the Mistress," in 1687. It was during the performance of the latter play, at the King's House, that an unfortunate accident happened. The roof of the theatre suddenly fell in, and, singularly enough, Sedley himself was one of those who had the narrowest escape from destruction. Sir Fleetwood Shepherd¹ told him that there was so much fire in the piece that it

¹ Sir Fleetwood Shepherd was the friend and patron of Prior, — who has inscribed two of his smaller poems to him, — and one of the gay companions of Charles II. He was the son of William Shepherd, of Great Rowright, in Oxfordshire; was entered a commoner of Magdalen Hall, and soon after became a student at Christ Church. At the Restoration he contrived to introduce himself to the wits, and, becoming steward to Nell Gwynn, was thence admitted to the society of Charles. He was afterward received into favour by King William, in whose household he held the appointments of gentleman usher, daily waiter, and afterward usher of the black rod.

blew up the poet, house, audience, and all. "No," replied Sedley, "it was so heavy that it broke the house down, and buried the poet in his own rubbish." Sir Charles was also the author of "Beauty the Conqueror," a tragedy; and, apparently, of two other dramatic pieces which have occasionally been attributed to him.

Profligate and debauched Sedley certainly was. His disgraceful frolic at the Cock Tavern, in Bow Street, Covent Garden, on which his genius has conferred an unfortunate notoriety, is not only too indecent to bear repetition, but was an insult even to the age in which he lived. The mob attempted to break open the doors, and, in the riot which ensued, Sedley, Sir Thomas Ogle, and Lord Buckhurst, "the best good man," nearly lost their lives. They were taken before the Court of Common Pleas, where a heavy fine was inflicted upon them, the penalty imposed on Sedley being no less than five hundred pounds. When placed at the bar, Sir Robert Hyde, the Lord Chief Justice, in commenting on the offence, inquired sarcastically of Sedley if he had ever read the "Complete Gentleman." The reply of the culprit was impudent enough. "I believe," he said, "I have read more books than your lordship." Sedley and his fellow criminals, it seems, employed Killegrew and another courtier to intercede with the king for a mitigation of their fine. Instead, however, of exerting them-

selves in the cause of friendship, they are said to have begged the amount from the king for themselves, and actually to have extorted it to the last penny.

Another unwarrantable exploit of Sir Charles Sedley is related by Oldys, in his MS. notes to Langbaine. "There was a great resemblance," he says, "in the shape and features, between him and Kynaston, the actor, who once got some laced clothes made exactly after a suit Sir Charles wore, who therefore got him well caned. Sir Charles's emissary, pretending to take Kynaston for Sir Charles, quarrelled with him in St. James's Park, and beat him as Sir Charles. When some of his friends, in pity to the man, reproved Sir Charles for it, he told them that they misplaced their pity, and that it was himself they should bestow it on; that Kynaston's bones would not suffer so much as his reputation; for all the town believed it was him that was thrashed, and suffered such a public disgrace."

To have been mistaken for Kynaston could scarcely have conveyed a reproach. He was the handsomest man of his time, and his celebrity as an actor has scarcely yet faded. Before it was the fashion to admit women on the stage, he was generally selected, from the exceeding delicacy of his features, for the personification of female characters. Later in life, we are surprised to hear of his "lion-like majesty" in "Don Sebastian,"

and of his representation of a tyrant being "truly terrible."

In connection with Kynaston's delineation of female characters, an amusing anecdote is related. Charles the Second, happening one evening to enter the theatre rather earlier than usual, found the actors unprepared to commence their parts. A messenger was of course despatched to inquire the reason of the delay, on which the manager immediately presented himself before the royal box. Believing, from his knowledge of the king's character, that the best excuse would be the true one, he fairly told his Majesty that the queen was not yet shaved. Charles, with his usual good humour, was amused at the excuse, which entertained him till the performances commenced. "In a word," says Colley Cibber, the relator of the anecdote, "Kynaston at that time was so beautiful a youth that the ladies of quality prided themselves in taking him with them in their coaches to Hyde Park, in his theatrical habit, after the play; which, in those days, they might have sufficient time to do, because plays then were used to begin at four o'clock, the hour that people of the same rank are now going to dinner."¹

To return to Sir Charles Sedley. A happy

¹ The date of Kynaston's death is unknown; he continued on the stage, however, till the latter end of the reign of King William, or the commencement of the reign of Queen Anne.

revolution of conduct is said to have followed his unfortunate exploit in Bow Street. He is described as having suddenly become more serious, and as henceforth applying himself sedulously to business. In the Long Parliament we find him returned as the representative of New Romney, in Kent; and also, a second time, in the reign of James the Second, when he distinguished himself by his opposition to the court. He seems to have been a frequent speaker during the reign of King William. In 1691, on a motion upon the civil list, we find him inveighing against exorbitant pensions and unnecessary salaries, the patriot not unprobably having been disappointed in securing either one or the other. His speeches, or at least quite a sufficient number of them, will be found among his "Works."

Sir Charles, as is well known, was the father of the famous Catherine Sedley, afterward Countess of Dorchester, whose story will be related in our memoirs of the following reign. Sedley, libertine as he was, is said to have been so shocked at the disreputable connection between his daughter and King James, that, although indebted to his sovereign for many favours, he promoted the revolution with so much eagerness, that his patriotism was thought to have originated in private rancour. After William and Mary had mounted the throne, Sedley was one day asked why he appeared so inflamed against the late king, to whom he had been

under so many obligations? "I hate ingratitude," he said, "and, therefore, as the king has made my daughter a countess, I will endeavour to make his daughter a queen."

Sir Charles Sedley is commonly reported to have died about the year 1722, at the age of eighty-two or eighty-three. Without, however, making any attempt to fix the actual date of his decease, it may be mentioned that this is evidently a mistake. In the edition of his works published by his friend and relative, Captain Ayloffe, in 1702, the latter, throughout his preface, distinctly speaks of the poet as being no more. Ayloffe pays a pleasing tribute to the friend whom he has lost. "He was a man," he says, "of the first class of wit and gallantry; his friendship was courted by everybody; and nobody went out of his company but pleased and improved; time added but very little to nature, and he was everything that an English gentleman could be." The correct date of Sir Charles Sedley's death seems to be the 20th August, 1701.

Sir Charles had only one daughter born in wedlock, — the too celebrated lady whom we have already mentioned. He was the father, however, of three natural children, — a son, who bore the name of Charles Sedley, alias Ascough, and two daughters. On his natural children he settled a portion of some estates which he possessed both in Kent and Essex.

CHAPTER X.

THOMAS KILLEGREW.

Killegrew's Position as a Courtier—Appointed Resident of Charles II., at Venice—The Venetians Are Scandalised at His Vices—His Questionable Loyalty—His Dramatic Writings—His Appointment as "King's Jester"—Exercises a Praiseworthy Influence over Charles—Anecdotes—His Son, Henry Killegrew the Younger—Libertinism of This Person—He Is Twice Personally Chastised—Notice of Sir William Killegrew—Of Dr. Henry Killegrew—Anecdote of the Latter—His gifted Daughter, Anne Killegrew—Her Genius for Poetry and Painting—Her Death—Notice of the Last of the Killegrews.

THE name of Killegrew is a familiar one in the annals of the court of England from the reign of Henry the Eighth to that of the second James. The subject of the present memoir was the son of Sir Robert Killegrew, chamberlain to Queen Henrietta Maria. He was born at Hanworth, in Middlesex, in February, 1611. The interest of his father at court obtained his appointment as page of honour to Charles the First, and, as he ever continued a favourite with that virtuous monarch, it is improbable that the profligacy, for which

he was afterward so notorious, should have been early imbibed, or, at least, that it was at this time prominently exhibited.

During the exile of Charles the Second, Killegrew was not only in constant attendance on his person, but appears to have been the principal panderer to his pleasures. In 1651, notwithstanding the opposition of the king's advisers, he was appointed by Charles his resident at Venice, with the object of borrowing money from the English merchants in that city. According to Lord Clarendon, his conduct, during his residence in the dominions of the republic, reflected credit neither on his own character, nor on the sovereign of whom he was the representative. At length the Venetians, scandalised at his vices, complained to Charles of his conduct through their ambassador at Paris, and insisted on his departure from their territories. As Killegrew, however, on his return, brought with him a company of Italian singers, which added considerably to the amusement of the exiled court, the reprimand which he received is unlikely to have been severe; indeed, in all probability, the whole affair was treated as a jest.

Killegrew, notwithstanding he was a courtier, has usually had the credit of having been a faithful adherent of his sovereign, and devotedly attached to his interests. From a passage, however, in Thurloe's voluminous "State Papers," it seems

very questionable whether these encomiums were deserved. There seems to be little doubt, indeed, that, notwithstanding the confidential situation which he held in the household of Charles, Killegrew was in fact in the pay of Cromwell, and an unprincipled spy upon the actions of his royal master. Downing, Cromwell's resident at The Hague, in a letter to Thurloe, dated October, 1658, thus alludes to a surreptitious visit which had been recently paid by the exiled monarch to the Dutch court: "As for Charles Stuart having been in Holland, surely you had my memorial thereof: at the very time, I had an account from one Killegrew, of his bedchamber, of every place where he was, and the time, with his stay and company, of which also I gave you an account in mine of the last post: he vowed that it was a journey of pleasure, and that none of the States General, nor any person of note, of Amsterdam, came to him."

During his residence at Venice, Killegrew had found leisure for several literary undertakings, as well as for the mere pursuit of pleasure. He was the author of ten plays, of which six were composed either at Venice or amidst the gay society of the exiled court. Sir John Denham says of him, on his return from the republic:

" Our resident Tom
From Venice is come,
And has left all the statesmen behind him;

Talks at the same pitch,
Is as wise, is as rich ;
And just where you left him, you find him.

“ But who says he's not
A man of much plot,
May repent of this false accusation ;
Having plotted and penned
Six plays to attend
On the farce of his negotiation.”

The conversational talents of Killegrew are said to have been of a high order ; while, on the other hand, his contemporary, Cowley, who was eminently his superior in genius, is spoken of as having been a dull companion. Accordingly, Denham writes :

“ Had Cowley ne'er spoke, Killegrew ne'er writ,
Combined in one they'd make a matchless wit.”

At the Restoration, Killegrew was appointed a groom of the bedchamber to the king and master of the revels. For many years he continued, by his wit and humour, as successfully to promote the hilarities of a brilliant court as he had formerly contributed to raise the spirits of a deserted one. Charles delighted in his society, and never failed to laugh at his jests. He even good-naturedly submitted to be the object of his satire, and admitted him to freedoms and familiarities on which few others would have been bold enough to presume. De Grammont bears testimony to his

wit, and particularly applauds his happy and graceful manner of relating a story.

It would appear by Oldys, in his MS. notes to Langbaine, that Killegrew held a regular appointment as "king's jester" to Charles the Second. Pepys also inserts in his Diary (1667-68): "Mr. Brisbane tells me, in discourse, that Tom Killegrew hath a fee out of the wardrobe for cap and bells, under the title of king's fool or jester, and may revile or jeer anybody, the greatest person, without offence, by the privilege of his place." After every consideration, however, it seems unlikely that he held an official appointment of this nature. His facetious humour, his constant flow of spirits, and well-known familiarity with the king, probably obtained for him the undignified title.

Killegrew, notwithstanding his own failings, is said, on more than one occasion, to have laudably exercised his influence over Charles, in order to divert him from that insane pursuit of pleasure, to which the king was so culpably addicted. "I was told," says Pepys, "by Mr. Pierce, as a great truth, — as being told it by Mr. Cowley, who was by and heard it, — that Tom Killegrew should publicly tell the king that his matters were coming to a very ill state; but yet there was a way to help all. Says he, 'There is a good, honest, able man, that I could name, that if your Majesty would employ, and command to see all things well exe-

cuted, all things would soon be mended ; and this is one Charles Stuart, who now spends his time in employing his lips about the court, and hath no other employment ; but if you could give him this employment, he were the fittest man in the world to perform it.' "

On another occasion, Killegrew, entering the king's apartment, habited like a pilgrim, gravely informed his Majesty that he was about to undertake a very long journey. Charles inquired whither he was going? "To hell," was the unceremonious reply. "I am going," he said, "to speak to the devil to send back Oliver Cromwell to take charge of the affairs of England, for, as to his successor, he is always employed in other business."

Another characteristic anecdote is related of Killegrew. Charles, engrossed with his pleasures and his mistresses, had latterly refrained from attending the council-table, notwithstanding the most pressing business required hourly his attention and despatch. On one occasion, the council having assembled, and the king, as usual, not making his appearance, the Duke of Lauderdale, a man of a hasty temper, suddenly quitted his colleagues, and hastened personally to remonstrate with his sovereign. His entreaties, however, were of no avail, and accordingly the duke retired in anger. On quitting the presence-chamber he encountered Killegrew, to whom he declaimed in strong terms

on the king's neglect of his affairs. Killegrew, desiring him to be pacified, offered to lay him a wager of a hundred pounds that Charles would attend the council in less than half an hour. Lauderdale thought proper to accept the bet, and shortly afterward rejoined his colleagues. In the meantime, Killegrew, entering the king's apartment, related to his Majesty all that had just passed. "I know," he said, "that your Majesty hates Lauderdale, and it is only the necessity of your affairs which induces you to be civil to him. Now, if you choose to get rid of him you have only to go this once to council. I know his covetous disposition so well, that, rather than pay this hundred pounds, I am satisfied he would hang himself in spite, and never plague you again." It was impossible for Charles to help smiling. "Well, then, Killegrew," he replied, "I positively will go." He kept his word, and the wager was won.

The dramatic writings of Killegrew have already been mentioned. They are but seldom read and, indeed, are scarcely remembered. Of his ten plays, the one which possesses the greatest merit is "The Parson's Wedding," published in Dodsley's Collection. The fact is somewhat remarkable that, before the Restoration, no woman had appeared upon the stage, and yet this comedy was acted by women only. "The Parson's Wedding" was formerly much admired, but the plot,

which is otherwise excellent, appears to have been borrowed from Shakerly Marmion's comedy of "The Antiquary." In 1660, when Charles licensed the two theatres, the Bull, in Vere Street, Clare Market (afterward removed to Drury Lane), and the other in Dorset Garden, Killegrew became patentee of the former. The one was called the king's company, the other the duke's. The passion for the stage, which Killegrew shared with the rest of his family, appears to have been imbibed in childhood. When very young, in order to obtain admittance to the theatre, he used to wait outside the doors till one of the actors, as was then usual, used to come forward and inquire which of the boys would act the devil. Young Killegrew invariably enlisted himself, and thus witnessed the performance for nothing.

Killegrew was twice married. His first wife was Cecilia, daughter of Sir Henry Croft, of Suffolk, a maid of honour to Henrietta Maria. Her successor was a Dutch lady, whose name has not been recorded. By the former of these ladies, he was the father of Henry Killegrew, commonly called "the younger," a person who seems to have inherited the libertinism, and a portion of the wit, of his father, but to have been totally deficient in the natural strong sense which distinguished the elder Killegrew. Pepys met him at dinner, at Foxhall, in 1668, on which occasion he astonished the sober secretary by his wild wit and the ob-

scenity of his conversation. Pepys calls him as very a rogue as any in town, and ready to catch hold of every woman who came near him.

In 1667 the misdeeds of the younger Killegrew obtained for him a severe chastisement from the Duke of Buckingham, who publicly deprived him of his sword at the King's Theatre, and beat him till he begged for his life. Although we are left in ignorance of the particulars of the affair, we glean from Pepys that he richly deserved the punishment.

Two years afterward, in 1669, we find Henry Killegrew receiving another and far severer castigation. According to De Grammont, he had been peculiarly favoured by the debauched Lady Shrewsbury, a distinction of which he was so extremely proud as to boast in all societies of his conquest. "He possessed," says Count Hamilton, "a great deal of wit, and still more eloquence, which more particularly displayed itself when a little elevated with wine, when he would indulge in the most glowing descriptions of Lady Shrewsbury's charms." The picture which he thus drew excited the curiosity of the Duke of Buckingham, the result of which was that, having declared himself the lady's ardent admirer, the loquacious Killegrew was unceremoniously dismissed. Exasperated beyond all measure, he was silly enough to indulge in the most abusive invectives, and, though warned of the inconveniences to which his indiscretion

might expose him, he persisted in his intemperate abuse. Neither Buckingham nor his new mistress were persons to be trifled with, and accordingly, as Killegrew, some days afterward, was returning in a hackney-coach from Turnham Green, he was stopped by a number of ruffians who had been hired for the occasion. In the course of the unequal affray that followed, Killegrew's servant was killed, and he himself received as many as nine wounds. Lady Shrewsbury had previously repaired to the spot, and was a witness of the struggle from her coach window. The Duke of Buckingham assured the king that it had been only intended to beat him, but that Killegrew rushing on his assailants with his sword, the chastisement had necessarily been more severe than had been contemplated. There is a slight difference in De Grammont's account of the affray, who, moreover, places the scene in St. James's Park.

Of the subsequent career of the younger Killegrew we have no account. His father, the principal subject of the present memoir, lived to a good old age, dying at Whitehall, in his seventy-second year, on the 19th March, 1682. His remains were interred on the north side of Westminster Abbey, in the cross aisle.

There were two brothers of the elder Killegrew, who, like himself, were distinguished by their dramatic genius and conversational humour, and

whose names occur too frequently in the annals of the court of Charles not to demand a passing notice. Of these, Sir William Killegrew, the elder brother, was born at Hanworth, in May, 1605. He was educated at St. John's College, Oxford, and, on quitting the university, made a tour on the Continent. On his return, he was made governor of Pendennis Castle and Falmouth Haven, with the command of the militia in the western part of Cornwall. Shortly afterward he was knighted, and appointed by Charles I. one of the gentlemen ushers of his privy chamber. During the civil wars he held some important military situations, and was a considerable sufferer in the royal cause. At the Restoration he was reinstated in his old post of gentleman usher, and shortly afterward was appointed vice-chamberlain to Catherine of Braganza, in which situation he continued twenty-two years. About the period that he quitted the court, he published a curious work reflecting on the vanity of human wishes, with the following quaint title, "The artless Midnight Thoughts of a Gentleman at Court, who for many years built on sand, which every blast of cross fortune has defaced; but now he has laid new foundations on the Rock of his Salvation," etc. The exact date of his decease is unknown. It is certain, however, that he was alive at the commencement of 1693, having then attained to his eighty-ninth year. "He now" (July, 1693), says

Anthony Wood, "lies in Westminster Abbey, with his brother, Dr. Henry Killegrew." He was the author of five indifferent plays, which, however, received the commendation of Waller, and enjoyed a certain amount of popularity in their day.

Henry Killegrew, D.D., the youngest son of Sir Robert Killegrew, was born at Hanworth, on the 11th February, 1612, and was educated at Christ Church, Oxford. Having taken orders, he was appointed a chaplain to the army, which situation he afterward held in the household of the young Duke of York, besides obtaining a prebendal stall at Westminster. Like his brothers, he was a considerable sufferer in the great rebellion, but at the Restoration was restored to his prebend, and obtained the rectorship of Wheatthamsted, in Hertfordshire. He was subsequently appointed almoner to the Duke of York, and Master of the Savoy.

Like his brothers, also, Henry Killegrew was a man of humour, and a favourite at court. Lord Dartmouth remarks, in one of his MS. notes to Burnet's history: "I have heard my uncle say (who was a groom of the bedchamber), the first proof the courtiers had of Lord Clarendon being out of favour was Harry Killegrew's mimicking him before the king; which he would do in a very ridiculous manner, by carrying the bellows about the room, instead of a purse, and another before him with a shovel for a mace, and could counter-

feit his voice and style very exactly." Lord Dartmouth may probably have been mistaken in the Christian name of the perpetrator of the jest. The author of it is more likely to have been Thomas Killegrew, whose facetiousness has been already recorded.

Henry Killegrew was the writer of a volume of sermons, and of one play, "The Conspiracy," which was composed at the early age of seventeen. It was intended to have been performed before Charles I. and Henrietta Maria, at York House, on the occasion of the nuptials of Lord Charles Herbert and Lady Mary Villiers. This play, which obtained the commendation of Ben Jonson, and also of the celebrated Lord Falkland, was afterward acted at the theatre in Black Friars.¹ Henry Killegrew lived to a good old age, though the year of his death is unknown. He was, however, certainly living as late as 1693.

One word remains to be said respecting his pious, charming, and gifted daughter, Anne Killegrew, the beauty, the poetess, and the painter. She was born about the year 1660, in St. Martin's Lane, London, and at an early age was appointed a maid of honour to the Duchess of York. Wood says of her, that she was "a Grace for beauty, and

¹ "The Conspiracy" was originally printed without the consent of its author, in 1638. Later in life, Killegrew improved it considerably, and in 1653, under the name of "Pallantus and Eudora," again brought it before the public.

a Muse for wit." Ballard also observes: "Her engaging and polite accomplishments were the least of her attainments; for she crowned all with an exemplary piety toward God, in the due observance of the duties of religion, which she began to practise in the early part of her life." Even Horace Walpole condescends to speak in her favour, though, at the same time, he cannot help indulging in one of his usual sneers. After alluding to her early promise, and the likelihood of her becoming one of the "fairest ornaments" of her accomplished family, — "Dryden," he proceeds, "has celebrated her genius for painting and poetry in a very long ode, in which the rich stream of his numbers has hurried along with it all that his luxuriant fancy produced in his way; it is a harmonious hyperbole composed of the fall of Adam, Arethusa, Vestal Virgins, Diana, Cupid, Noah's Ark, the Pleiades, the valley of Jehoshaphat, and the last Assizes." Notwithstanding Walpole's sarcasm, however, there are some lines in this singular ode that are worthy of Dryden himself. He says of her:

"Art she had none, yet wanted none;
For nature did that want supply,
So rich in treasures of her own,
She might our boasted stores defy;
Such noble vigour did her verse adorn,
That it seemed borrowed where 'twas only born."

And again:

"Unmixed with foreign filth, and undefiled,

Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child."

Walpole, who gives her more credit for her painting than for her poetry, quotes a remark of Vertue's, who, in speaking of some of her paintings, observes: "These pictures I saw, but can say little." Her performances were in history, portrait, and landscape. It also appears by Dryden's ode that both the Duke and Duchess of York sat to her for their pictures. Her career was as brief as it was interesting. She died of the smallpox, in her twenty-fifth year, at her father's apartments in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, on the 16th June, 1685. She was buried in the Savoy Chapel, where a handsome monument may still be seen to her memory. Her poems were published in a thin quarto the year after her decease.

The last of the Killegrews who seems to have distinguished himself, and who probably closed the career of an accomplished race, was Thomas Killegrew, a gentleman of the bedchamber to George the Second, when Prince of Wales, and the author of a pleasing comedy called "Chit-Chat." Owing to the exertions of the Duke of Argyle, and the numerous influential friends of its author, the profits of this play, on its being first presented at Drury Lane, are said to have amounted to upwards of a thousand pounds. Thomas Killegrew died in July, 1719, and was buried at Kensington.

CHAPTER XI.

WILLIAM CHIFFINCH.

Connection of William and Thomas Chiffinch with the Scandalous Annals of the Court — Notice of Thomas — Peculiar Duties of William Chiffinch — The "Spy Office" — Notice of Edward Progers, Another Confidant of the Royal Intrigues — Residence of This Person in Bushy Park — Peculiar Circumstances Which Attended His Death.

THERE were two brothers of the name of Chiffinch, William and Thomas, who are both intimately connected with the scandalous annals of the court of Charles. They are generally confounded together; nor is it an easy task to separate the story of the one from that of the other. They both held appointments in the royal household, and were both men of pleasure. It seems, however, to have been William Chiffinch (whose name has been rendered classical by Sir Walter Scott) who is so frequently mentioned by his contemporaries as the depositor of the secrets and the panderer to the pleasures of Charles. Whichever it may have been, the elder brother, Thomas, as he died the earliest, and as his story was the briefest, shall be dismissed the first.

The little that can be gleaned respecting Thomas Chiffinch is scanty and unsatisfactory in the extreme; that little, however, is not unfavourable to his character. He was probably a man of taste, since Charles entrusted him with the care of his collection of curiosities, which Evelyn says might have been made as famous as the cabinet of the Duke of Florence. He had a house in St. James's Park. Evelyn was at a house-warming there, and informs us that it was full of excellent pictures. He died very suddenly on the 8th of April, 1666. His acquaintance, Pepys, informs us: "He was well last night as ever, playing at tables in the house, and not very ill this morning at six o'clock, yet dead before seven; they think of an imposthume in his breast." He was a page of the bedchamber to Charles, and joint controller of the excise with Elias Ashmole, the antiquary.

Respecting William Chiffinch, the supper companion of his sovereign, the promoter of his excesses, and his agent both in politics and pleasure, something more is known. This person was page of the bedchamber, and keeper of the private closet to Charles. Roger North, in his "Life of Lord Keeper Guildford," affords us an insight into his peculiar duties and character, the truth of which there is no reason to question. "Mr. Chiffinch," he says, "was a true secretary as well as page. He had a lodging at the back stairs,

which might have been properly termed the 'Spy Office,' where the king spoke with particular persons, about intrigues of all kinds ; and all little informers, projectors, etc., were carried to Chiffinch's lodgings. He was a most impetuous drinker, and, in that capacity, an admirable spy ; for he let none pass from thence sober, if it were possible to make them drunk ; and his great artifice was pushing idolatrous healths, and being in haste, for the king is coming, which was his word." According to Roger North, as soon as he had made his victims sufficiently inebriated, he elicited their secrets from them with peculiar dexterity. Though he drank inordinately himself, he was on no occasion known to be intoxicated. A drinking acquaintance he had formed with the brutal and inhuman Lord Jeffreys is said to have led to the rise of the latter, and his influence at court.

Anthony Wood, alluding to the king's convivial parties, has the following passage. "They met," he says, "either in the lodgings of Louisa, Duchess of Portsmouth, or in those of Chiffinch, near the back stairs, or in the apartment of Eleanor Gwynn, or that of Baptist May ; but he losing his credit, Chiffinch had the greatest trust among them." Neither was the confidential agency of Chiffinch confined to the pursuit of a new mistress, or to the usual arcana of the back stairs. There can be no doubt indeed that he was the medium through whom Charles received his pen-

sion from the French court. Lord Danby, afterward Duke of Leeds, alluding to the proposed mode of payment, writes to Mr. Montagu, 16th July, 1677: "I perceive by you that Mr. Chiffinch hath been, and is to be, the receiver of whatever shall be had from thence." And Montagu returns answer, dated Paris, 12th August following: "I congratulate very heartily with your lordship, that Mr. Chiffinch is to be the French treasurer; and in this, and everything else that can concern your lordship you shall find me as faithful as any servant you have." The subject is again adverted to by Montagu in a subsequent letter.

When Charles the Second lay on his death-bed, it was Chiffinch who was entrusted with the last secret of the dying monarch. It was through his means that Huddleston, the popish priest, was admitted to the sick-chamber, and administered extreme unction to Charles. After the death of his old master, he was continued in his confidential post by James. Among other intrigues to which he was a party during this reign, we find the secret committee — appointed to watch over the interests of the Roman Catholics in England — assembling in the apartments of Chiffinch at Whitehall. It was to these apartments, also, that the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth was brought by water from the Tower, previous to his being admitted to his last and memorable interview with James.

Lord Dartmouth, in one of his notes to Burnet's history, adverts incidentally to his having held a conversation with Chiffinch, a circumstance only so far of importance as showing that he must have survived his royal master, King Charles, for some years; Lord Dartmouth not having been born till the year 1672, and apparently not having been a very young man at the time when the conversation took place. It may be mentioned that, in a letter from a Mr. Shaw to Lawrence, Earl of Rochester, dated 13th July, 1691, there is a report of his having died at "Philberts." There is a portrait of William Chiffinch at Gorhambury.

Another disreputable hanger-on of the profligate court of Charles was Edward Progers, the confidant of the royal intrigues, and one of the principal panderers to the pleasures of his sovereign.

Andrew Marvell says, in his "Instructions to a Painter : "

"Then the procurers under Progers filed,
Gentlest of men, and his lieutenant mild."

Progers, who was a gentleman by birth, appears to have held a confidential situation about the court at least as early as 1646, when Charles was Prince of Wales. In that year we find him entrusted by Henrietta Maria with a very important letter to her son's advisers, in which she strongly recommended the prince's removal from Scilly,

either into Jersey or France. Probably he was a relative of Henry Progers, one of the assassins of Ascham, the ambassador of the English Commonwealth at the court of Madrid.

At the Restoration, Progers was appointed a groom of the bedchamber, and was also intended by Charles to have been one of the knights of his projected order of the Royal Oak. According to Horace Walpole, he had permission to build a house in the royal park at Bushy, on condition that after his death it should lapse to the crown. This is known to have been what is now called the Upper Lodge, in Bushy Park. We have the authority of Le Neve, that Progers died either on the 31st December, 1712, or 1st January, 1713, at the patriarchal age of ninety-six. "He died," says Le Neve, "of the anguish of cutting his teeth, he having cut four new teeth, and had several ready to cut, which so inflamed his gums that he died thereof." He was buried at Hampton, in Middlesex, where his monument, at the recent demolition of the old church, was accidentally discovered.

CHAPTER XII.

HENRY BROUNKER.

Parentage of This Person—His Mother's Attachment to the Gaming-table—Brounker's Exceeding Libertinism—His Skill at Chess—His Conduct during the War with the Dutch—Dismissed from the Duke of York's Household—Ordered to Be Impeached by the House of Commons—His Death and Burial—Notice of His Brother, Lord Brounker—Death of That Nobleman.

THIS shameless libertine, according to Lord Clarendon, was remarkable for his impudence, his profligacy, and his skill at chess. He was gentleman of the bedchamber to the Duke of York, and held the same equivocal position about his Royal Highness's person that was occupied by Chiffinch and Progers near that of his brother Charles. He was a younger brother of William, second Lord Brounker, Viscount of Castle Lyons, whom he succeeded in his title. Their father was Sir William Brounker, commissary-general in the Scotch expedition of 1639, gentleman of the privy chamber to Charles I., and vice-chamberlain to Charles II., when Prince of Wales. On the 12th of September, 1645, Charles I. created him Vis-

count of Castle Lyons in Ireland, an honour which he only lived to enjoy a few weeks, dying at Wadham College, Oxford, in the middle of November following.

The mother of the libertine was Winifred, daughter of William Leigh, Esq., of Newenham, in Warwickshire, famous among her contemporaries for her attachment to the gaming-table, and the grand scale on which she practised the vice. Aubrey says, "She was an extraordinary gamester, and played all gold play; she kept the box herself. Mr. Arundel, brother of the Lord Wardour, made a song on the characters of the nobility. Among others I remember this :

" 'Here's a health to my Lady Brounker,
And the best card in her hand ;
And a health to my lord her husband,
With ne'er a foot of land.' "

Brounker, easy and good-tempered as he is generally described to have been, is commonly spoken of, *par excellence*, as the most unprincipled libertine of his day. "Of all the men at court," says De Grammont, "Brounker had the least esteem for the fair sex, and the least regard to their reputation. He was not young, and his person was disagreeable; however, with a great deal of wit, he had a violent passion for women. He did himself justice respecting his own merit, and, being persuaded that he could only succeed with

females who were desirous of having his money, he carried on open war with all the rest." De Grammont, Pepys, and Lord Clarendon alike give him credit for his remarkable skill at chess.

It was evidently owing either to his cowardice or to his folly that the Dutch escaped a complete defeat in the great naval engagement of 1665. After one of the hottest actions recorded in naval warfare, night having closed on the two fleets, the Dutch, who had undoubtedly suffered the most severely of the two in the encounter, moved off from the scene of action. A council of war was held in the English fleet, at which the duke's personal friends, either trembling for their master's safety or for their own, urged him to rest satisfied with the advantage he had obtained, and to abstain from pursuing the enemy. Cowardice, however, was not a fault of James, and, accordingly, disregarding their pusillanimous counsel, he gave orders to set all sail, and also directed that he should be called as soon as the Dutch fleet appeared in sight. In the course of the night, however, it seems that Brounker presented himself to the English admiral, Sir William Penn, with directions as if from the duke that he should slacken sail. Penn, it is said, was astonished at receiving such orders, but nevertheless obeyed them. According to Bishop Burnet, "When the duke had slept, he, upon his waking, went out on the quarter-deck, and seemed amazed to see the sails slackened, and that thereby

all hope of overtaking the Dutch was lost. He questioned Penn upon it. Penn put it upon Brounker, who said nothing. The duke denied that he had given any such order, but he neither punished Brounker for carrying it nor Penn for obeying it. He indeed put Brounker out of his service; and it was said that he durst do no more, because he was so much in the king's favour and in the mistress's."

The whole of this affair, excepting as regards the conduct of Brounker, is involved in mystery. According to Lord Clarendon, it was not till some years afterward that the duke was made acquainted with Brounker's untoward interference. At all events, it is certain that the latter was not dismissed from the duke's household till after two years had elapsed, and even then his dismissal was not on account of his extraordinary conduct after the action with the Dutch, but for words spoken disrespectfully of Lord Clarendon. According to Pepys, every one was glad of his disgrace, for he adds, "He was a pestilent rogue and atheist, and one that would have sold his king and country for sixpence almost, so corrupt and wicked was he by all men's report." Again, it was not till 1668, three years after the action, that Brounker's conduct became so openly talked of as to lead to an investigation in Parliament. That the duke during this long interval should have been in utter ignorance of Brounker's conduct

appears incredible ; indeed the more so, as it would seem to have been generally canvassed at the time. Sir John Denham, in his "Directions to a Painter," published as early as 1667, has the following lines :

"Now all conspire unto the Dutchman's loss;
The wind, the fire, we, they themselves do cross;
When a sweet sleep began the duke to drown,
And with soft diadems his temples crown;
And first he orders all the rest to watch,
And they the foe, while he a nap doth catch.
But lo, Brounker, by a secret instinct,
Slept on, nor needed : — he all day had winkt.
The duke in bed, he then first draws his steel,
Whose virtue makes the misled compass wheel;
So, e'er he waked, both fleets were innocent;
But Brounker member is of Parliament."

It may be remarked that an investigation into Brounker's conduct subsequently led to his dismissal from the House of Commons. From henceforward we hear nothing of his pursuits nor even any mention of his name. He died about the 4th of January, 1687, and was buried at Richmond, in Surrey, where a monument was erected to his memory.

William, Viscount Brounker, the elder brother of the libertine, fortunately bears a more reputable character. He was born about the year 1620. Aubrey says, "He was of no university, as he himself told me." At an early age he made

mathematics his study, in which he afterward rendered himself famous. Both Aubrey and Anthony Wood bear testimony to his success in his favourite pursuit, and Bishop Burnet styles him a "profound mathematician." According to Evelyn, "he was noted for a hard, covetous, vicious man, though for his worldly craft and skill in gaining few exceeded him."

Lord Brouncker is famous as having been the first president of the Royal Society on its foundation by Charles II. He continued in that honourable situation about fifteen years, according to Wood, "doing much honour to the Society, and advancing it by his learning and experience." He also held the appointments of chancellor to Queen Catherine and keeper of her Great Seal, and was a lord commissioner of the Admiralty and master of St. Catherine's Hospital, near the Tower. With the exception of a treatise, of which he is the author, entitled "Experiments of the Recoiling of Guns," no evidence beyond hearsay has been handed down to us either of his scientific or literary attainments. Lord Brouncker died at his house in St. James's Street on the 5th April, 1684, at the age of sixty-four. He was buried in the Church of St. Catherine's, in a vault which he had erected in his lifetime for the reception of his remains.

CHAPTER XIII.

THOMAS THYNNE.

The "Issachar" of Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel" — His Great Wealth — His Friendship with the Duke of Monmouth — Thynne's Diplomatic Employments — His Singular Marriage with Lady Elizabeth Percy — Murdered in Pall Mall at the Instigation of Count Coningsmark — Account of the Three Assassins — Fate of Coningsmark — Monument of Thynne in Westminster Abbey.

THOMAS THYNNE, the "Issachar" of Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel," and the possessor of Longleat, was styled by his contemporaries, in consequence of his great wealth, "Tom of Ten Thousand." He mingled not only in the pleasures, but in the politics of the court of Charles. He had originally attached himself to the party of the Duke of York, by whom, in 1669, he was despatched to Dunkirk, on a mission of congratulation to the French king. Owing, however, to some personal misunderstanding, he afterward deserted the interests of James for those of the Duke of Monmouth, with whom he subsequently lived on the most intimate and affectionate terms. The unfortunate duke was probably a frequent guest at Longleat. Dryden says :

“But hospitable treats did most commend
Wise Issachar, his wealthy western friend.”

Notwithstanding the epithet “wise,” which Dryden applies to Thynne, there is an ill-natured couplet of Lord Rochester’s, which attributes to him anything but a brilliancy of parts:

“Who’d be a wit in Dryden’s cudgelled skin,
Or who’d be rich and senseless like Tom Thynne?”

But whether Thynne’s intellectual powers were of a high or low order, it is certain that, in 1667, he was employed in an important mission to Holland, to negotiate a peace with the Dutch. Those were times, however, when selection for public employment depended but little on the fitness of the individual to fill the station assigned him by his sovereign.

The story of Thynne’s assassination is replete with painful interest. The great heiress and beauty of her day was Elizabeth, the only daughter of Jocelyn Percy, eleventh Earl of Northumberland. When almost in her infancy, she had been married to Henry Cavendish, Earl of Ogle, son and heir of Henry, Duke of Newcastle, who dying in 1680, she was left, as Echard expresses it, a “virgin widow” at an early age. Soon after the death of Lord Ogle, her grandmother, the old Countess of Northumberland, had contracted her to Thynne; obliging him, however, to enter into

an agreement that, on account of her daughter's youth the marriage should not be consummated till a year had elapsed. As time passed on, the young lady, it seems, conceived such a rooted dislike to her intended husband, that according to Reresby, she quitted her home and flew into Holland.

In the meantime, the famous Count Coningsmark — noted for his beauty and intrigues in most of the courts of Europe — had accidentally met Lady Ogle in public, and had either fallen in love with her person, or with the vast fortune of which she was the mistress. That the feeling was reciprocal there is not the least reason to suppose. Coningsmark, however, equally daring and unprincipled, determined by foul, if not by fair means, to make her his wife, and, as the first step, projected the assassination of the unfortunate Thynne. The persons whom he hired to commit the crime were three foreigners, — one Captain Vratz, a German; a Lieutenant Stern, a Swede; and one George Borotski, a Pole. The two former seem to have been as daring and reckless adventurers as any the age could produce. Borotski, on the other hand, was a quiet, uneducated man, who appears to have acted entirely from a feeling of retainership, without any thought of the gold which had induced his accomplices to undertake to commit the crime.

The night of Sunday, the 12th of February, 1682, was fixed upon for the perpetration of the

foul deed. Accordingly, having had their several parts assigned to them, between seven and eight o'clock the three assassins, mounted on horseback, posted themselves in a part of Pall Mall, nearly opposite to the present Opera Colonnade, through which they had ascertained the equipage of Thynne was likely to pass. As soon as the coach appeared in sight, they all three rode up to the window, and, by their imposing attitude, compelled the coachman to halt. One shot only was fired, which was from a musketoon, carried by Borotski. So true, however, was the aim, that as many as five bullets entered the body of his victim. Thynne was forthwith carried to his own residence, where he lingered till about six o'clock the following morning, when he expired.

The account bequeathed us by Sir John Reresby, who was employed in his magisterial capacity to search for the assassins, is full of interest. "I happened," he says, "to be at court that evening, when the king, hearing the news, seemed greatly concerned at it; not only for the horror of the action itself, which was shocking to his natural disposition, but also for fear the turn the anti-court party might give thereto. I left the court, and was just stepping into bed, when Mr. Thynne's gentleman came to me to grant him a hue-and-cry, and immediately at his heels comes the Duke of Montagu's page, to desire me to come to him at Mr. Thynne's lodging, sending his coach for me,

which I made use of accordingly. I there found his Grace surrounded by several lords and gentlemen, Mr. Thynne's friends ; and Mr. Thynne himself mortally wounded with five shots from a blunderbuss." By the exertions of Reresby it was not long before the three assassins were in custody. The last who was seized was Captain Vratz, who was discovered in the house of a Swedish doctor, in Leicester Fields. "I went first into his room," says Reresby, "followed by Lord Mordaunt, where I found him in bed, with his sword at some distance from him on the table. His weapon I in the first place secured, and then his person, committing him to the constables. I wondered he should make so tame a submission, for he was certainly a man of great courage, and appeared quite unconcerned at the very beginning, though he was very certain he would be found the chief actor in the tragedy." Vratz, it may be mentioned, had a short time previously commanded the forlorn hope at the siege of Mons, on which occasion, out of fifty individuals, only two besides himself had escaped with their lives.

In the meantime, Count Coningsmark had effected his escape in disguise as far as Gravesend, where he was recognised and arrested by a servant of the Duke of Monmouth, at the very moment when he was about to set his foot on board a foreign ship. Having been reconducted to London, he was examined before the king in council, on

which occasion he demeaned himself with the most imperturbable assurance. According to Reresby, who was present at the examination, it was evident from the manner of Charles throughout that it was his intention to save the life of the most culpable of the party.

The trial of Coningsmark and his accomplices took place in Hicks's Hall. The count, after some hesitation, was acquitted, while the other three, according to sentence passed upon them, were executed on the 10th of March, in Pall Mall.

There is extant a curious tract, entitled "An Account of the Deportment of Captain Vratz, Lieutenant Stern, and George Borotski, the murderers of Thomas Thynne, Esq., both in prison and at the execution." It was drawn up, and evidently with some care, by Bishop Burnet, who attended the criminals in their last moments. Stern and Borotski confessed their crime, and died penitent. Vratz, however, notwithstanding the admission of his associates, insisted to the last that he had merely intended to challenge Thynne to single combat, and that the fact of Borotski having fired the blunderbuss was entirely from a misapprehension of his orders. When Burnet expostulated with him on the heinousness of his offence, and urged him to confess his guilt, "he considered it to be sufficient," he said, "if he confessed his sins to God;" adding,

ingeniously, that "he thought it was a piece of popery to press him to confess."

His demeanour, and the state of his mind, seem throughout to have puzzled the bishop. It was his firm conviction, he said, that he should be "received into eternal happiness;" adding, as his opinion of a future state, that the only punishment of the damned would be their exclusion from the presence of God and their seeing others happier than themselves. To Doctor Horneck, a foreign minister of religion who attended him, he expressed similar eccentric opinions. "He was confident," he said, "that God would consider a gentleman, and deal with him suitably to the condition and profession he had placed him in; and that he would not take it ill, if a soldier, who lived by his sword, revenged the affront offered to him by another."

Burnet had more than once warned him against a false affectation of courage, which, he said, would certainly desert him at the last. And yet, when they finally met at the place of execution, "he smiled on me," says Burnet, "and said, that I should see it was not false bravery, but that he was fearless to the last. It is certain," adds the bishop, "that never man died with more resolution and less signs of fear, or the least disorder. His carriage, both in the cart, as he was led along, and at the place of execution, was astonishing: he was not only undaunted, but looked cheerful, and

smiled often. When the rope was put about his neck, he did not change colour nor tremble; his legs were firm under him; he looked often about on those that stood in balconies and windows, and seemed to fix his eyes on some persons; three or four times he smiled; he would not cover his face as the rest did, but continued in that state, often looking up to heaven, with a cheerfulness in his countenance and a little motion of his hands."

Reresby also bears witness to his intrepidity. "The captain," he says, "died without the least symptom of fear; and seeing me in my coach as he passed by in the cart, he made a bow to me with the most steady countenance, as he did to several of the spectators he knew, before he was turned off." Stern, on the scaffold, complained that he died for "a man's fortune whom he never spoke to; for a woman he never saw; and for a dead man, whom he never had a view of."

In allusion to the peculiar circumstances which led to the assassination of Thynne, the following epitaph, or rather epigram, was in vogue at the time:

"Here lies Tom Thynne of Longleat Hall,
Who never would have miscarried,
Had he married the woman he lay withal,
Or lain with the woman he married."

"Two anecdotes," says Walpole, "are attached to these lines. Miss Trevor, one of the maids of

honour to Catherine of Portugal, wife of Charles the Second, having discovered the Duke of Monmouth in bed with a lady, the duke excited Mr. Thynne to seduce Miss Trevor. She was the woman he lay withal. The woman he married was the great heiress, to whom he was affianced, when he was killed by Count Coningsmark, in Pall Mall." This story is corroborated by a passage in Archdeacon Echard's history. After the death of Thynne, Lady Ogle became the wife of Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset, by whom she had three sons: Algernon, who succeeded his father in the dukedom, and Percy and Charles, who both died unmarried.

The Duke of Monmouth seems to have sincerely lamented his friend. He sat up with Thynne during the whole night that preceded his dissolution, and exerted himself in the most indefatigable manner to bring the assassins to justice. It was, perhaps, a satisfaction to the duke that Coningsmark was arrested by his own servant. Monmouth openly and loudly expressed his dissatisfaction at the escape of the count. Destined himself to perish on the public scaffold, the duke is mentioned as having been a spectator of the execution of the murderers of his friend.

Thynne was buried in Westminster Abbey, where his monument of white marble, representing the tragedy in bas-relief, is well known.

CHAPTER XIV.

LUCY WALTERS.

The First Mistress of Charles — Her Lineage — Her Influence over the Young King — Her Son, the Duke of Monmouth — Doubt whether the King Was His Father — Infidelities of Lucy Walters — Her Manner of Living at The Hague — Returns to England and Is Sent by Cromwell to the Tower — Her Examination before the Council — Reported to Have Been Married to Charles — Her Miserable Death.

LUCY WALTERS, the mother of the unhappy Duke of Monmouth, and the ancestress of the Dukes of Buccleugh, was apparently the first passion of Charles, whose mistress she became in 1648, when he was only eighteen. She seems to have been no less beautiful in person than reckless in conduct and abandoned in morals. Her story, unfortunately, is the tale of many a fair face and broken heart. In her particular case, however, the moral is rendered peculiarly affecting, in consequence of the contrast between the splendid prosperity of her early life and the misery which attended its close.

Although, during her brief lifetime, the beautiful girl was generally addressed as Mrs. Barlow, her maiden name was Walters. According to

Anthony Wood, she was a native of Pembroke-shire. King James also tells us, in his memoirs, that she was born of a gentleman's family in Wales, whence she came to London to seek her fortune. In corroboration of her having been born of respectable parents, we have her own somewhat doubtful evidence that her mother bequeathed her a considerable fortune. Evelyn, on the contrary, speaks of her as the "daughter of some very mean creatures." The Peerages, possibly with more complaisance than truth, style her daughter of Richard Walters, Esquire, of Haverford West, in Pembrokeshire.

The feeling of Charles for his early mistress, as is generally the case with first attachments, appears to have been paramount and absorbing. "She was so perfect a beauty," says Madame Dunois, "and so charmed and transported the king when he first saw her in Wales, that amidst the misfortunes which disturbed the first years of his life and reign he enjoyed no satisfaction nor pleasure but in loving and being beloved by this charming mistress. This being his first passion, the equipage he allowed her, the care he took to please her, and the complaisance he had for her were so exceeding great that it made the world believe he had promised her marriage." Even when her notorious infidelities had compelled the king to separate from her, we find him still keeping a jealous watch over her actions, and liberally supplying her wants.

According to Lord Clarendon (who speaks of her as "a private Welshwoman of no good fame, but handsome"), she expressly transplanted herself to The Hague, in the hopes of winning the heart of the young king. This was certainly not the case. Algernon Sidney assured the Duke of York that, when he was an officer in Cromwell's army, he had agreed with her for "fifty broad pieces," as the price of her virtue, but that being hastily ordered away with his regiment he missed his bargain. He added that she afterward went over to Holland, where she fell into the hands of his brother, Col. Robert Sidney, with whom she lived for some time, till the fame of her exceeding beauty having reached the king's ears, he found means to entice her into his keeping. At the time when she quitted him, Sidney was heard to say, "Let whoever will have her, she is already sped." King James also tells us that she gave birth to an infant so soon after her intercourse with his brother that the world never doubted whose offspring it was. This child was the Duke of Monmouth. According to James, the real parentage was so suspicious that "when he grew to be a man he very much resembled the colonel both in stature and countenance, even to a wart on his face." The fact is corroborated by Evelyn, who especially mentions the resemblance which Monmouth bore in after life to his mother's first paramour, Col. Robert Sidney.

James freely admits in his memoirs that Mrs. Walters was "very handsome," adding that, "though she had not much wit, she had a great deal of that sort of cunning which those of her profession usually have." In 1649, we find the correct and high-minded Evelyn travelling with her in Lord Wilmot's coach from Paris to St. Germain's. In recording the circumstance, Evelyn merely speaks of her as a "brown, beautiful, bold, but insipid creature." It was certainly a strange companionship. The probability is that the philosopher pitied the courtesan, and that the courtesan laughed at the philosopher.

According to Lord Clarendon, during the absence of Charles on his expedition into Scotland, she conducted herself with such extreme indiscretion that, on his return the following year, after his defeat at Worcester, he refused to have any further commerce with his beautiful mistress. "She tried in vain," says Lord Clarendon, "all her little arts, and endeavoured to persuade Doctor Cousins that she was a convert and would quit her scandalous way of life; but had at the same time a child by the Earl of Arlington, who grew up to be a woman, and was owned by the mother to be hers, as like the earl as possible." This daughter was evidently Mary Walters, who became the wife of William Sarsfield, Esquire, of Ireland, and afterward of William Fanshaw, Esquire.

That Charles, as Lord Clarendon would lead us

to suppose, broke off all commerce with his mistress at this period, is undoubtedly not the fact. There are some curious letters in Thurloe's "State Papers," which prove that even as late as 1656, six years afterward, he still continued to supply her necessities; that he still watched over the actions of his early mistress with a deep interest, and apparently that she still maintained no slight degree of influence over his heart. Moreover, they afford an insight—amounting almost to a painful interest—into the history of her character and career.

The following are extracts from two letters of Mr. Daniel O'Neile to Charles the Second, relative to his unhappy mistress. The first is dated The Hague, 8th February, 1656: "I have hitherto forborne giving your Majesty any account of your commands concerning Mrs. Barlow, because those that I employed to her brought me assurances from her she would obey your Majesty's commands. Of late I am told she intends nothing less, and that she is assured from Cologne your Majesty would not have her son from her. I am much troubled to see the prejudice her being here does your Majesty, for every idle action of hers brings your Majesty upon the stage; and I am no less ashamed to have so much importuned your Majesty to have believed her worthy your care. When I have the honour to wait upon your Majesty, I shall tell you what I have from a midwife

of this town and one of her maids, which she had not the discretion to use well after knowing so much of her secrets."

The next extract is from a letter dated the 14th of the same month. "I had," says O'Neile, "the opportunity to save her from public scandal at least. Her maid, whom she would have killed by thrusting a bodkin into her ear as she was asleep, would have accused her of miscarrying of two children by physic, and of the infamous manner of her living with Mr. Howard; but I have prevented the mischief partly with threats, but more with one hundred gilders I am to give her maid. Her last miscarriage was since Mr. Howard went, as the midwife says to one that I employ to her. Doctor Rusuf has given her physic, but it was always after her miscarrying; and though he knew anything it would be indiscreet to tell it. Therefore I would not attempt him, and the rather that I was sufficiently assured by those that were nearer. Though I have saved her for this time, it's not likely she'll escape when I am gone; for only the consideration of your Majesty has held M. Heenuleit and M. Nertwick not to have her banished this town and country for an infamous person, and by sound of drum. Therefore it were well, if your Majesty would own this child, to send her your positive command to deliver him unto whom your Majesty will appoint. I know it from one who has read my Lord Taaffe's letter to

her of the 11th, by this last post, that he tells her your Majesty has nothing more in consideration than her sufferings, and that the next money you can get or borrow shall be sent to supply her. While your Majesty encourages any to speak this language, she will never obey what you will have; the only way is to necessitate her, if your Majesty can think her worth your care."

The fact is not impossible that the catastrophe actually happened to this beautiful creature, which had been anticipated by O'Neile, and that she was ignominiously expelled by the States. At all events, within the period of four months, we find her in London, having in the meantime paid a visit to Flushing. She had no sooner set foot in England — where she arrived with her brother, a Mr. Howard, and Ann Hill, her maid — than she was taken into custody by order of Cromwell, and sent to the Tower. The examination of Ann Hill took place upon oath, on the 26th June, 1656. She deposed "that she was servant to Lady Walters in Holland about seven months; that the same lady came lately out of Flushing, hiring a boat to bring herself, two children, Mr. Justus Walters her brother, and Thomas Howard, gentleman of the horse to the Princess Royal at The Hague; that she had often heard that her lady had one of the said children by Charles Stuart, and that the said lady had no other means to maintain her but that she hath from the said Charles Stuart,

although she lived in a costly and high manner ; and that her brother swore to the said informant the said lady had been lately with the king, meaning Charles Stuart, a night and day together."

At another examination, which took place on the 2d of July following, we find Hill further deposing, on the authority of Mrs. Walters herself "that the very same night in which she came from Antwerp to Brussels Charles Stuart came thither, whereupon this informant asked her in these words, 'Did your honour see him?' to which she answered, 'Yes, and he saw your master, too' — meaning one of her children, who is usually called master. And this informant saith she knows not who came with the said lady into England besides Justus Walters and Thomas Howard, and saith that she heard the said lady and her brother confer together about a necklace of pearl, which the lady intimated to him she had bought ; and that they discoursed it must have cost about 1,500*l*. That she heard the said lady say she had bespoke a coach, and that she would have it lined with red velvet and have gold fringe on it within three weeks ; and said, although they lived but closely in their lodgings, yet very plentifully in clothes and diet, and had a coach to attend them continually from week to week." Almost penniless himself, and surrounded by starving followers, how astonishing that Charles should

have found the means and the conscience to lavish such large sums and unmeaning luxuries on an abandoned woman and false mistress !

The unfortunate girl was subsequently herself subjected to an examination, in which she acknowledged that she had formerly had a child by Charles. This child she declared was dead ; accounting for the two who were still alive by declaring they " were by a husband in Holland, who was also dead." On being further questioned, she stated that she had left Flushing about three weeks ; that she had not seen the king for two years ; that she had accidentally fallen in with Howard at Flushing ; and that her object in visiting England was to recover 1,500*l.* a year, which had been bequeathed her by her mother. According to Anthony Wood, she continued in the Tower from the commencement of 1656 till July in that year. We have seen, however, that she did not arrive in England till about the middle of June ; consequently her imprisonment must have been of a short duration.

From the period of her release from the Tower, we hear little of the beautiful courtesan. Evelyn, who saw her afterward in Paris, informs us that she was still lovely, and adds that she was earning a wretched subsistence by her charms. We learn from the same authority, that she died " miserably, and without anything to bury her." In the parish register for Hammersmith occurs the fol-

lowing entry, which has been supposed to record the burial of this unhappy woman :

“1683, June 5, Lucy Walters bur.”

The history of this unfortunate woman, as far as her intercourse with Charles is concerned, was pretended to be told in a scandalous work, entitled “The Perplexed Prince.” The book, which has little merit, was read with avidity by our ancestors, but is now deservedly forgotten.

CHAPTER XV.

NELL GWYNN.

Low Origin of This Celebrated Woman — She Wanders from Tavern to Tavern Singing Ballads — Her Early Frailty — Poetical Life of Her by Sir George Etherege — Her Intercourse with Lacy and Hart, the Actors — Falls into the Hands of Lord Buckhurst — Becomes the Mistress of Charles II. — Her Merits as an Actress — Freedom with the King — Anecdotes — Nell Gwynn's Residence in Pall Mall — Her House at Windsor and in the King's Road — Her Habit of Swearing — Her Rivalship with the Duchess of Portsmouth — Anecdote — Looked Upon as the Champion of Protestantism at Court — Her Benevolent Charities — Regarded with Affection by the Public — Her Pious End — Description of Her Person.

THE society of this sprightly and warm-hearted creature must have exactly suited the tastes of a sauntering voluptuary, such as Charles had become in the latter period of his career. Always in good humour, ever prepared with her wild wit and merry laugh, she was completely at her ease in his presence, and neither soured him with jealousies like the Duchess of Cleveland, nor wearied him with politics like the Duchess of Portsmouth.

Nell, or rather Eleanor Gwynn, was born about

the year 1650. She is said to have been of Welsh extraction, and Hereford, Oxford, and the Coal Yard, Drury Lane, have severally been named as her birthplace. We are unable to throw any dignity over her origin. It is only certain that the ragged and light-hearted girl, who afterward became the mother of a duke and the grandmother of a bishop, was nurtured in the foulest regions of filth and the lowest haunts of iniquity. It would even appear that she was born in a night-cellar, and commenced earning her livelihood as an itinerant vender of fish. Rochester says :

“ Her first employment was, with open throat,
To cry fresh herrings, even ten a groat.”

In this capacity, she is said to have wandered from tavern to tavern, charming the company, after dinner or supper, with her merry songs and exquisite voice. She seems at one period to have been actually domesticated at a tavern. Pepys tells us : “ Nelly and Beck Marshall falling out the other day, the latter called the other my Lord Buckhurst’s mistress. Nell answered her, ‘ I am but one man’s mistress, though I was brought up in a tavern to fill strong waters to gentlemen ; and you are mistress to three or four, though a presbyter’s praying daughter.’ ” The poor girl appears to have sinned in her first womanhood, falling into the hands of a Madame Ross, a celebrated courtesan of the period. It was probably this unfor-

tunate connection which led to her becoming an orange-girl at the theatre, and subsequently to her appearance on the stage.

There is a poetical life of Nell Gwynn, by Sir George Etherege, of which the following is the doggerel argument :

“ The life of Nelly truly shown,
From coal-yard and cellar to the throne,
Till into the grave she tumbled down.”

The poem would seem to have had its origin in personal pique. As it is difficult to believe that any man would abuse a beautiful and kind-hearted woman, unless she had piqued his vanity or interfered with his pleasures, it is not improbable that Sir George may have made overtures to Nelly which were not very favourably received. Etherege says of her, in the commencement of her career :

“ He that has seen her muddling in the street,
Her face all pot-lid black, unshod her feet ;
And in a cloud of dust her cinders shaking,
Could he have thought her fit for monarch’s taking ?
Even then she had her charms of brisk and witty,
Which first enslaved a cully of the city.”

After the “ cully of the city,” Etherege mentions her having conferred her favours on more than one lover, before she became the mistress of Lord Buckhurst. Among these, it is well known,

were Lacy, and afterward Hart, the actors. She is said also to have been the mistress of Lord Rochester, but the fact is extremely questionable.

Nell Gwynn first appeared on the stage in the early part of 1667, when we find her acting in Killegrew's company at the New Theatre Royal in Drury Lane. About this period she fell into the hands of Lord Buckhurst, who was then as notorious for his profligacy, as afterward, when Earl of Dorset, he became celebrated for his high breeding and his wit. The tale of their brief intimacy is casually recorded by Pepys in his Diary.

"July, 1667. — Mr. Pierce tells me what troubles me, that my Lord Buckhurst hath got Nell away from the King's House, and gives her 100*l.* a year, so as she hath sent her parts to the house, and will act no more.

"14th July, 1667. — To Epsom, by eight o'clock, to the well, where much company. And to the town to the King's Head; and hear that my Lord Buckhurst and Nelly are lodged at the next house, and Sir Charles Sedley with them; and keep a merry house. Poor girl! I pity her; but more the loss of her at the King's House.

"26th August, 1667. — Sir W. Penn and I had a great deal of discourse with Mall, who tells us that Nell is already left by my Lord Buckhurst, and that he makes sport of her, and that she is very poor, and hath lost my Lady Castlemaine,

who was her great friend : she is come to the play-house, but is neglected by them all."

According to more than one authority, it was the splendid promises of Charles, and the temptation of becoming the royal mistress, which induced her to quit the protection of Lord Buckhurst. One writer, indeed, observes that, in order to get him out of the way, his lordship was sent on "a sleeveless errand into France ;" while, according to Lord Rochester, his consent to part with his mistress was purchased with an earldom.

These suppositions, however, are not only disproved by the minute particulars of Pepys, but it is certain that the king paid her no particular attention till nearly a year after her estrangement from Lord Buckhurst.

On the merits of Nell Gwynn as an actress, it is scarcely necessary to dwell. In droll characters, in light and showy parts, especially where the song or the dance were introduced, her performances were the delight of her contemporaries. Her Florimel in "The Maiden Queen," and her Jácinta in "The Mock Astrologer," are especially recorded. In tragedy she was less successful ; nor is it easy to imagine her as performing the part of Queen Elizabeth in "The Earl of Essex," nor of Cidaria in "The Indian Emperor." The latter, according to Pepys, she played "most basely." Nevertheless, as Valeria in "Tyrannic Love," and as Almahide, in "The Conquest of Granada," her

performance is spoken of as meritorious. Lord Lansdown, in his "Progress of Beauty," — regretting "with Charles the Cupids and the Graces gone," — thus, many years afterward, alludes to her famous acting in the latter character :

"Past is the gallantry, the fame remains
Transmitted safe in Dryden's lofty strains;
Granada lost, beheld her pomps restored,
And Almahide once more by kings adored."

It was in this play, or rather in speaking the prologue to it, that she appeared in her famous "broad-brimmed hat." Nokes, at the rival theatre, had recently appeared in an immense hat, — a piece of foolery, which had rendered a dull play successful. Dryden, therefore, at the King's House, had caused a hat to be made as large as a cartwheel, in which Nelly appeared, to the great delight of our forefathers, and especially of Charles himself. The king is described, during the whole scene, as having been in convulsions of laughter, no less on account of her piquant manner than from the excessive drollery of her appearance.

It was in the part of Valeria, in "Tyrannic Love," that she is said to have captivated the susceptible heart of Charles. Dryden had purposely introduced her in this character, in order to admit of her speaking the epilogue. The great poet, who had been partial to her from the commencement of her career, is said to have com-

posed this particular epilogue, — and, indeed, at other times, to have selected her for agreeable parts, — in order that she might attract the notice of the king. As the epilogue to “Tyrannic Love” was written expressly to suit the charming extravagances of Nelly’s manner, and as it is said to have been the scene in which she captivated a monarch, probably an insertion of it at length may not be unacceptable. It professes to be “Spoken by Mistress Ellen, when she was to be carried off dead by the bearers.”

“TO THE BEARERS.

“Hold, are you mad? you d——d confounded dog!
I am to rise, and speak the epilogue.

“TO THE AUDIENCE.

“I come, kind gentlemen, strange news to tell ye;
I am the ghost of poor departed Nelly.
Sweet ladies, be not frightened: I’ll be civil,
I’m what I was, a little harmless devil.
For, after death, we sprites have just such natures
We had, for all the world, when human creatures:
And, therefore, I, that was an actress here,
Play all my tricks in hell, a goblin there.
Gallants, look to’t, you say there are no sprites;
But I’ll come dance about your beds at nights.
And faith you’ll be in a sweet kind of taking,
When I surprise you between sleep and waking.
To tell you true, I walk, because I die,
Out of my calling in a tragedy.
O poet, d——d dull poet, who could prove
So senseless, to make Nelly die for love!

Nay, what's yet worse, to kill me in the prime
 Of Easter-term, in tart and cheese-cake time !
 I'll fit the fop ; for I'll not one word say,
 To excuse his godly out-of-fashion play ;
 A play, which, if you dare but twice sit out,
 You'll all be slander'd, and be thought devout.
 But, farewell, gentlemen, make haste to me,
 I'm sure ere long to have your company.
 As for my epitaph when I am gone,
 I'll trust no poet, but will write my own :
 Here Nelly lies, who, though she lived a slattern,
 Yet died a princess, acting in St. Cat'rine."

Having now been introduced to this gay creature in her public capacity, we must trust to Pepys to admit us behind the scenes. He was first introduced to her at the King's Theatre, in January, 1667, previous to her becoming the mistress of Buckhurst. She had been acting *Cœlia*, in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of "The Humorous Lieutenant." "Knipp,"¹ he says, "took us all in, and introduced us to Nelly, a most pretty woman, who acted the great part of *Cœlia* to-day, very fine, and did it very well ; I kissed her, and so did my wife, and a mighty pretty soul she is." There are several notices of her in his Diary, which are full of interest. On a subsequent occasion he says :

"After dinner with my wife, to the King's House, to see 'The Maiden Queen,' a new play

¹ A married actress of whom little is known. She was on the stage at least as late as 1677.

of Dryden's, mightily commended for the regularity of it, and the strain and wit, and the truth : for there is a comical part done by Nell, which is Florimel, that I never can hope ever to see the like done again by man or woman. The king and Duke of York were at the play. But so great performance of a comical part was never, I believe, in the world before as Nell do this, both as a mad girl, then most and best of all when she comes in like a young gallant ; and hath the motions and carriage of a spark, the most that ever I saw any man have. It makes me, I confess, admire her."

One more extract from the Diary of the soft-hearted Pepys. On the 1st May, 1667, he writes : "To Westminster, in the way meeting many milk-maids, with their garlands upon their pails, dancing with a fiddler before them, and saw pretty Nelly standing at her lodging's door in Drury Lane, in her smock sleeves and bodice, looking upon one ; she seemed a mighty pretty creature." His evident and unqualified admiration of female beauty constitutes one of the principal charms in the naïve memoirs of the otherwise sober-minded secretary.

The first instance of Charles having paid any particular attention to his future mistress is recorded by Pepys, in January, 1668, when he tells us that, at the theatre, the king "sent several times for her." According to Sir George Ether-

age, she was first introduced to him by the Duke of Buckingham. On the other hand, others relate that, being particularly charmed with her performance in a new character, he sent his carriage for her after the performances were over, and took her home to sup with him. According to Burnet, who quotes the Duke of Buckingham as his authority, she required a settlement from the king of five hundred pounds a year, which Charles refused to allow her. The bishop adds, however, that before four years had elapsed the king had lavished on her as much as sixty thousand pounds. Burnet happily describes her as the "wildest and indiscreetest creature that ever was in a court." It is a circumstance not generally known that, some years afterward, Nell Gwynn was actually appointed one of the ladies of the privy chamber to Catherine of Braganza, the queen of Charles the Second. The fact is placed beyond doubt by the books in the lord chamberlain's office. She was sworn into the post in 1675; it does not, however, appear that she ever occupied apartments at Whitehall.

The circumstance is undoubtedly curious that, after she became the royal mistress, Nell Gwynn should have been pretty freely admitted to the best society of the period. Lady Sunderland writes to Lord Halifax, 27th July, 1680: "There is one place of council I should never have suspected (my Lady Orrery's), till I did know that

my Lord Shaftesbury, the Duke of Monmouth, and my Lord Cavendish do meet and sup there, and Mrs. Nelly, who the king hath forbid letting the Duke of Monmouth come to her house. To-day my Lord Orrery is gone to Windsor, to furnish for the better diverting them." It appears also by the evidence in the "State Trials," on the suit for a divorce between the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, in 1695, that Nell Gwynn had formerly been the intimate friend of the duchess.

The intercourse between the lively actress and her royal lover was remarkable for the playful familiarity which was practised by the one, and permitted and enjoyed by the other. She used to speak of her royal paramour as her Charles the Third; Charles, Lord Buckhurst, and Charles Hart, the actor, having previously been her lovers. Etherege says, with more vulgarity than humour:

"When he was dumpish, she would still be jocund,
And chuck the royal chin of Charles the Second."

Evelyn mentions his having been the companion of the king, one day, during one of his walks in St. James's Park, in 1671, when he was an ear-witness to a "very familiar discourse" between his Majesty and Nell Gwynn, whom he styles an impudent comedian. "She was looking," he says, "out of her garden, on a terrace at the top of a wall," while the king continued standing in gay dalliance, on the green

walk beneath it. Colley Cibber, in his "Apology for his Life," relates an amusing instance of her playful humour and the good-natured forbearance of Charles. "This reminds me," he says, "of an anecdote which I had from old solemn Boman, the late actor, of venerable memory. Boman, then a youth, and famed for his voice, was appointed to sing some part in a concert of music at the private lodgings of Mrs. Gwynn; at which were only present the king, the Duke of York, and one or two more, who were usually admitted upon these detached parties of pleasure. When the performance was ended, the king expressed himself highly pleased, and gave it extraordinary commendations. 'Then, sir,' said the lady, 'to show you don't speak like a courtier, I hope you will make the performers a handsome present.' The king said he had no money about him, and asked the duke if he had any. To which the duke replied, 'I believe, sir, not above a guinea or two.' Upon which the laughing lady, turning to the people about her, and making bold with the king's common expression, cried, 'Od's fish! what company have I got into?'"

According to Pennant (1791), the London residence of Nell Gwynn was in "what was then called Pall Mall; the first good house on the left hand of St. James's Square, as we enter from Pall Mall. The back room on the ground floor was, within memory, entirely of looking-glass, as was

said to have been the ceiling. Over the chimney was her picture, and that of her sister was in a third room." From this house¹ she appears to have removed to another on the south side of Pall Mall, the back of which, as we learn from Evelyn's trifling anecdote, looked into St. James's Park. In a letter from one of Granger's correspondents, a Mr. Ewin, dated 7th March, 1771, we trace some further particulars respecting it. "My friend, Doctor Heberden," says the writer, "has built a fine house in Pall Mall, on the palace side; he told me it was the only freehold house on that side; that it was given by a long lease by Charles the Second to Nell Gwynn, and, upon her discovering it to be only a lease under the Crown, she returned him the lease and conveyance, saying she had always conveyed free under the Crown, and always would; and would not accept it till it was conveyed free to her by an act of Parliament, made on and for that purpose. Upon Nelly's death it was sold, and has been conveyed free ever since." This house—No. 79 Pall Mall, now occupied by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts—is still the only freehold residence on the Park, or south side of the street.

Nell Gwynn had also a house close to the castle at Windsor, which was afterward the residence of

¹ It stood on a part of the site of the present Army and Navy Club.

Queen Anne, when Princess of Denmark ; and another in the King's Road, Chelsea, about two miles and a half from London, built, it is said, by the architect of Chelsea Hospital. The latter residence, which is now called Sanford Manor-house, and is occupied by a gas company, is nearly in the same state as when the laughing actress received the visits of Charles ; indeed, his frequent journeys to her suburban residence are said to have given the name of the King's Road to that particular route.

Nelly, it is to be feared, indulged but too frequently in the very indifferent habit of swearing. Latterly she seems to have rattled out her merry oaths with the view of diverting her royal lover. The habit, however, was one of the vices of her profession, and was apparently contracted long before her acquaintance with Charles. Pepys informs us, 5th October, 1667 : "To the King's House ; and there going up met with Knipp, and she took us up into the tiring-rooms, and to the woman's shift, where Nelly was dressing herself, and was all unready, and is very pretty, prettier than I thought. And into the scene-room, and there sat down, and she gave us fruit : and here I read the questions to Knipp, while she answered me through all her part of 'Flora's Vagaries,' which was acted to-day. But, Lord ! to see how they were both painted would make a man mad, and did make me loath them ; and what base com-

pany of men comes among them, and how lewdly they talk! But to see how Nell cursed, for having so few people in the pit, was strange; the other house carrying away all the people at the new play." Sir George Etherege, also, in his satire entitled "Madam Nelly's Complaint," has the following allusion to her unfortunate habit :

"Before great Charles let quacks and seamen lie,
He ne'er heard swearers till Moll Knight and I:
Never heard oaths less valued, or less true;
And yet 'tis said he's paid for swearing too:
Louder we swore than plundering dragoons,
S'blood follow'd s'blood, and zounds succeeded zounds."

"Anybody," said her rival, the Duchess of Portsmouth, "might know she had been an orange-girl by her swearing." She liked to play deep at the basset-table, and is said on one occasion to have lost no less than 1,400 guineas to the Duchess of Mazarin.

As soon as she had become the acknowledged mistress of Charles, the name of Nelly, by which she had hitherto been familiarly known, became dignified into the title of Madam Ellen. Her lively and fascinating manners, her joyous laugh, her wild extravagance of speech, her warm-hearted disposition, and imperturbable good-nature, not only established her rapidly in the affections of Charles, but rendered her so necessary to his ease and happiness as to constitute her a dangerous

rival to the then reigning sultana, the Duchess of Portsmouth.

Madame De Sévigné, speaking in one of her letters of the influence of the French mistress, draws an amusing picture of her rivalry with the open-hearted English actress. "The Duchess of Portsmouth," she says, "has not been disappointed in anything she proposed. She desired to be mistress to the king, and she is so; he lodges with her almost every night, in the face of all the court; she has had a son, who has been acknowledged, and presented with two duchies. She amasses treasure, and makes herself feared and respected by as many as she can. But she did not foresee that she should find a young actress in her way, whom the king dotes on; and she has it not in her power to withdraw him from her. He divides his time, his care, and his health between these two. The actress is as haughty as the duchess; she insults her, she makes grimaces at her, she attacks her; she frequently steals the king from her, and boasts whenever he gives her the preference. She is young, indiscreet, confident, wild, and of an agreeable humour. She sings, she dances, she acts her part with a good grace. She has a son by the king, and hopes to have him acknowledged. She reasons thus: 'This duchess,' she says, 'pretends to be a person of quality; she affirms she is related to the best families in France, and when-

ever any person of distinction dies she puts herself in mourning. If she be a lady of such quality, why does she demean herself to be a courtesan? She ought to die with shame. As for me, it is my profession; I do not pretend to anything better. The king entertains me, and I am constant to him at present. He has a son by me; I pretend that he ought to acknowledge him; and I am well assured that he will, for he loves me as well as the duchess.' ”

An expedient adopted by the light-hearted actress to procure the advancement of her young son to the same rank which had been conferred by Charles on his other natural children is described as amusing enough. The king happened to be in her apartments, when the boy was amusing himself with some childish sport. “Come here, you little bastard!” was the free-spoken summons. Charles, to whose ears the term sounded somewhat harsh, blamed her, in his good-natured way, for the expression. “Indeed,” she said, demurely, “I am very sorry, but I have no other name to give him, poor boy!”

There is extant an amusing pasquinade, entitled “A pleasant battle between two lap-dogs of the Utopian Court.” Part of the argument is :

“The English lap-dog here does first begin
The vindication of his lady, Gwynn :
The other, much more Frenchified, alas,
Shows what his lady is, not what she was.”

The two curs, Tutty and Snap-short, — the former the property of Nell Gwynn, the other of the Duchess of Portsmouth, — enter into a ludicrous and snarling discussion respecting the merits of their respective mistresses. This dispute is about to end in a fray, when the rival ladies sweep into the room, and conclude a diverting scene with the following dialogue :

“DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH. — Pray, madam, give my dog fair play ; I protest you hinder him with your petticoats ; he cannot fasten. Madam, fair play is fair play.

“MADAM GWYNN. — Truly, madam, I thought I knew as well what belonged to dog-fighting as your Ladyship ; but since you pretend to instruct me in your French dog-play, pray, madam, stand a little farther, as you respect your own flesh, for my little dog is mettle to the back, and smells a popish miss at a far greater distance ; pray, madam, take warning, for you stand on dangerous ground. Haloo, haloo, haloo ! ha, brave Tutty, ha, brave Snap-short ! A guinea on Tutty, — two to one on Tutty ; done, quoth monsieur ; begar, begar, me have lost near tousand pound.”

“Tutty it seems beat Snap-short, and the bell
Tutty bears home in victory : farewell ! ”

Nell Gwynn, to the last, was an especial favourite with the public. When Rochester says of her :

“Look back and see the people mad with rage,
To see the —— in such an equipage,”

he evidently says what is not the truth. The world regarded her with kindness ; not only from the recollection of her playful manner and delightful performances on the stage, but, what is far more strange, they seemed to have looked upon her as the court champion of the Protestant interests, in opposition to the papist Duchess of Portsmouth, — a lady who was ever on the watch to advance Romish doctrines and French interests. That the two great divisions of the Christian Church should mutually have looked up to and have courted the chamber-influence of a couple of courtesans is a fact as astonishing as it is true. Nell Gwynn was one day passing through the streets of Oxford in her coach, when the mob, mistaking her for her rival, the Duchess of Portsmouth, commenced hooting and loading her with every opprobrious epithet. Putting her head out of the coach window, “Good people,” she said, smiling, “you are mistaken ; I am the Protestant mistress.”

There is evidence indeed that the erring and low-born actress especially prided herself on her orthodoxy and her regard for the Church of England. She was one day ascending Ludgate Hill in her coach, when, perceiving a large crowd, and inquiring the occasion of it, she was told that some bailiffs were in the act of hurrying an unfortunate

clergyman to prison. Having ordered her coachman to stop, she sent for some persons whom the poor debtor named as attestators to his character, and finding the case a very distressing one, she not only defrayed the debt, but afterward obtained preferment for the worthy clergyman. Her charities indeed were as just as they were frequent ; neither was there a grain of avarice in her disposition.

It was to the credit of Nell Gwynn that, after her elevation, she never lost sight of her old theatrical friends. She was also ever the benefactor of genius in distress. The former kindnesses she had received from Dryden were generously remembered ; and Otway, Lee, and Butler are known to have shared the contents of her purse. The facts of her having instigated Charles to erect Chelsea Hospital as an asylum for disabled soldiers, and her having given the ground on which the building stands, as an encouragement to the undertaking, afford illustrious evidences of her generosity and kindness of heart. A tavern in the neighbourhood of the hospital still exhibits her head as its sign ; and one of the first toasts, which were formerly drunk by the veteran inmates of Chelsea on the anniversary of the birthday of Charles, was to the memory of their benefactress, Nell Gwynn.

An agreeable anecdote, illustrative of the affection with which she was regarded by the public, is related by an anonymous writer of the last century. "She was the most popular of the king's

mistresses ; an eminent goldsmith, who died about fifteen years ago, in the seventy-ninth year of his age, assured me that when he was a prentice his master made a most expensive service of plate (the king's present) for the Duchess of Portsmouth. He remembered well that an infinite number of people crowded to the shop out of mere curiosity ; that they threw out a thousand ill wishes against the duchess, and wished the silver was melted, and poured down her throat ; but said 'twas ten thousand pities his Majesty had not bestowed this bounty on Madam Ellen."

Nell Gwynn is believed to have quitted the stage about the year 1671. By Charles she was the mother of two children, — Charles Beauclerk, born in Lincoln's Inn Fields, on the 8th May, 1670, created Baron of Heddington and Earl of Burford in 1676, and Duke of St. Albans in 1684 ; her remaining son, James Beauclerk, died in his childhood in France. Their mother was perhaps the only one of the mistresses of Charles whose fidelity to their royal master was never questioned. His affection for her continued to the last, and one of his latest injunctions was, "Do not let Nelly starve." She is believed to have remained virtuous after his decease.

The death of Nell Gwynn took place at her house in Pall Mall, in the month of November, 1687. "Her repentance in her last hours," writes Cibber, "I have been unquestionably informed ap-

peared in all the contrite symptoms of a Christian sincerity." Her funeral sermon was preached by Doctor Tennison, vicar of St. Martin's, and afterward Archbishop of Canterbury. In his discourse he spoke warmly of her charities, her real goodness of heart, her sincere repentance, and pious end. The encomiums which he bestowed on the repentant actress were afterward maliciously dwelt upon to the queen of William the Third, in hopes that it would weaken his growing influence at court. The reply of Mary was creditable to her heart. "I have heard as much," she said; "it is a sign that the poor unfortunate woman died penitent; for if I can read a man's heart through his looks, had she not made a pious and Christian end, the doctor could never have been induced to speak well of her." Nell Gwynn, according to a wish expressed by her in her last will, was buried in the beautiful Church of St. Martin's in the Fields.

The personal beauty of Nell Gwynn is placed beyond a doubt, both from the tributes of her contemporaries and the portraits that remain of her. On the other hand, she was somewhat low in stature and careless in dress. Granger says, "She continued to hang on her clothes with her usual negligence when she was the king's mistress, but whatever she did became her." It may be remarked that Messrs. Child, the well-known bankers in Fleet Street, still retain in their possession the checks which she drew on their ancestors.

CHAPTER XVI.

MARY DAVIS.

A Beautiful Comedian — Captivates the Heart of Charles in the Character of Celania — Supposed to Be the Natural Daughter of the Earl of Berkshire — Jealousy of the Queen, the Duchess of Cleveland, and Nell Gwynn, on Mary Davis Becoming the King's Mistress — Characteristic Manner in Which Each Discovered Her Spleen — Notices of Two Other Mistresses of Charles, Jane Roberts and Mary Knight; the Former the Daughter of a Clergyman — Her Contrite Repentance — Admonishes the King in Her Last Moments — Conduct of Bishop Burnet on the Occasion — Mary Knight — Her Beautiful Face and Charming Voice — Her Habit of Swearing — Believed to Have Died Penitent — Portrait of Her by Kneller.

THIS beautiful comedian, whose fair face and exquisite voice captivated the susceptible heart of Charles, is said to have completed her conquest by singing before him, in the character of Celania, "The Mad Shepherdess," the song, —

"My lodging is on the cold ground."

There is reason to believe that she was the natural daughter of the Earl of Berkshire. She first appeared at the Duke's Theatre at the commencement of the year 1667, where she speedily caught the king's eye, and almost as speedily became

his mistress. According to Pepys, her noble father had complaisance enough to introduce her to the king. The fact, however, is not sufficiently clear. The Earl of Berkshire, in 1667, was Thomas Howard, the first earl, celebrated for his loyalty during the civil troubles, and, moreover, a man of virtue and honour, who, at this period, must have been in his eighty-eighth year. The probability is that she was a daughter of Charles Howard, the second Earl of Berkshire, of whom little or nothing is known. Pepys, in revising his Diary, may possibly have spoken of the then earl by a title which did not belong to him when the scandalous circumstance transpired.

Pepys informs us that, in 1667, Mary Davis was publicly acknowledged by Charles; that he presented her with a ring valued at seven hundred pounds, and furnished for her a house in Suffolk Street. Pepys happened to be one day passing through the street at the moment when she was stepping into her coach; and he tells us, a "mighty fine coach" it was. Pepys, who speaks slightly of her in other respects, describes her dancing as "beyond anything in the world."

Her intercourse with the king excited a considerable commotion at court. The queen, the Duchess of Cleveland, and Nell Gwynn were each more or less affected by the circumstance; and the manner in which each discovered her spleen is sufficiently characteristic. When it was the turn

of the new favourite to dance a jig at court, poor Catherine, we are told, contented herself by quietly retiring, as if unwilling to be rendered publicly contemptible. On the other hand, the Duchess of Cleveland, with the usual irritability of spoiled and insulted beauty, was unable to conceal her indignation. A lady of the court told Pepys that, during the acting of some private theatricals at Whitehall, the king kept his eyes so constantly fixed on his new favourite that the duchess was unable to conceal her chagrin, and was "in the sulks" during the whole of the play. Pepys on another occasion was present at the theatre, when the king, during the whole evening, kept gazing at a particular box. Mary Davis was the heroine of the night. The Duchess of Cleveland, he says, turned up her eyes to discover the object of the king's regard, and, perceiving who the person was, grew so enraged that "she looked like fire."

The affection of Charles for his new mistress was, according to Burnet, neither very ardent nor of very long duration. However, as she had a daughter born by the king nearly six years after their intercourse commenced, the fact may reasonably be doubted. The child in question was Mary Tudor, who married, in 1687, Francis Ratcliffe, afterward Earl of Derwentwater. Their son was the gallant and unfortunate nobleman of that name who was executed for his share in the Scottish rebellion in 1715. Of the history of Mary Davis,

after she ceased to be under the protection of Charles ; of the manner in which she lived or died ; or even of the period of her decease, we have failed to discover any particulars. Her portrait was painted by Lely, and is now at Billingbere, in Berkshire.

There were two other mistresses of Charles, Jane Roberts and Mary Knight, without a passing notice of whose butterfly existence our annals of the meretricious court of Charles the Second would be incomplete.

JANE ROBERTS, beyond the story of her frailty, and the fact of having been the daughter of a clergyman, possesses but slight claim to the notice of the historian. The tale of her fall from virtue appears to have been attended by circumstances unusually distressing, and, in her hours of solitude and reflection, were dwelt upon by the unfortunate creature with the bitterest remorse. "Her first education," says Bishop Burnet, "had so deep a root that, though she fell into many scandalous disorders, with very dismal adventures in them all, yet a principle of religion was so deep laid in her that, though it did not restrain her, yet it kept alive in her such a constant horror of sin that she was never easy in an ill course, and died with a great sense of her former ill life." The bishop, to whom she applied for spiritual consolation when she was dying, was a frequent attendant in her

sick-chamber during the last three months which preceded her dissolution. In the enthusiasm of her heartfelt repentance, she expressed an anxious desire to address a letter to the king, expressing the bitter sense she entertained of the wickedness of their past life. She was no less desirous of reminding her royal lover of the value of his own soul, and of the disastrous consequences which attend a life of pleasure. She was too weak, however, to indite the letter herself, and accordingly, at her express wish, the bishop undertook the task.

It was an affecting appeal, which would probably have gone far to touch the heart of Charles, had not Burnet thought proper to accompany it by some impertinent admonitions of his own. The bishop even went so far as to express a hope, in his ill-timed epistle, that "the reflections on what had befallen his Majesty's father on the 30th of January might move him to consider these things more carefully." Can we wonder that Charles was deeply offended? "Lord Arran," writes the bishop, "happened to be then in waiting, and he came to me next day and told me he was sure the king had a long letter from me, for he held the candle to him while he read it. He knew at all that distance that it was my hand. The king read it twice over and then threw it in the fire; and not long after Lord Arran took occasion to name me, and the king spoke of me with great sharpness, so he perceived that he was not pleased with my

letter." Charles, there can be little doubt, was well acquainted with the character of the gossiping prelate. Burnet tells us in the same page, "Nor was the king well pleased with my being sent for by Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, when he died; he fancied that he had told me many things of which I might make an ill use." Charles was undoubtedly aware of the bishop's propensities, and that he was capable of gleaning scandal even amidst the horrors of a death-bed.

Colley Cibber, in his "Apology for His Life," alluding to Burnet's contemptuous remarks on the death-bed repentance of Nell Gwynn, is justly indignant at the "mitred historian" for slurring over the merits of one penitent while he enhances the contrition and softens down the frailty of the other. "The repentance of Nell Gwynn," he says, "appeared in all the contrite symptoms of a Christian sincerity;" and, consequently, as Burnet could scarcely have been ignorant of the fact, Cibber naturally traces the invidious distinction from the circumstance of the one having been the daughter of a clergyman of the Church of England, and the other having been merely a frail "sister of the theatre."

The penitent and unfortunate creature who forms the subject of the present memoir appears to have died in 1681. Her portrait was undoubtedly painted by Lely, but of the fate of the picture we have no record.

MARY KNIGHT, another mistress of Charles, was principally remarkable for the lustre of her beauty and the sweetness of her voice. She appears to have become the mistress of the king as early as the year 1667, when, according to a lampoon of the period, she was employed by him to procure the favours of Nell Gwynn. The very fact of the king's engaging a former mistress in a transaction of so delicate a nature, would naturally imply a total cessation, if not of confidence, at least of either sentiment or regard. It would seem, however, that Charles continued the intimacy during a lapse of many years. On the 13th March, 1682, Pepys writes to Lord Brounker: "I have not yet been to Mrs. Nelly's, but I hear that Mrs. Knight is better, and the king takes his repose there once or twice daily." Her admirable singing probably served to prolong the connection long after mere personal beauty had ceased to charm. The singular sweetness of her voice is celebrated by Pepys; and, moreover, in Waller's poems we find "a song sung by Mrs. Knight to her Majesty on her birthday:"

" This happy day two lights are seen,
A glorious saint, a matchless queen;
Both named alike, both crown'd appear,
The saint above, the Infanta here."

These lines, it is needless to remark, are sufficiently indifferent. With a queen for the subject

of his eulogy, and a beautiful girl to sing his verses, the genius of the poet might have soared a higher flight.

According to the lampoons of the period, Mary, or Moll Knight, was no less celebrated for her profane swearing than for the angelic sweetness of her voice. There seems reason to believe that, like her companions in frailty, Nell Gwynn and Jane Roberts, she died sorrowful and repentant. Her picture by Kneller represents her in mourning, kneeling in a devout posture before a crucifix. Although the portrait seems to have been taken when she was in the decline of life, her countenance, nevertheless, exhibits exceeding beauty. Her arms are meekly folded upon her breast, while penitence and humility are strongly impressed upon her features.

CHAPTER XVII.

MRS. MIDDLETON.

Summary of the Remaining Beauties at the Court of Charles II.
— Lineage of Mrs. Middleton — Tributes to Her Beauty —
She Is the Friend of Waller and St. Évremond — De Gram-
mont Becomes Her Suitor — His Portrait of Her — Epitaph
on Her by St. Évremond — Person and Character of Miss
Boynton — Her Marriage with Richard Talbot — Miss Wells
— Her Beauty and Frailty — Her Singular Mishap at White-
hall — Notice of Miss Warmestré — Her Agreeable Supper-
parties — Supposed to Have Been Seduced by Lord Taaffe
— Banished the Court — Her Marriage with Sir Thomas
Vernon — Her Sister, the Countess of Oxford — Notice of
Miss Price — She Is Lampooned by Lord Rochester — Her
Portrait by Lely.

THE recapitulation of such ephemeral qualities as mere beauty and questionable wit is a task sufficiently wearisome to the author, and may not be very acceptable to his reader. There remain, however, more than one fair face and doubtful character, whose connection with the gay court of Charles, and whose position in the lively pages of De Grammont, demand at least a passing record.

Of these, Jane Middleton, a silly and sentimental beauty, — inasmuch as she was the first

who attracted the attention of the gay chevalier, De Grammont, after his arrival in England, — shall have the preference. She was a daughter of Sir Roger Needham, and was probably related to Robert Needham, Viscount Kilmurrey, whose daughter Eleanor, Lady Byron, has already been mentioned as having been a mistress of Charles. Respecting her husband, Mr. Middleton, whoever that person may have been, his contemporaries appear to have troubled themselves little, and consequently the world is left in the dark as to his identity. There can be little question but that her personal charms were of a high order. Gran-ger speaks of Mrs. Middleton as “a woman of small fortune, but of great beauty.” Pepys styles her “a very beautiful woman;” and even the philosopher Evelyn warms into something like enthusiasm when he speaks of that “famous and indeed incomparable beauty, Mrs. Middleton.” Simpleton as she is generally described to have been by her contemporaries, there exist the contradictory facts that Evelyn admired her skill in painting, and that she was the companion of Waller and of St. Évremond.

There must have been a certain charm about Mrs. Middleton, to have fascinated the fastidious De Grammont. Not only was the selection flattering in itself, but his heart was evidently engaged in the pursuit, and we find him lavishing on her the most expensive presents. Notwith-

standing, however, this evident partiality, his description of her character and person is anything but flattering. According to the chevalier's own account, he was cured of his passion by the mere sight of her engaging rival, Miss Hamilton. There is a passage, however, in his brother-in-law's memoirs, which renders it more probable that a partiality on the part of Mrs. Middleton for Ralph Montagu, afterward duke of that title, was in reality the secret of his apostacy. The conjecture derives greater weight from the fact of Montagu being mentioned in the lampoons of the period as her accepted lover :

“ Next Middleton appeared in view,
Who strait was told of Montagu,” etc.

“ Mrs. Middleton,” says De Grammont, “ was one of the handsomest women in town ; so much of a coquette as to discourage no one ; and so great was her desire of appearing magnificently that she was ambitious to vie with those of the greatest fortunes, though unable to support the expense. She was well made, fair, and delicate ; but had in her behaviour and discourse something precise and affected. The indolent airs she gave herself did not please everybody ; people grew weary of those sentiments of delicacy, which she endeavoured to explain without understanding them herself ; and, instead of entertaining, she became tiresome. In these attempts she gave



Mrs. Middleton.

Photo-etching after the painting by Sir-Peter Lely.



herself so much trouble that she made the company uneasy, and her ambition to pass for a wit only established for her the reputation of being tiresome, which lasted much longer than her beauty." It would appear, by one of the pasquinades of the time, that Mrs. Middleton was the mistress of one of the Hydes, probably of Laurence, first Earl of Rochester of that name :

" Not for the nation, but the fair,
Our treasury provides ;
Bulkeley's Godolphin's only care,
As Middleton is Hyde's."

The Duke of York, Richard Jones, afterward Lord Ranelagh, and Colonel William Russell, a brother of the Earl of Bedford, also figure as her admirers.

In the first volume of the "State Poems," there is a copy of verses, entitled "Cullen with His Flock of Misses," which contains some abusive lines on Mrs. Middleton, too gross for repetition. They support the charge, however, of her having been too tender both to Hyde and Montagu. Later in life, we find Mrs. Middleton one of the most frequent attendants at the gay parties of the Duchess of Mazarin, and, if we may trust St. Évremond, — who has celebrated her in several of his small pieces, — one of their chief ornaments. The admirable epitaph on her by the witty and courtly poet must not be omitted :

“ Ici gît Middleton, illustre entre les belles,
Qui de notre commerce a fait les agréments :
Elle avait des vertus pour les amis fidèles,
Et des charmes pour les amans.
Malade sans inquiétude,
Résolue à mourir sans peine, sans effort
Elle aurait pû faire l'étude
D'un philosophe sur la mort,
Le plus indifférent, le plus dur, le plus sage
Prennent part au malheur qui nous afflige tous
Passant, interromps ton voyage,
Et te fais un mérite à pleurer avec nous.”

Mrs. Middleton was alive as late as 1685, if not considerably later. There is a portrait of her by Lely.

MISS BOYNTON, the “languishing Boynton” of De Grammont, and a maid of honour to Queen Catherine, was a daughter of Matthew, second son to Sir Matthew Boynton, Bart., of Barmston, Yorkshire. Her sister married the celebrated Earl of Roscommon, the poet. “Her person,” says De Grammont, “was slender and delicate, to which a good complexion and large, motionless eyes gave at a distance an appearance of beauty that vanished upon nearer inspection. She affected to lisp, to languish, and to have two or three fainting fits a day. The first time that Talbot fixed his eyes upon her she was seized with one of these fits. He was told that she swooned away upon his account ; he believed it, was eager to afford

her assistance, and ever after that accident showed some kindness, more with the intention of saving her life than to express any affection he felt for her. This appearance of tenderness was well received, and at first she was visibly affected by it. Talbot was one of the tallest men in England, and to all appearance was one of the most robust; yet she showed sufficiently that she was willing to expose the delicacy of her constitution to whatever might happen in order to become his wife." This was the stalwart coxcomb, Richard Talbot, afterward Earl and Duke of Tyrconnel, of whom sufficient mention has already been made. The charms of "La Belle Jennings" interposed for a time, but on being rejected by her, he returned to her languishing rival, and Miss Boynton subsequently became his wife. She died, Countess of Tyrconnel, about the year 1677.

WINIFRED WELLS, another handsome coquette, and also a maid of honour to Queen Catherine, was, according to De Grammont, of a loyal family, who had faithfully adhered to the fortunes of Charles the First during the civil wars. The second Charles displayed his gratitude to them by seducing their kinswoman. Of the loyalty of the Wells family we have no record, unless, indeed, we may mention a Mr. George Wells, of Nottingham, who was compelled to compound with the Parliament for his estate.



Pepys mentions his meeting Miss Wells at dinner, in 1660, at the apartments of Chiffinch at Whitehall. The company at first consisted of the sister of the host, Edward Progers, and Sir Thomas Allen, and, he adds, "by and by fine Mrs. Wells, who is a great beauty; and there I had my full gaze upon her, to my great content, she being a woman of pretty conversation." "This was a tall girl," says De Grammont, "exquisitely shaped; she dressed well, and walked like a goddess; and yet her face, though made like those that generally please the most, was unfortunately one of those that please the least." According to the same authority, her countenance was devoid of expression, and her conversation insipid.

A story is commonly related of Miss Wells, which is thus amusingly touched upon by Pepys: "1662-3, Captain Ferrers," he says, "tells me, among other court passages, how about a month ago, at a ball at court, a child was dropped by one of the ladies in dancing, but nobody knew who, it being taken up by somebody in their handkerchief. The next morning all the ladies of honour appeared early at court for their vindication, so that nobody could tell whose mischance this should be. But it seems Mrs. Wells fell sick that afternoon, and hath disappeared ever since, so that it is concluded it is hers." Again, he adds, after the lapse of some days: "Mr. Picker-

ing tells me the story is very true of a child being dropped at a ball at court, and that the king had it in his closet a week after, and did dissect it; and, making great sport of it, said that in his opinion it must have been a month and three hours old; and that, whatever others think, he hath the greatest loss (it being a boy, as he says) that hath lost a subject by the business." If Charles, as seems probable, were the father of the child, this philosophical investigation affords a singular illustration of delicate sentiment and parental regard. In the pages of De Grammont, an amusing, though not very delicate, reason is assigned for the very brief period which Miss Wells continued her influence over the heart of Charles.

THE MISS WARMESTRÉ of De Grammont is known, under this fictitious name, to have been Mary Kirk, a maid of honour to Queen Catherine, and daughter of George Kirk, Esq., groom of the bedchamber to Charles the Second. Horace Walpole believed the name to have been Warminster, of which family, he says, five persons are interred in the cathedral at Worcester. One of them, he adds, was a Dean of Worcester, and, on the authority of his epitaph, a staunch adherent of the Stuarts. There can, however, be no doubt that Miss Warmestré and Miss Kirk were one and the same person. Were any proof required, it was

afforded by the testimony of the last Earl of Arran, who may almost be looked upon as contemporary, and whose evidence has established the identity beyond the possibility of a doubt.

The little supper-parties, in Miss Kirk's apartments at Whitehall, must have been extremely agreeable. The company, generally speaking, seems to have consisted of the Duke of Richmond; Lord Taaffe, who afterward lost his life at the battle of the Boyne; the beautiful Miss Stewart; the Count de Grammont; and, for the sake of appearances, the governess of the maids of honour. Lord Taaffe was the admirer of Miss Kirk, and apparently the cause of her ruin. "The governess of the maids," says Count Hamilton, "who for the world would not have connived at anything that was not fair and honourable, consented that they should sup as often as they pleased in Miss Warmestré's apartments, provided that their intentions were honourable, and she one of the company. The good old lady was particularly fond of native oysters, and had no aversion to Spanish wine; she was certain of finding at every one of these suppers two barrels of oysters; one to be eaten with the party, and the other for her to carry away; so soon, therefore, as she had taken her dose of wine, she took her leave of the company."

In the midst of these scenes of revelry, while Miss Kirk was in the pride of her youth and

loveliness, there arrived in London Sir Thomas Vernon, a country gentleman of large fortune, and a relation of Thomas Killegrew's. He immediately fell in love with Miss Kirk, and made her an offer of his hand. At this period, however, she had other objects in view, and accordingly she rejected his overtures with disdain. Sir Thomas returned crestfallen to his country-seat, forsook his dogs and horses, and gave himself up to despair.

It was not long afterward that Miss Kirk, "in the face of the whole court," gave birth to a child at Whitehall. The queen was naturally indignant, and sent to inquire of Lord Taaffe, the presumed seducer of her fair attendant, whether he chose to acknowledge Miss Kirk as his wife. Lord Taaffe, with something of brutality, observed that he acknowledged neither Miss Kirk nor her child; at the same time expressing his wonder that he should have been selected for the honour in preference to others. Miss Kirk was in consequence dismissed the court, whither the unfortunate creature never appears to have returned.

In the meantime, Miss Kirk's former lover, Sir Thomas Vernon, had continued so disconsolate after his rejection, that, in order to cure him of his folly, his relation Killegrew hastened to him after the affair had transpired, informed him of his idol's disgrace, and congratulated him on his fortunate escape. Instead, however, of being

shamed out of his attachment, the honest simpleton exhibited the most ridiculous evidence of joy. He lost no time in renewing his former honourable overtures, and Miss Kirk, under the altered circumstances in which she found herself placed, consented to become his wife. The description which Count Hamilton gives of their married life is pleasing enough. "His passion," he says, "even increased after marriage, and the generous fair one, attached to him at first from gratitude, soon became so through inclination, and never brought him a child of which he was not the father; and though there has been many a happy couple in England, this certainly was the happiest." According to the same authority, Miss Kirk was a person of indifferent figure, but was remarkable for her beautiful eyes and tempting looks. She had a sister, Diana Kirk, who became the wife of Aubrey de Vere, twentieth and last Earl of Oxford. Their daughter, Diana, the sole heiress of that distinguished race, married Charles Beauclerk, first Duke of St. Albans. The character of the Countess of Oxford appears to have been scarcely more immaculate than that of her sister. In a lampoon entitled "Queries and Answers from Garraway's Coffee-house," we find :

"Q. How often has Mrs. Kirk sold her daughter Di, before the Lord of Oxford married her ?

"A. Ask the prince, and Harry Jermyn."

We should have more readily pardoned the early

frailty of Lady Oxford had she borne a twenty-first heir to a gallant and illustrious house. The portrait of her sister, Mary Kirk, was painted by Lely.

HENRIETTA MARIA PRICE, the last of this class of persons whom it is necessary to mention, was also a maid of honour to Queen Catherine. According to De Grammont, she was possessed of considerably more wit than beauty; was far from being afflicted with bashfulness; took a great interest in the amours of others; and, above all things, delighted to be engaged in a love-affair of her own. Her inclination to pry into the secrets of others obtained for her the unenviable honour of being satirised by Lord Rochester. It seems that, having discovered some low amour in which the libertine was engaged, she was imprudent enough to publish it to the world. When Rochester was afterward practising as a mountebank astrologer on Tower Hill, one of the persons by whom he was visited was Miss Price's maid. He told her that she waited on "a good-natured lady, whose only fault was loving wine and men." The girl, as Rochester had anticipated, repeated the scandal to her indignant mistress.

Anthony Wood mentions a Lady Price, who, he says, was the daughter of Sir Edmund Warcup, a cadet of an ancient family in Oxfordshire, and the translator of some topographical works on

Italy, Sicily, and other countries. This person, according to the Oxford antiquary, had the vanity to think that Charles would marry his daughter, and in his letters mentions her being "one night and t'other with the king, and very graciously received by him." Granger, in referring his readers to Wood's notice, seems to think it probable that these two ladies were one and the same individual. Miss Warcup, however, and Miss Price, whatever similarity there may have been of character and in name, were evidently very different persons. Miss Price sat to Lely for her picture, of which there is a copy in mezzotinto by Browne.

CHAPTER XVIII.

JAMES II.

Birth and Infancy of James — The Parliament Forbid His Joining the King — The Marquess of Hertford Disobeys Their Orders and Conveys Him to York — He Falls into the Hands of Fairfax — Homage Paid to Him by Cromwell — James Is Committed to the Guardianship of the Earl of Northumberland — His Interviews with His Father — Escapes from St. James's in Disguise — His Arrival at Middleburg — Commotion at St. James's on the Discovery of His Flight — His Residence in a Benedictine Monastery — Accompanies Charles II. to Jersey — His Want of Respect for His Mother — Visits Rhenen and The Hague.

JAMES, the second surviving son of Charles the First and Henrietta Maria, was born at St. James's Palace, on the 15th October, 1633. He was immediately proclaimed Duke of York at the palace gates, though the title was not formally conferred on him by patent till the 27th January, 1643. He was christened by the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the 24th of October, nine days after his birth.

His childhood was passed at St. James's, where he continued to reside with his young brother and sister, the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess

Elizabeth, till the year 1641 ; when, at the commencement of the civil troubles, he was sent for by the king to attend him to York. The Parliament positively forbade his removal. The gallant Marquess of Hertford, however, to whom the duke's person had been entrusted, unhesitatingly disobeyed the edict, and found means to convey him to the arms of his parent. Shortly after this event James was created a Knight of the Garter. He was at this period in his eighth year.

James was present in the town of Hull, in 1641, at the time when his unfortunate father appeared with his retinue at the gates, and was refused admittance by the governor, Sir John Hotham. As Hotham was immediately declared a traitor by Charles, and as it was evident that hostilities must soon commence, it seems strange that so important a personage as the young Duke of York should have been allowed by the rebels to slip through their hands. He was permitted, however, to rejoin his father, under whose guardianship he continued till the surrender of Oxford in 1646, when the unhappy king was not only deprived of the society of his children, but became a king only in name. Previous to this period, the young duke had been present at the siege of Bristol, and had beheld from an insecure eminence the battle of Edgehill. During the engagement, his life, as well as that of his elder brother Charles, was at one time in imminent danger. They were not

only left with very few attendants, but, on one occasion, had a very narrow escape from the fire of the enemy.

In 1646, when Fairfax entered Oxford with his victorious army, he was probably not a little elated at discovering the Duke of York among the number of his prisoners. James, who was then in his fourteenth year, was immediately placed under the guardianship of Sir George Ratcliffe, till the pleasure of the Parliament should be ascertained. Fairfax, attended by his principal officers, shortly afterward paid him a visit of ceremony. On this occasion, according to James's own account, the general was the only officer present who neglected to kiss his hand ; on the other hand, Cromwell, he says, was the only officer who knelt to him during the ceremony.

In July, the same year, the duke was removed from Oxford to St. James's Palace, and, with the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Elizabeth, was placed under the guardianship of Algernon, Earl of Northumberland. During the period he was under the charge of that nobleman, we have the authority of Lord Clarendon, and indeed of James himself, that nothing could be kinder or more considerate than the earl's treatment of the royal children.

Previous to the escape of James from the Parliament, in 1647, we find him allowed more than one interview with his unhappy parent. They had

been permitted to embrace each other at Maidenhead, at the period when Charles was a prisoner at Lord Craven's seat at Caversham; and subsequently James, with his brother and sister, had permission to spend two whole days with their parent. The same favour was afterward frequently allowed by the army during the time that Charles was a prisoner at Hampton Court. On these occasions either the royal children were conducted to their father, or else he would ride over to Sion House to enjoy their society. During these interviews it was the great object of Charles to instil a due sense of religion, and especially a reverence for the tenets of the Church of England, into the mind of his son. The effect of these appeals on the prince will be sufficiently indicated, as we pursue the tale of his subsequent career.

The story of the duke's escape from St. James's, which took place when he was in his fifteenth year, is replete with an interest which almost amounts to romance. Having previously been twice detected in similar attempts, he had been examined by a committee of the Parliament, and threatened with the horrors of the Tower; indeed, he seems narrowly to have escaped being immured within its walls. A third essay, therefore, of a similar nature, not only discovers considerable courage and firmness of purpose on the part of a mere boy, but it was also carried out with a degree of

cleverness and caution which could scarcely have been expected in one so young. Considering these circumstances, it is singular to find Lord Clarendon speaking of James at this period as a remarkably backward boy.

The only persons to whom James had intimated his intentions, previous to his making the attempt, were a Mr. George Howard and Colonel Bamfield. The latter had formerly served as a colonel in the royal army; but, having more recently professed the tenets of the republican party, his connivance was the less likely to be suspected. So cautious, indeed, was the young duke in his proceedings, that when, on one occasion at the tennis-court, a letter from his mother was privately offered to him by a confidential messenger, he positively refused to receive it, lest it might indirectly lead to a detection of his plans. The particulars of his flight, which took place on the 20th of April, 1648, are related in the "Stuart Papers," and bear high testimony to his courage, acuteness, and presence of mind.

"All things," proceeds the narrative, "being in readiness on the night of the aforementioned day, the duke went to supper at his usual hour, which was about seven, in the company of his brother and sister, and, when supper was ended, they went to play at hide and seek with the rest of the young people in the house. At this childish sport the duke had accustomed himself to play for a

fortnight together every night, and had used to hide himself in places so difficult to find that most commonly they were half an hour in searching for him ; at the end of which time he came usually out to them of his own accord. This blind he laid for his design, that they might be accustomed to miss him, before he really intended his escape ; by which means, when he came to practise it in earnest, he was secure of gaining that half-hour before they could reasonably suspect he was gone.

“His intention had all the effect he could desire ; for that night, so soon as they began their play, he pretended, according to his custom, to hide himself. But instead of so doing, he went first into his sister’s chamber, and there locked up a little dog that used to follow him, that he might not be discovered by him ; then, slipping down by a pair of back stairs which led into the inmost garden, having found means beforehand to furnish himself with a key of a back door from the said garden into the park, he there found Bamfield, who was ready to receive him, and waited there with a footman who brought a cloak, which he threw over him and put on a periwig. From thence they went through the Spring Garden, whence one Mr. Tripp was ready with a hackney-coach, which carried them as far as Salisbury House. There the duke went out of the coach with Bamfield, as if he had intended some visit in that house, and Tripp went forward

with the coach, having received directions to drive into the city, and keep the coach as long as he could conveniently at that end of the town. But when they were gone, the duke and Bamfield went down Ivy-lane, where they took the boat and landed again on the same side of the river close by the bridge. From thence they went into the house of one Loe, a surgeon, where they found Mrs. Murray, who had woman's clothes in readiness to disguise the duke. Being immediately dressed in them, he departed thence, attended by Bamfield and his footman to Lion-key, where there waited a barge of four oars, into which they entered, and so went down the river, the tide serving for the passage.

“They were no sooner in the barge but the master began to suspect somewhat; for when Bamfield bespoke his attendance there with his barge, he had only told him he was to bring a friend, but now, finding a young woman was brought without other company, it made him jealous there was something more in the business than he had first imagined; the consideration of which did so much affright him, that his whole discourse in going down was employed in telling them it was impossible to pass by the Blockhouse at Gravesend without discovery, and that they had no other way to get on board the ship, which waited for them in the Hope, than to land at Gravesend, and there to procure a pair of oars

to carry them on shipboard. And when Bamfield debated the matter with him, showing the difficulty and hazard of procuring a boat which should convey them to their ship, he raised new objections of his own danger, from the shining of the moon and other inconveniences. But while they two were thus reasoning the matter, the master of the barge became fully satisfied concerning those suspicions which he had, that this woman was some disguised person of considerable quality; for peeping through a cranny of the door into the barge-room, where there was a candle burning before the duke, he perceived his Royal Highness laying his leg upon the table, and plucking up his stocking in so unwomanship a manner that he concluded his former surmises of him were undoubted truths, as he afterward acknowledged to them."

The duke and Bamfield, perceiving that the suspicions of the sturdy navigator were fairly awakened, considered it prudent to impart to him the real secret of their adventure. Their arguments, and more especially the gold which they promised him, had the desired effect, and he consequently agreed to use his utmost endeavours to carry them farther down the river, without stopping at Gravesend. By adopting the expedient of extinguishing the lights on board, and, instead of using his oars, of allowing the vessel to float with the tide, he contrived to effect his object.

Eventually the fugitives reached a Dutch vessel of seventy tons which was expecting them ; and, after twice striking against the bar, in their hurry to get into Middleburg, at length landed in safety at that place.

The discovery of the duke's flight occasioned an extraordinary commotion at St. James's. According to a communication conveyed in a message from the Lords to the Commons, which subsequently led to a conference between the two Houses, "the Duke of York, with the Duke of Gloucester and the Lady Elizabeth, being together in a room playing after supper by themselves, the Duke of York privately slipped from them down the back stairs, without cloak or coat, in his shoes and stockings, by way of the Privy Garden, having got a key of the door, by which he escaped through the park, and could not be found ; none of his servants who attended him being missing." James himself describes the confusion which took place in the palace, on the discovery of his flight. "He had not gone," he says, "above an hour, before they began to miss him, and to search for him in every room of the house ; where, not finding him, they sent immediate notice of it to Whitehall, and to the general, Sir Thomas Fairfax. Thereupon there were orders issued out that all the passages about London should be laid for him, especially the northern road, and those toward Wales ; imag-

ining he had either taken that way or toward Scotland." Orders were also issued to guard the different seaports, but James had already sailed from Gravesend when the despatches arrived. The pursuit, however, was not relinquished till the fact of his having landed in Holland was established beyond all doubt.

After passing a night at Middleburg, the duke proceeded to Dort, where he remained in his female attire till the return of a messenger whom he had despatched to his sister, the Princess of Orange. He was immediately supplied with proper habiliments, and a yacht was despatched to convey him to Maesland Sluice, where he was welcomed by the princess and her husband with all possible kindness. Lord Byron, who had been recently raised to the peerage for his military services during the civil wars, was shortly afterward appointed his governor. The duke remained with his relations in Holland till the commencement of 1648, when he received a message from his mother to join her at Paris. He had advanced as far as Cambray on his route, when the news reached him of the tumults in Paris and the flight of the royal family to St. Germain. He was proceeding to settle himself in an uncomfortable abode at Cambray, when he received a considerate message from the Archduke Leopold, recommending him to take up his abode for the present in the Benedictine monastery of St.

Amand. He accepted the proposal, and had reason to be highly gratified at his reception by the kind-hearted monks. They retained him as their guest till February, 1649, when he received another summons from the queen to join her in the French capital. Here he was affectionately received by his remaining parent, and with flattering attention by the French king.

Toward the middle of 1649, we find him accompanying his brother Charles to Jersey, where he had resided about four months when he received a summons from the queen to return to France. He so far obeyed her injunctions as to quit Jersey, but, instead of joining her at Paris, he proceeded to Brussels, ostensibly with the intention of paying another visit to his sister, the Princess of Orange. According to Lord Clarendon, the over-severity of his mother had diminished his respect and love for her, and was the occasion of his disobedience. On his reaching Brussels, to his great annoyance, his sister refused to receive him till he should have made his peace with the queen. Accordingly, he proceeded to Rhenen, a seat of his aunt, the Queen of Bohemia, where he remained till the commencement of 1650, when an invitation at length reached him to visit his relations at The Hague. His arrival there was speedily followed by that of the ambassadors from the British Parliament, and, as it was the intention of the States to welcome them with all due honours, the duke

—in order to escape the mortification of being a witness of the ceremony—repaired hastily to Breda. As soon as the unpalatable rejoicings were at an end, he again visited The Hague. Here he remained till the month of June, when a message reached him from his brother Charles, desiring him to proceed to Paris, and make his peace with the queen.

CHAPTER XIX.

JAMES II.

James Serves in the French Army under Turenne — His Military Services — Compliment Paid to James by the Prince de Condé — He Joins the Spanish Service — Indifferent Figure Which He Presented at the Court of His Brother Charles — His Want of Social Humour — Anecdotes — Accession of James to the Throne — His First Speech to the Privy Council — His Bigotry — Publicly Attends Mass in the Queen's Chapel — The Duke of Norfolk Refuses to Attend Him — Spirited Opposition of the Duke of Somerset — The King's Intemperate Zeal in Religious Matters — Rebuked by the Spanish Ambassador — By the Bishop of Oxford — Cutting Speech of the Unfortunate Ayloffe — James Discards His Mistress, Catherine Sedley — His Love of Hunting — Ominous Coincidences at His Coronation — Takes Up His Residence at St. James's.

FROM the year 1652 to 1658, the history of James is that of a soldier of fortune. In the former year, when he had attained the age of twenty, he obtained, to his great satisfaction, the permission of his mother to serve in the French army under the great Turenne, against the Spanish forces in Flanders. The principal difficulty he had to encounter was in raising a sum of money sufficient to furnish him with an outfit ; which, how-

ever, was at length obviated by one Gautier, a Gascon, advancing him three hundred pistoles. His brother Charles added a set of Polish coach-horses, with which he departed in high spirits to his first campaign. His companions were Sir George Berkeley and a Colonel Worden, who, together with three or four servants, composed his retinue.

A regular narrative of his life during the next five years would amount to little more than the dry record of an uninteresting warfare. During a series of campaigns he appears to have encountered the usual hazards of a soldier, and to have mingled in all the stirring scenes of a military life. Throughout, he is said to have exhibited a capacity of no common order, and especially to have distinguished himself by that constitutional fearlessness which, with the single exception of his grandfather, was inherent in the race from which he sprang. The reputation indeed, which he acquired, and more particularly the flattering encomiums of Turenne, procured for him a celebrity at the time which almost threw the character of his brother Charles into the background. It was a saying of the celebrated Prince de Condé that if ever there was a man without fear it was the Duke of York.

James continued to serve under Turenne till the year 1655, when, in consequence of a treaty between Louis XIV. and Cromwell, he was banished from the French dominions. Shortly after this event he made an offer of his services to the

Spanish monarch, which was accepted. He joined his new friends in 1657, and particularly distinguished himself at the defence of Dunkirk, previous to the surrender of that town to the English in 1658. During the period that he was employed in the Spanish service, he seems to have been allowed a body-guard of fifty men, handsomely accoutred, as well as two hundred pounds a month to support the expenses of his table.

After the Restoration the conduct of James at the gay court of his brother Charles was in no degree creditable to his own conduct; neither were his accomplishments such as to throw grace or brilliancy over the sprightly circles in which he mixed. Unfortunately, neither his duties as a husband nor as a father; neither his respect for the rank which he held, nor the absorbing interest which he professed for his religion, were able to wean him from the then fashionable routine of unprofitable debaucheries, nor from being constantly engaged in some discreditable intrigue. James had as many mistresses as his brother Charles, and, moreover, entertained the same libertine opinions regarding female virtue. His amours, however, were without interest, and his mistresses without beauty. Charles the Second used to say, alluding to their unusual plainness, that the priests had inflicted his brother's mistresses on him as a penance.

James appears to have been totally deficient in

those charming social qualities, in that agreeable kind of wit, for which his brother was so distinguished. Among Doctor Birch's MSS., however, in the British Museum, an anecdote is related of him which is not without humour. One day, while trying on a pair of new boots, he inquired of his chaplain how he liked them. The divine, observing that he could perceive no particular merit in either their shape or manufacture, inquired of James what price might have been given for them. Being told that they had cost about two or three guineas, he commenced inveighing against the bootmaker as a cheat, declaring his ability to purchase a better pair for thirty shillings. "Hold, doctor," said James, "I would undertake to purchase a better sermon for sixpence than ever you preached in your life ; and yet it is not at that rate that you value, or that I pay for them."

Bevil Higgon, in his "Short View of English History," relates an anecdote of James, which he professes to prefer to all the wise apothegms of Plutarch's worthies. James, it seems, shortly before his accession to the throne, had been induced to speculate in an African company, from which he had recently received a dividend of five hundred pounds. After looking over the account, and having handed a receipt to the person who brought him the money, "This gold," he observed, "thus honestly gotten, does me more good than if Parliament had given me a million." The

merit of the saying, however, is scarcely clear. Had the money been earned by intellectual or manual labour, instead of having been the proceeds of what was little better than a gambling transaction, the remark made by James would certainly have been creditable enough. In the present instance the encomium appears to be preposterous.

From the period of the Restoration of his brother Charles till his own accession to the throne, there are few circumstances connected with the personal history of James deserving of particular notice. His marriage with Anne Hyde, to which we shall hereafter advert, his naval engagements with the Dutch, his squabbles with Monmouth and Shaftesbury, his unfortunate declaration of his being a Catholic, his second marriage with Mary of Modena, and the attempts made in Parliament to exclude him from the throne, are matters too intimately connected with the political history of the period to require any particular comment.

Notwithstanding his unpopularity when Duke of York, and also the well-known fact that he was a Roman Catholic, the news of his accession was received by his subjects, if not with actual joy, at least with decent forbearance and respect. He was immediately proclaimed, with the usual ceremonies, at Whitehall, Temple Bar, and the Royal Exchange ; and, according to ancient usages, wine was liberally distributed among the people. If we are to credit the prejudiced account of Bishop

Burnet, the proclamation was read in solemn silence. "There were no tears," he says, "for the last king, and no shouts for the present one." On the other hand, Echard paints the scene in very different colours. The proclamation, he tells us, was everywhere listened to with enthusiasm; former prejudices were forgotten, and, amidst the loud acclamations of the multitude, "all people began now to wipe their eyes, and to dry up those tears they had so plentifully shed." From the very different accounts of the two churchmen we must draw our own conclusions. It may be remarked, however, that Welwood, from whom no partiality can be expected, alludes to the "loud acclamations" of the populace; and, moreover, that Doctor Calamy, a non-conformist, observes that his "heart ached within him," as he listened to their shouts. Whatever may have been the amount of enthusiasm displayed by the mob, there could scarcely have been a man of sense in the kingdom, to whom James's notoriously slavish attachment to the Church of Rome, and his high notions of the prerogative, were not matters of deep reflection and serious alarm. On the other hand, the fact is not a little striking that no monarch, on his accession, had ever received a greater number of addresses, nor such as teemed with more servile and fulsome adulation.

The accession of James to the throne took place on the 6th February, 1685. As soon as the

breath had departed from the body of his brother Charles, he gave orders for the assemblage of the Privy Council, and, in the meantime, quitted the scene of death for the solitude of his own apartment, in which he passed about a quarter of an hour. As soon as the Privy Councillors had assembled, he took his seat at the head of the board. The speech which he delivered to them on the occasion, instead of being the studied composition of his ministers, was entirely his own. With apparently unaffected good feeling and zeal, he expressed in such strong terms his determination to maintain the government of Church and State as by law established, as to call for repeated bursts of acclamation from the councillors. His address, which was printed the same day, was, in fact, in every respect calculated to allay past prejudices, and to win for him present esteem. He had been reported, he said, to be in favour of arbitrary power; nor was it the only offence which had been most unfairly brought to his charge. It would be his endeavour to preserve the government, both of Church and State, as he found it by law established. The principles of the Church of England were in favour of monarchy, and the members of it had shown themselves good and loyal subjects; therefore, he said, he should always take care to extend to it his defence and support. "I know," he added, "that the laws of England are sufficient to make the king as great a monarch

as I can wish ; and as I shall never depart from the just rights and prerogatives of the Crown, so I shall never invade any man's property. I have often heretofore ventured my life in defence of the nation, and I shall still go as far as any man in preserving it in all its just rights and liberties." Such was the famous speech of James the Second on his accession to the throne. The council requested it might be printed ; and the people received it, not only with satisfaction, but with the most sanguine anticipations of a peaceful, happy, and glorious reign.

Not improbably James at this moment deceived himself. How bitterly he deceived his subjects we have yet to see. Doctor Lingard considers, and apparently with some reason, that, at this period, James rather meditated an extension to his Catholic subjects of a free exercise of their religious duties, and an exemption from those certainly oppressive restrictions and "barbarous punishments" to which the laws still subjected them, than to restore the ascendancy of the ancient worship over the Protestant faith. Gross, indeed, must have been the deception, if, in spite of these plausible professions, he in his heart contemplated, at this early period, that sweeping and daring system of misrule and bigotry for which he afterward so deservedly forfeited his crown.

Whatever may have been the merits of the case, the agreeable anticipations of his subjects were

destined very soon to be signally disappointed. On the following Sunday, two days after his brother's death, James openly insulted the prejudices of his people, and infringed the sanctity of the laws, by publicly attending mass in the Queen's Chapel, at St. James's, surrounded by all the insignia of royalty and the splendid paraphernalia of the Romish Church. He was attended, both to and from the chapel, by the band of gentlemen pensioners; his life-guards; several of the more complaisant of the nobility; as well as by the Knights of the Garter, in the collars of their order. It was on this occasion that a Protestant nobleman, the Duke of Norfolk, whose office it was to carry the sword of state, stopped short when he came to the door of the chapel with the evident intention of proceeding no farther. James was naturally disconcerted. "My lord," he said, "your father would have gone farther." "Your Majesty's father," replied the duke, "would not have gone so far."

We may mention another instance of praiseworthy opposition which he encountered from one of the ancient nobility. When Signior D'Ada, the Pope's nuncio, made his public entry at Windsor, Charles, Duke of Somerset, was the lord in waiting, in which capacity it was his duty to assist in the reception of any foreign minister. The duke, however, positively declined to be present, observing that he had been credibly informed it was contrary

to the laws. "Are you not aware," said James, "that I am above the law?" "If your Majesty be above the law," replied the duke, "I at least am aware that I am not." In consequence of this honourable resistance the duke was dismissed from all his offices and employments.

In the same spirit of intemperate zeal, the king not only published some private papers which proved his brother Charles to have been a Roman Catholic, but even despatched Caryl as his acknowledged agent to Rome, for the express purpose of paving the way for the readmission of England into the bosom of the Church. On another occasion, when a Roman Catholic priest was about to kneel to him for the purpose of kissing his hand, James, shocked at the intended act of humiliation, anticipated his design. "Since you are a priest," he said, "I ought rather to kneel to you and kiss your hand." Again, when another priest lamented to him that his next heir, the Princess of Orange, was a heretic, "God," he replied, "will provide me with an heir." No wonder, when the subsequent birth of the Prince of Wales took place, that the event was regarded by the superstitious monarch as a miracle wrought in favour of the Catholic faith.¹ Before the Pope's

¹ There is extant a curious pamphlet, entitled "The first Sermon preached before their Majesties, in English, at Windsor, on the first Sunday in October, 1685, by the Rev. Father Dom. P. E. Monk of the Holy Body of St. Benedict, and of the

nuncio, James actually fell on his knees in the Chapel of St. James's, before the whole court.

The headstrong and impolitic ardour of James was unpalatable even to the court of Rome; so much so, that Innocent the Eleventh, the reigning pontiff, went so far as to remonstrate with him on his precipitancy. James could bear, from the father of the Church, what he could not endure from another. On another occasion, when Don Pedro Ronquillo, the Spanish ambassador, remonstrated with him in the same spirit of policy and kindness, the king is said to have been highly incensed at his boldness. "Is it not the custom," he said, "in Spain, for the king to consult on such subjects with his confessor?" "Yes, sir," answered the ambassador, "and that is the very reason that our affairs succeed so ill."

James appears to have received more than one answer, as blunt and unwelcome, from his own subjects. He was once engaged in conversation with Henry Compton, Bishop of Oxford, — who

English congregation : published by His Majesty's command," 1686, 4to. The text is Matt. xxii. 37. Four other such sermons are said to be extant, which were preached before the king, in English, by Philip Ellis, brother of Dr. Welbore Ellis, Bishop of Meath. Among other evidences of the remarkable change which the example of the king had wrought on the times, it may be mentioned that a mendicant friar, begging alms in the streets of London, was no uncommon sight at the period. A portrait of a fat Franciscan, entitled "Frater Mendicans," is inserted among a set of Cries published at the time, and is well known to the curious.

had formerly been a cornet in the Horse Guards, when the king, disliking the tenor of his sentiments, observed rather angrily to him, that "he talked more like a colonel than a bishop." "Your Majesty does me honour," retorted the other, "in reminding me that I formerly drew my sword in defence of the constitution; I shall certainly do so again if I live to see the necessity." Compton, who was afterward Bishop of London, was the same prelate who, in 1688, put himself at the head of a gallant troop, and accompanied the Princess Anne in her flight to Nottingham.

Another unpalatable reply to which James was subjected was from poor Aylofffe, the gallant adherent of the unfortunate Argyle. This person, having been apprehended after the duke's defeat, had been brought up to London, where he was examined by the king in person, who endeavoured to elicit from him the secrets of his party. Aylofffe, however, remaining sullen, and refusing to make the slightest discovery, "Do not you know," said James, "that it is in my power to pardon you?" "I know it is in your power to pardon me," said the other, "but I equally know it is not in your nature." Aylofffe being a nephew of the great Lord Clarendon, and consequently related to the king, it was expected that he would escape with his life; he received no mercy, however, but was executed with his friends.

Previous to the accession of James, his celebrated mistress, Catherine Sedley, had exercised a powerful influence over her royal lover. Hume observes, somewhat sarcastically, "Good agreement between the mistress and the confessors of princes is not commonly a difficult matter to compass." Whether, in this instance, the holy fathers had failed in establishing a proper understanding with the lady, or whether a dangerous illness, under which the queen was then labouring, had revived a more tender feeling in her husband, certain it is that, though he created his mistress Countess of Dorchester, her reign was interrupted almost as soon as that of her lover commenced. Between this lively lady and the priests there was unquestionably no sympathy. They are said to have been the constant objects of her unbridled raillery; and with James, to smile at a pretended miracle, or to ridicule a cassock, even though it covered a knave, were crimes of unpardonable iniquity. Lady Dorchester, consequently, principally at the instigation of the jealous and indignant queen, was dismissed to Ireland with a pension. Her absence, however, was of no long duration; and on her return to London the king was weak enough to renew his intercourse with his abandoned mistress. It may be noticed, as among the anomalies of human nature, that a man who sacrificed a throne to his religious principles, and who was, moreover,

a husband and a grandfather, should have been so far the slave of his passions as to be unable to resist the temptation of so disreputable an intrigue.

That James, on his elevation to the throne, had entertained a laudable intention of reforming his own morals and those of his court, there is every reason to believe. In a letter of this period we find: "The king is very intent on his business, seldom or never absent from council; takes no diversion but hunting, which he does for health once a week, on Mondays, at Putney Heath, or other places not far distant. Soon after his brother's death he forbade Mrs. Sedley the court; and has since declared he will reform the court from swearing, drinking, and wenching." Oldmixon, however, gives a different reason for Lady Dorchester's dismissal. The queen, he tells us, who was in an ill state of health, was so indignant at her rival having been created a countess, that on a particular day she collected in her closet as many priests as were in her confidence, and, on their being assembled, despatched a messenger to the king, requesting his attendance in her sick-chamber. James, he adds, on finding himself in the midst of such a company, was not a little surprised; and the more so when they all fell on their knees, and the queen began to upbraid him for having so publicly distinguished her rival. "The priests told the king," continues Oldmixon,

“that a blemish in his life blasted their designs ; and the more it appeared, and the longer it continued, the more ineffectual all their endeavours would prove. The king was moved, and out of countenance, for what he had done ; but, to quiet them all, he promised to see the lady no more. He indeed sent her to Ireland, but she returned after a short stay, and his ill commerce with her was still continued.”

One of the few amusements in which the king delighted was hunting, to which there are frequent allusions in the epistolary correspondence of the day. In a letter, dated London, 27th March, 1686, we find : “His Majesty to-day (God bless him !) underwent the fatigue of a long fox-chase ; I saw him and his followers return, as like drowned rats as ever appendixes to royalty did.” And again, in another letter, dated 19th April, 1687, “The king visits Richmond often, makes it his hunting quarter twice a week, and most commonly attends the queen thither with great civility.” It was but the following year that the misguided monarch was himself persecuted and hunted down by his own subjects.

King James was crowned with his queen, in Westminster Abbey, on St. George's Day, the 23d of April, 1685. The ceremony, which was performed by Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, though sufficiently splendid, was shorn of many of the triumphs which had distinguished the corona-

tion of his brother Charles.¹ There was no creation of Knights of the Bath; the city neglected the customary erection of triumphal arches; and the former gorgeous cavalcade from the Tower to Westminster was omitted. James was inclined to be penurious, and, by curtailing the splendours of the day, is said to have saved himself as much as sixty thousand pounds.

One of the king's fancies was to commemorate any particular event of his life by striking a medal. On the medal which was struck on the occasion of his coronation, his bust was represented, after the manner of the Roman emperors, with a laurel wreath entwining his head, surrounded by the words: JACOBUS II. D.G. ANG. SCO. FR. ET HIB. REX. On the reverse was a branch of laurel upon a cushion, with an armed hand from the clouds holding out a crown. The inscription was: A MILITARI AD REGIAM EXURG.

One or two accidents, which occurred during the ceremony of the coronation, gave rise to many gloomy forebodings in the minds of the superstitious. How strange was the delusion, that it was the will of Providence to discover its intentions by the rustling of tapestry, or the fall of a picture! Nevertheless, the incidents which occurred at the

¹ The ceremony was performed according to the rites of the Protestant faith. James, it seems, overruled his conscientious scruples on the occasion, believing it was necessary to the stability of his throne.

coronation of James, if not supernatural, were not a little curious. During the ceremony, the crown was perceived to be tottering on the king's head, when Henry Sidney, the brother of the high-minded and lamented Algernon Sidney, stepped forward and prevented it from falling. "It was not the first occasion," he said, "of his family having supported the crown." The subject is again touched upon in a letter of the period. Doctor Hicks writes to Doctor Chartlett, 23d January, 1711: "I happened to dip in page 46, where I cast my eye on the *Sortes Virgilianæ* of Charles the First,

"At bello audacis populi vexatus," etc.

This gave me some melancholy for an hour or two, and made me call to mind the story of Bernini and his bust, burnt in Whitehall. It made me also call to mind the omens that happened at the coronation of his son, James the Second, which I saw, viz., the tottering of his crown upon his head, the broken canopy over it, and the rent flag hanging upon the white tower over against my door, when I came home from the coronation. It was torn by the wind at the same time that the signal was given to the Tower that he was crowned. I put no great stress upon omens, but I cannot despise them; most of them I believe come by chance, but some from inferior intellectual agents, especially those which regard the fate of kings and

nations." The same day, according to Echard, a part of a window in one of the London churches, on which the royal arms were beautifully painted, suddenly fell down in a very unaccountable manner.

James, it may be mentioned, was the first English monarch who inhabited the palace which bears his name ; a measure rendered compulsory in consequence of the destruction of a great part of Whitehall by fire. St. James's, as is well known, was built by Henry the Eighth, who also enclosed the Park. It had formerly been a hospital for leprous persons, a foundation coeval with the Conquest.

CHAPTER XX.

JAMES II.

Cruelties Permitted by James — Jeffreys's Barbarities after the Suppression of Monmouth's Rebellion — Brutality of Colonel Kirke — The Queen Delivered of a Son — Merits of the Warming-pan Story — Remarkable Weather-cock at Whitehall — The Prince of Orange Embarks to Oppose King James — Lands at Torbay — James Is Deserted by His Officers — Defection in His Own Family — His Grief and Consternation — Anecdotes — The King's Flight from Whitehall — He Is Seized by the Populace, and Returns to London — His Second Flight — His Gratifying Reception by the French King — His Bigotry and Imprudence — Lands with an Army in Ireland — State of His Affairs in That Country — The King's Courage Forsakes Him — Battle of the Boyne — Return of James to France.

THE barbarities which were practised after the suppression of Monmouth's rebellion, inasmuch as they were not only tolerated by James, but were gratefully and liberally rewarded by him, have imprinted a deep stain upon his memory. In addition to the judicial slaughters of the drunken and atrocious Jeffreys, — a man with the spirit of a Caligula and the morals of an ale-house, — there were others whose share in the bloody work was scarcely less inhuman than disgusting. One Colo-

nel Kirke, who had formerly served at Tangier, figures among the most prominent. This person on one occasion actually ordered a number of his victims to be led forth and put to death, while he himself drank the king's health, in brutal joviality, with his friends. Observing that the poor creatures trembled excessively through fear, he gave directions for the trumpets to sound, telling them, in the same inhuman strain of jocularitv, that they should not want music for their dancing. His regiment from their ferocity were styled ironically Kirke's Lambs. James subsequently endeavoured to convert Kirke to the Roman Catholic faith. "When I was quartered at Tangier," was the reply of the rough soldier, "I promised the King of Morocco that, should I ever change my religion, I would become a Mohammedan." After the return of Jeffreys from his circuit of blood and horror, the king showed how fully he approved of his proceedings by creating him a peer, and, shortly afterward, raising him to the chancellorship.¹

After Monmouth's rebellion, no fewer than two hundred and fifty persons were executed, and eight hundred and fifty transported. According

¹ Such was the general horror conceived of the barbarities of Jeffreys, and with such vividness were the heartrending accounts of his cruelty transmitted from father to child, that many years afterward, when his granddaughter, the Countess of Pomfret, was travelling in the West of England, she was attacked by an infuriated mob, merely on account of her relationship.

to Burnet, the king was not only acquainted with the barbarities which were practised in his dominions, but had an account of the executions sent to him every day. These accounts he is said to have taken a pleasure in reading to the foreign ambassadors at his levees, and, among his own circle, is reported to have spoken jestingly of the work of horror as "Jeffreys's campaign." It may be remarked that, when Jeffreys was dying in the Tower, he was attended by Doctor Scot, an excellent divine, who especially exhorted him to repent of the barbarities of which he had been guilty in his days of insolence and power. "Whatever I did then," said Jeffreys, "I did by express orders; and I have this further to say for myself, that I was not half bloody enough for him that sent me thither." "This," says Onslow, "I had from Sir J. Jekyll, who told me that my Lord Somers told it him, and that he (Lord Somers) had it from Scot himself." Nearly the same story is repeated in the *Life of Archbishop Sharp*. When that prelate, who had formerly received some kindness from Jeffreys, went to visit him in the Tower, he was assured by the wretched prisoner that whatever atrocities he might have been guilty of had been committed with the connivance and approval of the court. It must be admitted, on the other hand, that the apologists of James have brought forward some favourable evidence on his behalf. Sheffield, Duke

of Buckingham, even affirms that such was James's commiseration for his suffering subjects that he never forgave Jeffreys for his wholesale inhumanities. It is elsewhere stated that, when Bishop Ken and Sir Thomas Cutler interceded in favour of some of the condemned criminals, James not only readily extended his mercy to them, but afterward expressed his thanks to Cutler for his humane interference, regretting that his example had not been followed by others.

In the worst spirit of tyranny was the revival of the court of high commission by the infatuated James. His obstinate contest with Magdalen College, and his commital of the bishops to the Tower, were acts equally arbitrary, oppressive, and unconstitutional. It was in the midst of the universal revilings and discontent, consequent on these measures, that the queen, on the 10th of June, 1688, was delivered at St. James's of a son.¹ The event was, of course, as gratifying to the king as it was displeasing to his Protestant subjects. The one beheld in his infant the supporter of orthodoxy and the champion of popery in England; while the Protestants, who had long rested their hopes on the succession of the Princess of Orange, anticipated her probable exclusion with the deepest alarm and regret.

¹ The celebrated Philibert, Count, de Grammont was despatched by the French king to England to congratulate James and his queen on the occasion.

So general was the conviction that the king's insane bigotry would carry him to any lengths, that by the Protestant portion of his subjects it was almost universally believed that he imposed on them a surreptitious offspring. The celebrated "warming-pan story," although it has been often and satisfactorily disproved, is, nevertheless, still replete with an interest of a peculiar order.

The arguments in favour of the parturition having been a fictitious one were as follows: It was affirmed that the king was become constitutionally incapable of having children; that the queen had continued seven years without bearing a child; that her delivery was mysteriously sudden, and had taken place immediately after changing her apartments; that it occurred on a Sunday, when all the Protestant ladies of the court were attending divine service; that neither the Princess of Denmark, the Archbishop of Canterbury, nor the Dutch ambassador (the three persons whose attendance was of the most importance) attended at the birth; that during the labour the bed was not left so open as it ought to have been; that, previous to her delivery, the queen neither permitted the Princess Anne, nor any one of the Protestant ladies, to satisfy themselves of her pregnancy; that, during her labour, though the weather was hot, and the room heated by the crowd of persons who were present, a warming-pan was introduced into the bed; and lastly, though an im-

posture had been previously suspected by the nation, that the court had taken no precautions to put the question beyond the possibility of a doubt.

To these general arguments, Burnet adds his quota of argument and ill-will. "The queen," he tells us, "for six or seven years had been in such a wretched state of health that her death had been constantly anticipated. She had buried all of her children shortly after they had been born, and her affairs were managed with a mysterious secrecy, to which none had access but a few papists." These and many other arguments of less importance are adduced by the bishop. He adds, however, with much more common sense and justice, that however unfounded the suspicions may have been, yet, considering the malicious reports which were abroad, the queen not only owed it to herself, to the king, and to the Princesses Mary and Anne, but to the child which she bore in her womb, to prove the fallacy of the accusation to the world.

It would be needless to detail the various and unanswerable arguments which refute the theory of a surreptitious birth. It would be alone a sufficient refutation, that, besides the necessary attendants, there were present at the time of the queen's delivery as many as forty-two persons of rank, consisting of eighteen members of the Privy Council, four peers who were not of the coun-

cil, and twenty ladies, all of whom, as far as circumstances and modesty would allow, were witnesses of the birth of the Prince of Wales. By the desire of James, the depositions of these persons were taken down, and may still be seen, with the autographs of the deponents, in the council office. The strong resemblance which in after life the features of the Pretender, as he was called, bore to those of his misguided parent, afforded the last proof that was wanting to relieve James from the charge of foul play.

Notwithstanding the troubled state of the times, the baptism of the young Prince of Wales was celebrated with all the splendour customary on such occasions. The usual congratulations were transmitted by foreign powers, and the Pope consented to become a sponsor to the heir to the throne. The selection of the Pope on this occasion was a step of the greatest imprudence. If anything was wanting to exasperate and entirely to alienate from James the affections of his subjects, it was the spectacle of the proxy of the sovereign pontiff attending, with all the ceremonies of the Church of Rome, the baptism of their future king. Fortunately, the prospect of bequeathing his throne and his bigotry to a son, whose feelings and principles he hoped would be congenial with his own, was not long destined to be the secret solace of James. It was only a few months, scarcely indeed weeks, before the news

reached him of the projected invasion of his dominions by the Prince of Orange.

The submissive and almost pusillanimous conduct of James, during the danger which impended his person and his throne, was both humiliating to himself and rendered him contemptible in the eyes of his subjects. The high commission court was immediately broken up; attempts were made to conciliate the University of Oxford, by restoring to Magdalen College her excluded Fellows; and, moreover, the bishops were once more received into favour. At the same time the king was unbounded in his professions of regret for the past, and his promises of amendment for the future. When the Prince of Orange's intentions at length became no longer a doubt, and the certainty that his dominions were about to be invaded was announced to him, he is said to have turned deadly pale, and unconsciously to have allowed the despatch which brought the tidings to fall to the ground.

Among other evidences of disquietude which were exhibited by James, was his causing a weathercock, of no ordinary dimensions, to be placed immediately opposite his own apartments, on the roof of the Banqueting-house at Whitehall. It was intended to give him momentary notice of the state of the wind and consequently of the progress likely to be made by the Dutch fleet. His anxiety on this subject was not confined to

the king, but, according as the wind happened to blow from the east or the west, it was styled the Popish or Protestant wind. The circumstance is alluded to in the merry political ballad of *Lillibullero* :

“ Oh, but why does he stay behind? —
By my soul 'tis a Protestant wind.”

The weathercock may still be seen at the north end of the Banqueting-house, and is rendered the more remarkable from its being transversely ornamented with a cross.

The incident of the weathercock is alluded to by M. Misson, who was in England at the time. On the 23d October, he writes: “James the Second, being restless and uneasy, has ordered a weathercock to be placed where he may see it from his apartment, that he may learn with his own eyes whether the wind is Protestant or Popish.” And again, M. Misson writes on the 31st of the same month: “I was present when James received letters from Newport, informing him, with extravagant exaggerations, of the dispersion of the Prince of Orange's fleet. At his dinner, he said to M. Barillon, the French ambassador, laughing, ‘At last the wind has declared itself Popish,’ and he added (resuming his serious air and lowering his voice), ‘You know that for these three days I have caused the Holy Sacrament to be carried in procession.’”

On the 21st October, 1688, the Dutch fleet, consisting of about six hundred vessels manned by sixteen thousand men, set sail from Helvoet Sluice on their hazardous expedition. Fortune, in the first instance, was not propitious to them. A tempest overtook them; several horses were lost; the fleet was compelled to put back, and the troops to be disembarked. All difficulties, however, having been again surmounted, the fleet again set sail with a fair wind for the West of England. As they passed down St. George's Channel, the heights of Dover and other places were covered with a multitude of people, equally admiring the beauty of the spectacle and anxiously speculating on the result. On the 5th of November, the anniversary of the "gunpowder treason," the prince landed with his army at Torbay.

James, on the first news of the prince's landing, had marched his army to Salisbury, where, had he exhibited any of the spirit which had distinguished him in his youth, his troops would probably have fought for him to the death. Their number, and their fine state of discipline, seem originally to have inspired James with the most sanguine hopes of success. His conduct, however, soon lost him both their affection and their confidence. His generals, many of whom owed him a large debt of gratitude, began one by one to desert their posts; their example was of course followed by officers of subordinate rank; almost

hourly he was informed of the defection of some valued friend ; till, at length, — completely miserable, and betrayed on all sides, — he determined on retracing his journey to the capital. The fact is somewhat remarkable that the trifling circumstance of a bleeding at the nose, inasmuch as it compelled him to alter his route, prevented his falling into the hands of his enemies.¹

Among others who deserted his fortunes for those of the Prince of Orange, was his son-in-law, Prince George of Denmark. The circumstance, however, seems to have affected him with much less pain than might have been expected. When any fresh instance of defection had reached Prince George's ears, he had been accustomed to say affectedly : *Est-il possible ?* When James therefore was informed of the prince's own departure, "What !" he said, "has little *est-il possible* left me, too ?" His feelings, however, and behaviour were very different, when, on reaching London, he was informed that his favourite daughter Anne had also flown from his hearth. Giving vent to a flood of tears, "Good God !" he said, "am I then deserted by my own children ?" In after years we find him dwelling on her conduct, though with more of sorrow perhaps than of bitterness,

¹ The circumstance of the bleeding of the king's nose is alluded to by Lord Clarendon, Burnet, Reresby, Sir Patrick Hume, in his diary, and in a letter in the Ellis Correspondence. See especially the last-mentioned work, Vol. II., pp. 328, 329.

in his memoirs. Reresby also tells us that "he was so deeply afflicted that it disordered him in his understanding." In a moment of bitterness he exclaimed, in the words of the Psalmist, "*Oh, if my enemies only had cursed me, I could have borne it!*" And again we are told in the "Stuart Papers," that "those strokes had been less *sensible, had they come from hands less dear to him.*" The words marked in italics were interlined by his son. Even Burnet admits that James had ever been "a kind and indulgent father" to the princess.

On his return to London, one of the king's first steps was to summon a council of the peers, from whose hereditary attachment to the throne he looked for advice in the hour of his extremity. He expressed to them his firm determination of calling a new Parliament; repeated his assurances of supporting Church and State as by law established; and concluded by appealing to them for their assistance and advice. During the debate which followed, the submissive humility of his manner was remarked by every one. "Where," it was said, "are the looks, and where the spirit, that but yesterday made three kingdoms tremble?" The sight of humbled pride, the pitiable aspect of fallen greatness, are always painful to behold; and consequently, in that proud assembly, there was probably not one individual, with the exception of his relative, Lord Clarendon, whose

pity was not excited on behalf of the afflicted, though undeserving monarch. It was on his way to this assembly that James encountered the old Earl of Bedford, whose son, the celebrated Lord Russell, had lost his head in the last reign, principally at the instigation of James. The king, taking the earl aside, requested him to use his influence, which was considerable, in promoting his views. "I am old, sir," replied the venerable earl, "but I had a son who might have been of service to your Majesty on this occasion."

Betrayed by his friends, deserted by his army, shunned by the summer crew of parasites and flatterers who had buzzed about him in his prosperity, abandoned at his utmost need by even his own children, the harassed monarch began to think of consulting his personal safety, and consequently made secret arrangements for escaping into France. Edmund Waller had long before prophesied that the king would end by being left alone, "like a whale upon the strand." In common with the wiser part of mankind, the venerable poet had long foreseen the miserable results to which the inordinate bigotry of his sovereign, and his unfortunate selection of his friends and advisers, must eventually lead. He was once in conversation with the king at one of the royal palaces, when James, taking him into his private closet, pointed out to him a particular picture and inquired how he liked it. "My eyes are dim, sir,"

replied Waller, "and I know not who it is." The king intimating that it was the Princess of Orange, "It reminds me," said the poet, "from its likeness, of one of the greatest princesses in the world." James inquiring who he meant, Waller replied that he alluded to Queen Elizabeth. "I wonder," said the king, "you should think so ; but I must confess she had a wise council." "And pray, sir," retorted Waller, "did you ever know a fool choose a wise one?"

But we must return to the fortunes of the misguided king. Every measure that prudence could suggest having been adopted to secure his flight, on the night previous to the attempt he imparted his determination to the Duke of Northumberland, the lord in waiting, desiring him on his allegiance to keep in a profound secret till the necessity for concealment should no longer exist. About three o'clock on the following morning, the 11th of December, attended only by Sir Edward Hales and two servants, he withdrew from Whitehall by a private passage which led to the Thames, where he entered a boat, rowed by only two watermen. He had some time before destroyed the writs issued for the election of a new Parliament ; and he now carried with him the great seal, which he threw into the river. The instrument was afterward found by a fisherman, and restored to the government.

About the hour when the king was in the habit

of rising, his antechamber was thronged, as usual, by those who were in the habit of attending his levee. Suddenly the door of the bedchamber was thrown open, and, instead of the king, the Duke of Northumberland made his appearance, and informed them of his Majesty's flight. Having performed this last act of kindness for his sovereign, the duke, who was a natural son of Charles the Second, immediately placed himself at the head of his regiment of guards, and declared for the Prince of Orange.

James, in the meantime, had proceeded as far as Feversham, when he was boarded by a boat, containing thirty-six armed men, who, as Reresby expresses it, "were bound priest-codding or catching." By these persons, who were entirely ignorant of his rank, James was not only detained a prisoner, but was shamefully ill-treated by them. His sword was taken from him, as well as a considerable sum of money which he carried about his person. According to the authority of his natural son, the Duke of Berwick, he was mistaken by his persecutors for the chaplain of one of the Roman Catholic peers, and it was on the presumption of his being a priest that he met with so little favour. At length, according to the duke, "among others that crowded about the king, there came one who knew his face, and who presently fell at his feet, begging his Majesty to pardon the rudeness of the mob, and bidding the fellows return the jewels

and gold which they had taken from him. But the king would only receive the jewels, and suffered the populace to share among them the gold, being about four hundred guineas." According to a letter of the time, the king not only refused to receive back his money, but caused another ten guineas to be given to the mob, with which he desired them to drink his health.

The Prince of Orange had by this time advanced as far as Windsor, and as it was unquestionably his interest that James should quit the kingdom, he was naturally annoyed and disconcerted at the king's progress having been arrested. The prince immediately despatched a messenger to his father-in-law, desiring him on no account to proceed nearer to London than Rochester. The despatch, however, arrived too late, for James had already advanced some distance on his return to London. Strange as it may appear, not only the mere mob, — who a few hours before had displayed their Protestant zeal by every kind of disorder, — but even the more respectable and enlightened inhabitants exhibited the most enthusiastic joy at his happy return to Whitehall. The Duke of Berwick informs us that the whole city was illuminated; nor is there the least reason to question the fact. Reresby mentions the ringing of bells and the lighting of bonfires; and in a letter of the period the fact is thus corroborated: "The king," says the writer, "returned on Satur-

day from Feversham to Rochester, and on Sunday, about four in the afternoon, came through the city, preceded by a great many gentlemen bareheaded, and followed by a numerous company with loud huzzas. The king stopped at the queen-dowager's, before he came to Whitehall, and the evening concluded with ringing of bells and bonfires." "This was a day of triumph," says Father Orleans. "No man ever remembered to have seen the like; ringing of bells, bonfires, and all the solemnities that are usually exhibited to testify joy, were practised on this occasion."

Gratifying as must have been these evidences of reviving loyalty, his return to Whitehall proved of no advantage to the fallen monarch. He was visited but by very few persons of distinction; he had the mortification of seeing Dutch sentries posted before his windows; and it was evident to the royal bigot that he had ceased to be a king except in name.

James was in bed, when, about midnight, his privacy was suddenly broken in upon by Lords Halifax, Shrewsbury, and Delemere. Two of these noblemen had actually been in open arms against him. They informed him that it was the wish of the Prince of Orange that he should leave London the next morning, and take up his abode at the seat of the Duchess of Lauderdale at Ham, in Surrey, about ten miles from London. James preferred a last request. Anxious to be near

the seashore, he petitioned that Rochester might be substituted for Ham; and, as it suited the views of his adversaries, who were willing to facilitate his escape from the kingdom, the request was readily granted.

It was on a very tempestuous night, not without danger from the elements as well as from man, that the king was conveyed down the river, attended by a Dutch guard. And yet at that very moment, — when the wretched monarch was about to wander a homeless exile over those seas on which he had more than once ridden the triumphant admiral of a gallant fleet, — his daughter, the Princess Anne, conducted in her father's coaches, and surrounded by his guards, is said to have displayed herself, decorated with orange ribbons, at the public theatre.

The king continued at Rochester till the 23d of December, on which day it had been determined to make a second attempt at flight. The companions whom he selected to share his fortunes and his dangers were his gallant son, the Duke of Berwick; Biddulph, a gentleman of the bedchamber; and a M. L'Abadie, a page of the back stairs. We learn from the account of the Duke of Berwick, that on the night of the 23d, the king, having retired to bed, and having dismissed his attendants, laid his commands on the duke to remain with him in his bedchamber. As soon as the apartment was

cleared, he rose from his bed, and, having hastily dressed himself, passed from the house by a back door, and embarked on board a large sloop, which was in readiness to receive him. The account of the night's adventure, as related in the "Stuart Papers," is not without interest : "The king went to bed at his usual hour. As soon as the company were gone, he got up, dressed, and went, by the back stairs, through the garden, where MacDonald stayed for him, with the Duke of Berwick and Mr. Biddulph, to show him the way to Trevanion's boat. About twelve at night they rowed down to the smack, which was waiting without the fort at Sheerness. It blew so hard right ahead, and ebb-tide being done before they got to the Salt Pans, that it was near six before they got to the smack. Captain Trevanion not being able to trust the officers of his ship, they got on board the *Eagle* fire-ship, commanded by Captain Wilford ; on which, the wind and tide being against them, they stayed till daybreak, when the king went on board the smack." After having encountered adverse and boisterous weather, the fugitives, finding themselves unable to reach Calais, bore away in the direction of Boulogne, and on Christmas Day, 1688, arrived safely at Ambleteuse, in Picardy. The French king received his brother monarch with a sympathy and kindness which were as honourable to the one as they must have been gratifying to the other.

The king's abdication and flight were celebrated, as may well be supposed, by all kinds of vulgar ballads and unfeeling lampoons. Of these a single specimen may be acceptable to the reader.

“ Farewell Petre, farewell Cross ;
Farewell Chester, farewell ass ;
Farewell Peterborough, farewell tool ;
Farewell Sunderland, farewell fool !

“ Farewell Milford, farewell Scot ;
Farewell Butler, farewell sot ;
Farewell Roger, farewell trimmer ;
Farewell Dryden, farewell rhymers !

“ Farewell Brent, farewell villain ;
Farewell Wright, worse than Tressilian ;
Farewell chancellor, farewell mace ;
Farewell prince, farewell race !

“ Farewell queen, and farewell passion ;
Farewell king, farewell nation ;
Farewell priests, and farewell Pope ;
Farewell ! — all deserve a rope ! ”

· However culpable may have been the excessive bigotry of James, and however contemptible may have been his folly, it is impossible not to do credit to that conscientious, though mistaken, rectitude of mind, which induced him to resign a splendid inheritance rather than diverge from the path which he imagined religion and duty pointed out to him. His zeal was more unfortunate than it

was criminal. Doctor King observes, in his curious "Anecdotes of His Own Time :—" "If James had been indifferent in matters of religion, or had professed the same faith with the Emperor of China, he would have proved one of the best princes who have governed the British Islands. But his great bigotry obscured all his good qualities, and his zeal to introduce popery was so violent, and prompted him to such extravagant attempts, as must necessarily, if they had succeeded, have ended in the total ruin, not only of our religious, but our civil liberties. The king's intemperate zeal was ridiculed even by the court of Rome. And how must he have been mortified, if, upon his first appearance at Versailles, after his abdication, he had heard Cardinal —— say to the person who stood next him, 'See the man who lost three kingdoms for an old mass !' "

Even his queen, Mary of Modena, bigoted as she was in all religious matters, never fully entered into the headstrong enthusiasm of her misguided consort. When Lord Stair was afterward ambassador at Paris, she bitterly lamented to him the misconduct of her husband, and attributed the whole blame to Father Petre.

Having forfeited his sovereignty over England by his abuse of power, the only hopes which remained to James of being restored to his inheritance rested entirely on the exertions of his friends in Scotland and Ireland, and especially on the loy-

alty of the latter country. It would be needless to dwell at length on his unfortunate expedition to Ireland. The French king is said to have offered him an army of fifteen thousand men ; but the terms in which he refused the offer, if the anecdote be genuine, do him credit. "No," he said, "I will succeed by the assistance of my own subjects, or perish in the attempt." On the 7th of March, 1689, James embarked at Brest. He was attended by about twelve hundred British subjects, among whom were the Duke of Berwick ; another of his natural sons, Henry Fitz-James, commonly called the grand prior ; the Earls of Dover, Melfort, Abercorn, and Seaforth ; and the gay and gallant brothers, Counts Anthony and John Hamilton. He was accompanied by a fleet of fourteen sail of the line, besides frigates and fire-ships ; and, moreover, was liberally provided by the French monarch with arms, money, and ammunition. The same kind friend attended carefully to his personal comforts, presenting him with splendid equipages, plate, and all the household necessities which he was likely to require. At parting, Louis gracefully presented his brother monarch with his own sword : "The best wish I can make you," he said, "is that I may never see you again."

On the 22d of March James landed at Kinsale, and at the end of the month made his public entry into Dublin, amidst the rejoicings and acclama-

tions of the people. He was met at the gate of the castle by a grand procession of the Roman Catholic clergy bearing the host, which he worshipped with the usual homage. James remained in Dublin till the spring, when he advanced to the siege of Londonderry. He was one day reconnoitring the works, when he narrowly escaped a shot from the town; an officer being killed close to his side.

On the 29th of April, the French fleet, under the command of Château Renaud, was descried off the coast of Ireland, and, on the 1st of the following month, made its appearance in Bantry Bay. The same day it was engaged by an English squadron under Admiral Herbert, afterward Earl of Torrington, when the French obtained a slight advantage over their foes. James was in Dublin, when Count Devaux, the French ambassador, came to inform him of the news, and, with the exaggeration, not unusual to his countrymen, assured him that the English had been entirely defeated. The remark of James was creditable to his heart. Forgetting the advantage which such an event would naturally confer on his own fortunes, and remembering the time when he had himself led an English fleet to victory, he answered coldly, "It is then the first time." It may be remarked, for the credit of our countrymen, that, in the engagement of Bantry Bay, the English fleet was not only ill-manned, but was con-

siderably inferior in numbers to the French. The force of the invaders amounted to twenty-eight sail of the line, while the English fleet is generally believed to have consisted only of eighteen ships, and has never, we believe, been computed at more than twenty-two. Even the circumstance of the French obtaining the advantage has sometimes been disputed, but, it must in fairness be admitted, on insufficient grounds.

James, ever the football of fortune, had but little reason to be satisfied with the progress of his undertaking. The increasing differences between his French and Irish followers, the slight advantages which he had hitherto obtained, the news of the death of the brave Dundee at Killcranky, the distress and miseries which he saw around him, and of which he knew himself to be the author, as well as the anticipated arrival of King William with an overwhelming force, appear not only to have completely soured his temper, but to have implanted in his mind the deepest despondency, and even the most unbecoming fears.

Already, owing to his timid and irresolute proceedings during the recent invasion of England, and to his pusillanimous abandonment of his throne, his courage, which in his youth had been so conspicuously displayed under the banner of the great Turenne, had not only been called in question by his enemies, but was even suspected

by his friends. But in this, his second extremity, all sense of honour, every feeling of honest pride and self-respect, appear to have deserted his breast. Although at the head of a powerful and devoted army, no sooner was there the least drawback to success than, with a dastardly ingratitude, he determined to desert his own standard, and, abandoning to their fate the gallant and faithful followers who were risking life and fortune for his sake, to withdraw himself secretly into France. We have heard much of the ingratitude of the Stuarts, but certainly cowardice was not in general their fault. In the meantime the Prince of Orange had advanced by such rapid marches that he was already in the neighbourhood of the Irish army, before James had received intelligence that the prince had even landed in Ireland. Although prepared to seek safety in flight, the utter ignominy, the impossibility, indeed, of flying in the immediate hour of danger seem to have impressed themselves on the mind of James, and to have shamed him out of his dastardly resolution.

On the particulars of the famous battle of the Boyne it would be unnecessary to dwell. No sooner did fortune appear to decide against the Irish, than James, who had kept aloof from the danger, and had posted himself on a hill surrounded by some squadrons of horse, was the first to turn his back on the foe. Instead of attempting to rally his followers, — a measure which might easily

have been effected, — he retreated precipitately toward Dublin, and from thence to Waterford; destroying the bridges in his way, at the suggestion of his French followers, in order to arrest the pursuit of the victors.

At Dublin he had the assurance to complain of the conduct of the gallant troops whom he had recently so ignominiously deserted, observing that he would never again trust his fate to an Irish army. Such a speech was naturally commented upon in no measured terms. It was justly remarked by his insulted followers, that complaints of cowardice came but ill from the mouth of a coward; that he himself had been the first to hurry from the field of battle; and that, in fact, he was the only combatant, not of foreign birth, who had sought to save his life by flying from the kingdom. Only let the English change kings with them, they said, and they would willingly fight the battle over again. At sea James fortunately fell in with a French squadron under the *Sieur de Foran*. He was taken on board a swift sailing frigate, and landed safely on the coast of France, from whence he proceeded to his former residence at *St. Germain*s.

CHAPTER XXI.

JAMES II.

Battle of La Hogue—Conduct of James in Adversity—His Visit to the Monks of La Trappe—Romantic History of the Abbot, M. de Rancé—The Throne of Poland Offered to James—His Last Illness—His Dying Interview with Louis XIV.—His Death and Burial—Interesting Inscriptions to His Memory—Miracles Believed to Have Been Wrought Through His Intercession—Character of James—Children by His Two Wives, Anne Hyde and Mary of Modena—His Natural Offspring.

IN the year 1692, a second invasion was prepared by James, with the view of reëstablishing himself on the throne of England. Louis again stood forth his friend, and again made extensive preparations to forward his views. James had repaired in person to La Hogue, and was ready to embark with his army, consisting of French troops and British refugees, when on the 19th of May the English fleet, under Admiral Russell, appeared in view of the coast. Orders having been given to both fleets to clear for action, an engagement followed, known as the celebrated battle of La Hogue, in which the French fleet, under Admiral de Tourville, was totally defeated.

James, who was a witness of the engagement from the seashore, appears to have exhibited deeper feelings on the occasion than were commonly supposed to be in his nature. Observing the fearlessness and activity of the British seamen in scaling from their boats the lofty sides of the enemy's ships, his remark was characteristic of the conflict which was passing in his mind. "None," he said "but my brave English could perform such acts of gallantry." Again, at the close of the action, some of the spent balls passing close to his person, "Ah!" he exclaimed, mournfully, "I find that Heaven itself fights against me." Immediately afterward he retired to the privacy of his own tent.

From this period James became an altered and an improved man. He retired to his little court at St. Germain, where he continued to reside during the few remaining years of his life, reflecting on the vanity of human wishes, devoting his attention to his spiritual welfare, and doing good to his fellow creatures. He was never heard to speak despondingly of his fortunes, nor virulently of his foes. He even spoke with enthusiasm of his former subjects; and even among the French, of whom he was a pensioner, dwelt with raptures on the subject of English valour and English glory. According to his biographer, Bretonneau, he spoke an ill word of no one; he read, without anger, the scurrilous attacks which were promul-



James, who was a witness of his conduct, and the knowledge of his mind, in his own words, "burnt into the memory of the world." The only person who was present at his last moments, "Charles, the only person who was present at the death of the British hero, a man from their house, the lofty side of the British ship, his record was characterized as a man of a high and pure mind. "None," he said, "but my more English could perform such acts of gallantry." Again, at the close of the action, some of the spent balls passing over his system, "Ah!" he exclaimed, "I am dead!" and the Heroes (his last words) "I am dead!" immediately afterward he expired in the arms of his friends.

James the Second.

Photo-etching from a rare old print.

From this period, James the Second, as he was called, was the only person who was present at the death of the British hero, a man from their house, the lofty side of the British ship, his record was characterized as a man of a high and pure mind. "None," he said, "but my more English could perform such acts of gallantry." Again, at the close of the action, some of the spent balls passing over his system, "Ah!" he exclaimed, "I am dead!" and the Heroes (his last words) "I am dead!" immediately afterward he expired in the arms of his friends.



gated by his enemies ; he reproved those who spoke with bitterness of his persecutors ; was severe in his penances and constant at his devotions ; was extremely abstemious, and regarded the loss of his kingdom as a just ordination of the Supreme Being, and as a wholesome infliction for the errors of his past life. Watching over the dignity and respectability of his little court, and living on affectionate terms with his family, he took an interest in the happiness of his servants and the economy of his household, and lived frugally on the pension awarded him by the French court. Were we to estimate the character of James from his mode of life at this period, it would be difficult to draw a more amiable portrait. Harmless in his amusements, kind and considerate to those about him, and strict in his religious duties, what more can be said of the wisest and the best ?

One or two visits paid by the exiled king to the rigorous and exemplary monks of La Trappe, in Normandy, appear to have made a deep impression on his mind. According to a curious contemporary account, the first visit of James to La Trappe was on the 20th of November, 1690, on the evening of which day he arrived on horseback at the door of the monastery. As soon as the king had alighted, the abbot, M. de Rancé, who was in readiness to receive him, prostrated himself at his feet. It was an act of respect, it appears, which

the abbot was in the habit of performing to all strangers. James, shocked at seeing so holy a man in so humiliating a posture, immediately raised him up, and solicited his benediction. The blessing having been solemnly given, they proceeded together to the chapel, and, after the service was over, conversed together for an hour. In the evening the king again attended evening service, with which he expressed himself much comforted and edified. The writer, in his very interesting narrative, gives a minute account of what followed :

“The king’s supper was served by the monks, and consisted of roots, eggs, and vegetables. He seemed much pleased with all he saw. After supper he went and looked at a collection of maxims of Christian conduct, which were framed and hung up against the wall ; he perused them several times, and, expressing how much he admired them, requested a copy.

“Next day the king attended the chapel, and communicated with the monks, which he did with great devotion. He afterward went to see the community occupied at their labour for an hour and a half. Their occupations chiefly consisted of ploughing, turning, basket-making, brewing, carpentering, washing, transcribing manuscripts, and book-binding.

“The king was much struck with their silence and recollection. He, however, asked the abbot if he did not think they laboured too hard. M. de

Rancé replied, 'Sire, that which would be hard to those who seek pleasure is easy to those who practise penitence.'

"In the afternoon the king walked for some time on a fine terrace, formed between the lakes surrounding the monastery. The view from this place is peculiarly striking."

During his stay James paid a visit to a holy recluse, who resided in a small hut which he had himself constructed among the woods of La Trappe. This person, who was said to be a man of rank, had formerly been one of the king's followers, and had highly distinguished himself by his personal gallantry in the royal cause. Wearied of the world and of its vanities, he had retired to this gloomy retreat, where he was in the habit of inflicting on himself the most severe tortures and privations, exchanging speech with no one except the pious abbot of La Trappe. The king was not a little shocked at the contrast between the once gay and gallant soldier and the wretched wreck of humanity which stood before him. Among other questions which he put to the recluse, he inquired of him at what hour in the winter mornings he attended service in the convent. The hermit replying, "At about half-past three," — "Surely that is impossible," interrupted Lord Dumbarton; "how can you traverse this intricate forest in the dark, at a season of the year, too, when, even in the daytime, the road must be undiscernible from

frost and snow?" "My lord," replied the recluse, "I should blush to esteem these trifles as any inconveniences in serving a heavenly monarch, when I have often braved dangers so much more imminent for the chance of serving an earthly one."

Some minutes afterward, Lord Dumbarton observing to the recluse that he must be thoroughly tired of passing his time alone in so gloomy a forest, "No," interposed the king, "he has indeed chosen a path widely different to that of the world; but death, which discovers all things, will show that he has chosen the right one. There is a difference," he proceeded, turning to the hermit, "between you and the rest of mankind; you will die the death of the righteous, and you will rise at the resurrection of the just; but they —" Here the king paused; the tears gathered in his eyes, and his thoughts seemed to be occupied with the most painful recollections. After a few moments he rose hastily, and, taking a kind leave of the recluse, returned with his retinue to the monastery.

During the remainder of his stay at La Trappe, James assisted in all the religious offices of the institution, and gave evidence of the most fervent devotion. At his departure, he threw himself on his knees before the abbot, and, with tears in his eyes, requested his blessing, which the other gave with the most affecting solemnity. While in the act of rising from his knees James was assisted

by one of the monks, who offered him his arm for the purpose. Happening to cast his eye on the countenance of this person, the king recognised another of those gallant and faithful followers who had fought for him in his necessity, and had afterward accompanied him into exile. "Sir," said the king, "I have never ceased to regret the generosity with which you made a sacrifice of a splendid fortune in behalf of your king. I can, however, grieve at it no longer; since I perceive that your misfortunes in the service of an earthly monarch have proved the blessed means of your having devoted your heart to a heavenly one." The king then mounted his horse and proceeded to depart. On taking leave of the abbot, "Reverend father," he is reported to have said, "I have been here to perform a duty which I ought to have done long before. You and your monks have taught me how to die; and, if God spares my life, I will return to take another lesson." From this period he became a correspondent of the abbot, and, during the remainder of his life, paid a visit to the pious monks at least once a year.

The interesting monastery of La Trappe is situated in a large valley surrounded by mountains. The order was long considered one of the most severe and self-denying in Europe. The abbot, at the period of James's visit, was Bouthillier de Rancé, a French nobleman, who had been a man of pleasure and gallantry in his youth. The story

of his conversion is itself a romance. In his youth he had been devotedly attached to the beautiful Duchess de Montbazon. His love was returned ; and, in order to secure secrecy to their guilty meetings, the duchess admitted him at all hours to her apartment by a private staircase. His affairs having obliged De Rancé to absent himself for some weeks from Paris, on his return he was anxious to give his mistress a joyful surprise, and accordingly mounted the accustomed staircase uninvited. A private key admitted him to her apartment. On opening the door, the horror of his feelings may be easily conceived ; his mistress had died of the smallpox during his absence ; her disfigured remains were lying before him ; and in a dish on the table was her head, which the surgeons, the coffin being too short, had just severed from the body. The shocking sight had such an effect upon De Rancé that he became an altered man ; and, shutting himself up in the convent of La Trappe, remained there during the rest of his life, passing his days in devotion, and inuring himself to the most cruel penances.¹

¹ The house, which was the scene of the terrible spectacle we have just recorded, may still be seen (No. 14) in the Rue des Fossés St. Germain l'Auxerrois, at Paris. It is now known as the Hôtel Ponthieu. It is singular that one of the apartments in the same hotel beheld the death of the great Admiral Coligny during the massacre of St. Bartholomew ; that in the same apartment was born Sophie Arnould in 1740, and that it was afterward tenanted by the celebrated French painter, Vanloo.

It has been affirmed that, during his residence at St. Germain, the vacant throne of Poland was offered to James, but that he declined it with the significant observation that, "if he accepted the Sarmatian crown, it would truly be an abdication of his own." One of the arguments at the revolution, for declaring the throne of England vacant, was the ingenious one that James had virtually abdicated by quitting the kingdom. It was probably to this circumstance that he alluded.

During the last years of his life, the acquisition of an earthly crown appears to have been the object furthest from the thoughts of the royal recluse. His affections were fixed on another world, and his prayer was to be speedily removed. "I am a great sinner," he said, "and yet cannot but desire death with all my heart." The wish for death appears to have been as constantly on his lips as in his heart. "The queen," according to the "Stuart Papers," once arguing this point, said, with tears in her eyes, "'Is it possible, sir, you should have so little consideration for me and your children, — what would become of us if you were gone?'" 'Madam,' he replied, 'God will take care of you and my children; for what am I but a poor, weak man, incapable of doing anything, without him; whereas he has no need of me to execute his designs!' And when one who was present saw how afflicted the queen was at his discourse, and begged of him not to hold it any

more before her, he answered, 'I do it on purpose to prepare her for it ; for, according to all appearance, and the course of nature, I shall die first, and a stroke which is foreseen makes a slighter impression.' "

The last illness of James appears to have commenced on the 4th of March, 1701, when he fainted away in the chapel at St. Germain's. A passage in the Psalms, singularly applicable to his own misfortunes, is said to have affected him so sensibly as to produce the attack. Successful remedies, however, were applied, and, on his partial recovery, the physicians recommended the waters of Bourbon, whither, in accordance with their advice, he proceeded. On his return, however, which was about the beginning of September, he was again seized in the chapel with a similar fit. Animation appears to have been speedily restored, but on his removal to his chamber he suddenly relapsed into his former state, and fell powerless into the arms of the queen. Her state of mind is described as having been agonising in the extreme. The next day the king was somewhat better ; but a third seizure on the following Sunday left him for a considerable time without any appearance of life. It was at last considered necessary to force open his mouth. This was no sooner done than, to the great alarm of the queen and her attendants, he vomited a quantity of blood. On his revival he was the

only person in the apartment whose countenance appeared unconcerned. According to the "Stuart Papers," "His long desires of death had rendered the thoughts of it so familiar to him that neither the terrors of its approach, nor the torments that attend it, gave him the least anxiety or disquiet. There was no need of exhorting him to resignation, or a due preparation of it ; that was the first and only thing he thought of ; he had made general confession just before he fell into that fit, and, as soon as his vomiting ceased, he desired his confessor to send for the blessed sacrament ; and, fancying he could not last long, pressed for expedition, minding him to take care he wanted none of the rites of the Church. In the meantime he sent for the prince, his son, who, at his first entrance, seeing the king with a pale and dying countenance, the bed all covered with blood, burst out, as well as all about him, into the most violent expressions of grief. As soon as he came to the bedside, the king, with a sort of contentedness in his look, stretched forth his arms to embrace him, and then, speaking with a force and vehemence that better suited with his zeal than the weak condition he was in, conjured him to adhere firmly to the Catholic faith, let what might be the consequence of it, and be faithful in the service of God ; to be obedient and respectful to the queen, the best of mothers ; and to be ever grateful to the King of France, to whom he had

so many obligations. Those who were present, apprehending that the concern and fervour with which he spoke might do him prejudice, desired the prince might withdraw, which the king being troubled at, said, 'Do not take away my son till I have given him my blessing, at least,' which, when he had done, the prince returned to his apartment, and the little princess was brought to his bedside, to whom he spoke to the same effect ; while she, with the abundance of her innocent tears, showed how sensibly she was touched with the languishing condition the king her father was in."

Having received the sacrament, the dying monarch expressed himself at charity with all the world, adding that he forgave his enemies with all his heart. He desired particularly that the Prince of Orange, the Princess of Denmark, and the emperor might be informed that they had his forgiveness. The King of France visited him more than once in his sick-chamber. His last visit is thus described in the "Stuart Papers :—" "His most Christian Majesty went in to the king, and, coming to the bedside, said, 'Sir, I am come to see how your Majesty finds yourself to-day ;' but the king, not hearing, made no reply ; upon which, one of his servants telling him that the King of France was there, he roused himself up and said, 'Where is he ?' upon which the King of France said, 'Sir, I am here, and am come to

see how you do ;' so then the king began to thank him for all his favours, and particularly for the care and kindness he had shown him during his sickness ; to which his most Christian Majesty replied, ' Sir, that is but a small matter ; I have something to acquaint you of greater importance.' Upon which the king's servants, imagining he would be private, the room being full of people, began to retire, which his most Christian Majesty perceiving, said out aloud, ' Let nobody withdraw,' and then went on : ' I am come, sir, to acquaint you that, whenever it shall please God to call your Majesty out of this world, I will take your family into my protection, and will treat your son, the Prince of Wales, in the same manner I have treated you, and acknowledge him, as he then will be, King of England.' Upon which all that were present, as well French as English, burst into tears, not being able any other way to express that mixture of joy and grief with which they were so surprisingly seized. Some indeed threw themselves at his most Christian Majesty's feet ; others by their gestures and countenances (much more expressive on such occasions than words and speeches) declared their gratitude for so generous an action ; with which his most Christian Majesty was so moved that he could not refrain weeping himself. The king all this while was endeavouring to say something to him upon it, but the confused noise being too

great, and he too weak to make himself be heard, his most Christian Majesty took his leave and went away ; and as he got into his coach, called the officer of the guard who waited upon the king, and gave him directions to follow and attend the Prince of Wales as soon as the king was dead, and show him the same respect and honours he had done to the king his father when he was alive."

The conduct of Louis, throughout the last illness of James, was highly creditable to his feelings. James, however, was fast progressing toward that state in which human kindness or human sympathy could avail but little. On the day on which he died, "the king," according to the "Stuart Papers," "found himself something better, so the prince was permitted to come to him, which he was not often suffered to do, it being observed that, when he saw him, it raised such a commotion in him as was thought to do him harm. As soon, therefore, as he came into the room, the king, stretching forth his arms to embrace him, said, 'I have not seen you since his most Christian Majesty was here, and promised to own you when I was dead. I have sent my Lord Middleton to Marly to thank him for it.' Thus did this holy prince talk of his approaching death, not only with indifference, but satisfaction, when he found his son and family would not be sufferers by it ; and so composed himself to receive it with greater

cheerfulness, if possible, than before ; nor was that happy hour far from him now, for the next day he grew much weaker, and was taken with continual convulsions."

The particulars which we have inserted from the "Stuart Papers" are corroborated by a letter of the period. "The sad news," says the writer, "which some of King James's enemies have coveted and frequently published, is certainly come to pass. The account of his last sickness and decease is thus described by one of your society. He saith the beginning of his last sickness was by a fainting fit, which lasted half an hour ; afterward he vomited clots of blood in great quantity, and after that streams of pure blood ; when that stopped a little fever seized him, but such as did not give much disturbance to his physicians, till on Saturday he was pressed with a drowsiness, which approached almost to a lethargy. Blisters, nor anything else they could apply, were of force to rouse him. In this condition he continued till Tuesday, and then he came to himself, and was very sensible of his condition, and thereupon he desired and did receive the sacrament. As a preparatory to it, he asked pardon of all whom he might have any ways injured. At the same time he forgave all the world, the emperor, the Prince of Orange, his daughter, and every one of his subjects who had designedly contrived and contributed to his misfortunes."

The account given by Charlotte Elizabeth, Duchess of Orleans, in her memoirs, is of equal interest. "King James," she says, "died with great firmness and resolution and without bigotry; that is to say, in a very different manner from what he lived. I saw and spoke to him exactly twenty-four hours before his death. I told him I trusted very shortly to see him restored to health. He turned to me with a smile. 'And if I die,' he said, 'shall I not have lived long enough?'" Such were the last moments of King James. Whatever errors, either of faith or conduct, he may have been guilty of in the earlier period of his career, — stern as may have been his nature and reprehensible as was his bigotry, — the Christian will, nevertheless, admire him for his sincerity; the philosopher will envy him his resignation; and the wise man, whatever his creed may be, will pray that in the hour of dissolution his last end may be like his.

King James died at St. Germain, on the 16th of September, 1701, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. He had desired in his will that he should be buried in the parish church; that he should be attended to the grave with only such ceremony as was usual at the interment of a country gentleman, and that a plain slab should be his only monument. The words, "Here lies King James," he requested might be his only epitaph. These injunctions, probably from pious motives, Louis

took upon himself to disobey, The remains of the deceased king were embalmed on the day of his death, and their interment was conducted with regal ceremony. His body was inhumed in the parish church of St. Germain's; his bowels in the English College at St. Omer; his brains, and the fleshy part of his head, were sent to the Scots' College at Paris; and what remained, after this singular distribution, was interred in the English Benedictine Monastery in that city. An interesting account of the discovery of King James's remains, on digging the foundation of the new church at St. Germain's, has recently been published. From this account we learn that, on the 9th September, 1824, the remains of King James, on the completion of the edifice, were carefully reinterred beneath the altar.

In the chapel of what was once the Scots' College at Paris, in the Rue des Fossés St. Victor, may still be seen a monument of black and white marble, executed by Louis Garnier, to the memory of the exiled king. The inscription, which is deeply interesting, has never hitherto, we believe, appeared in print :

D. O. M.

MEMORIÆ

AUGUSTISSIMI PRINCIPIIS

JACOBI II^{di}, MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ, ETC. REGIS.

Ille patris terrâ ac mari triumphis clarus, sed
Constanti in Deum fide clarior, huic regna, opes, et

Omnia vitæ florentis commoda postposuit ; per summum
 Scelus a suâ sede pulsus, Absalonis impietatem, Achitophelis
 Perfidiam, et acerba Semei convitia, invictâ lenitate
 Et patientiâ, ipsis etiam inimicis amicus, superavit.
 Rebus humanis major, adversis superior, et cœlestis gloriæ
 Studio inflammatus, quòd regno caruerit, sibi visus
 Beatior ; miseram hanc vitam felici, regnum
 Terrestre cœlesti, commutavit.
 Hæc domus, quam pius princeps labantem
 Sustinuit et patriæ fovit, cui etiam ingenij sui
 Monumenta omnia, scilicet sua manuscripta,
 Custodienda commisit, eam corporis ipsius
 Partem quâ maximè animus viget,
 Religiosè servandam suscepit.
 Vixit annis LXVIII. Regnavit XVI. Obiit XVII. Kal. Octob.
 An. Sal. Hum. MDCCI.

Jacobus Dux de Perth,¹ Præfectus institutioni
 Jacobi III. Magnæ Britanniæ, &c. Regis,
 Hujus Domûs Benefactor,
 Mærens posuit.

The monument was formerly surmounted by an urn of gilt bronze, which contained the brains of the king. During the revolution it was removed by sacrilegious hands, and, it is to be feared, will never be restored.

¹ James Drummond, Earl of Perth, and Lord Chancellor of Scotland, in which latter capacity his misconduct and maladministration are well known. To escape being called to account he is said to have turned Roman Catholic, upon which the Marquis of Halifax observed that "his faith had made him whole." He accompanied James into exile, and shortly afterward was created a duke, and made governor to the pretended Prince of Wales. He died at St. Germain's in 1716.

In the parish church of St. Germain's there is a no less interesting monument to the memory of the unfortunate James. It was erected at the private expense of George the Fourth, and is not a solitary instance of respect paid by that monarch to the memory of the ill-fated Stuarts. Of the opening words, the idea and the expression are equally beautiful :

Regio cineri pietas Regia.

*Ferale quisquis hoc monumentum suspicis,
Rerum humanarum vices meditare.
Magnus in prosperis, in adversis major,
Jacobus 2^{us} Anglorum rex,
Insignes ærunnas dolendaque nimium fata
Pio placidoque obitu exsolvit
In hâc urbe
Die xvra. Septembris anni 1701;
Et nobiliores quædam corporis ejus partes
Hic reconditæ asservantur.*

*Qui priùs augustâ gestabat fronte coronam
Exiguâ nunc pulvereus requiescit in urnâ.
Quid solium, quid et alta juvant ? terit omnia lethum ;
Verùm laus fidei ac morum haud peritura manebit.
Tu quoque summe Deus, regem quem regius hospes
Infaustum excepit, tecum regnare jubebis.*

So great was the reputation which King James had acquired for piety, and such was the admiration which he had inspired in the zealots of his own faith by his having lost three kingdoms in his attempts to force popery upon his unwilling

subjects, that the Church of Rome actually contemplated his canonisation. That, in the closing years of his life, after he had been effectually deprived of the power of doing further mischief, his conduct was eminently that of a contrite, humble, and pious Christian, even the most bigoted Protestant will scarcely be willing to deny. But on the other hand, when we find it positively asserted that after his death miracles were wrought through his intercession; when we find pointed out to us, as the selected mediator between man and his Maker, a being whose gross adulteries had only been checked by the chill approaches of age, and whose cruel and arbitrary acts had only been arrested by the tyrant having been rendered powerless, we wonder no less at the pious fraud that could invent than at the simplicity which could credit his miraculous interposition.

The character of James appears to have comprised greater contradictions than that of most men. He was weak in judgment, bigoted in his principles, cold and overbearing in his nature and feelings, and stern and unrelenting in his dispensation of justice. On the other hand, his conduct was marked by less of duplicity than that of many others of his family, and he was a strict respecter of his word. A careful husbänder of his time, he never permitted the enticements of pleasure to interfere with the duties of the day. Although his capacity rather fitted him to carry out the dry

details of business than to be the originator of important measures, he was nevertheless distinguished by an industry and a careful attention to public affairs which do him infinite credit. He loved and was proud of his country ; and probably no one of our monarchs ever had its honour and glory more deeply and even enthusiastically at heart. He was extremely frugal of the public money ; he not only gloried in the magnificent naval power of England, but he watched personally and vigilantly over the interests of the naval service, and, more than any other prince, gave encouragement to trade, and improved the commercial relations of the empire.

Numerous and heinous as were the offences of this wrong-headed monarch, it must at least be admitted that if he was arbitrary, it was from principle ; that if he was unrelenting, it was from policy ; and that if he was intolerant, it was from conviction. If he was an unforgiving enemy, he was also a staunch friend. On the other hand, his excessive profligacy in regard to women ; the misery which his senile infidelities occasioned a young, beautiful, and devoted wife, as well as the lamentable fact that they were practised at the very time when he was displaying the most rampant and intemperate zeal in the cause of religion, certainly constitute very offensive features in his character. In other respects he was a kind and considerate husband, and was also an

indulgent father. As regards his overweening bigotry, his flagrant abuse of power, and the gross oppression and intolerance for which he so deservedly forfeited his crown, little can be brought forward in his defence. The best that can be said of him is that he was a conscientious martyr to what he believed to be the truth ; that he regarded the Protestant faith as the source of all sedition, heresy, and rebellion ; that he traced to its liberal principles the death of his father on the scaffold and the misfortunes which had subsequently befallen his race ; and that, consequently, being himself by conviction a Roman Catholic, he looked upon a crusade against Protestantism not only as the best safeguard for his temporal interests, but as pointing out the surest path to heaven.

In private life James by nature was inclined to be as affable as his brother Charles. He was eminently deficient, however, in the easy and ingratiating manners of his predecessor, and moreover, like his unhappy father, was afflicted with an imperfection in his speech, which rendered still more ungraceful the natural coldness and reserve of his address. In person he rather exceeded the middle stature ; his limbs were strong and well proportioned, his face somewhat long, his complexion fair, and the expression of his countenance not displeasing. In early youth his features are said to have borne a strong resemblance to those of his father. In allusion to these circumstances,

it was observed by Sir Francis Wortley that the epithet of "Jacobissimus Carolus," which had been applied to the latter, might be converted more happily into "Carolissimus Jacobus." The remark reminds us of a witty saying of De Foe, that the father had suffered a *wet* and the son a *dry* martyrdom.

James, by his wives and mistresses, was the father of a numerous offspring. By his first wife, Anne Hyde, he had ten children :

Charles, Duke of Cambridge, born 22d October, 1660, died at Whitehall 5th May, 1661.

Mary, afterward Queen of England, born 30th April, 1662.

James, Duke of Cambridge, born at St. James's 12th July, 1663,¹ died young.

The Dukes of Kendal² and Cambridge (twins), born at St. James's 4th July, 1664; the former died 22d May, 1667, and the latter 20th June following.

¹ "On the 22d of this month [July] was christened James, son of his Royal Highness, in the chapel of St. James's, by the Bishop of London, then elect Archbishop of Canterbury. His Majesty and the lord chancellor were godfathers, and the queen-mother was godmother. The state was borne by the Earl of St. Albans and the Earl of Sandwich, and the Duchess of Buckingham held the infant."

² "The duke and duchess have had a most sensible loss of the young Duke of Kendal; and it is the heavier, in that the Duke of Cambridge lies also sick past hopes of recovery. On Sunday the court mourning for the former." — Letter from the Earl of Arlington to Sir W. Temple, dated 24th May, 1667.

Anne, afterward Queen of England, born 6th February, 1665.

A son, born 4th July, 1666.

Edgar, Duke of Cambridge, born at St. James's 14th September, 1667, died 8th June, 1671.

Henrietta, born at Whitehall 13th January, 1669, died 15th November following.

Catherine, born at Whitehall 9th February, 1671, died 5th December the same year.

By Mary of Modena, his second wife, James had six children :

Charles, Duke of Cambridge, born at St. James's 7th November, 1667, died 12th December following.

Catherine Laura, born at St. James's 10th January, 1675, died 4th October following.

Isabella, born at St. James's 28th August, 1676, died 2d March, 1681.

Charlotte Maria, born at St. James's 15th August, 1682, died 6th October following.

James, commonly called the Pretender, born 10th June, 1688.

Maria Louisa Teresia, born at St. Germain's 28th June, 1692, died there 8th April, 1712.

His natural children were not so numerous. By Catherine Sedley he had one daughter, Catherine Darnley, who married, first, James Annesley, third Earl of Anglesey, from whom she was divorced, and afterward John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham. By Arabella Churchill, the sister of the

great Duke of Marlborough, James was the father of four children : James, the celebrated Duke of Berwick ; Henry Fitzjames, commonly called the Grand Prior ; Henrietta, married to Sir Henry Waldegrave ; and a daughter who died a nun.

CHAPTER XXII.

ANNE HYDE, DUCHESS OF YORK.

Her Partiality for Henry Jermyn — Contracted to James, Duke of York — Opposition of the Royal Family — Married at Worcester House — Court of the Duchess of York at St. James's — Her Generous Conduct to Her Maligners — Her Attachment to Henry Sidney — Indulges in the Pleasures of the Table — Her Character — Her Merit as an Authoress — Becomes a Convert to the Roman Catholic Religion — Her Death and Burial.

ANNE HYDE, the eldest daughter of the great Lord Clarendon, and the mother of two queens, was born in 1638. During the exile of the royal family she attended her father abroad, and at an early age was appointed a maid of honour to the Princess of Orange, the eldest sister of Charles the Second. Of her history, previous to the Restoration, little is known. She seems, while at The Hague, to have been infected with the general partiality in favour of Henry Jermyn. To whatever extent, however, her feelings may have been engaged, there is no reason to suspect that she was guilty of any notable impropriety.

Her acquaintance with James, Duke of York,

then a young and gallant soldier, commenced when Miss Hyde was in her twenty-first year. She had accompanied the Princess of Orange to Paris, on a visit to the queen-mother, when the duke accidentally met and fell in love with her. Whether, at this period, he really proposed to make her his wife, or whether he found it impossible to remove her scruples by any other means, it is certain they were contracted at Breda, on the 24th November, 1659. The obligation, as far as the duke was concerned, was of little importance. Had he chosen to swerve from his engagement, or had the king refused his consent to the marriage, whatever verdict might have been passed against him in a tribunal of honour, Miss Hyde had certainly no remedy in a court of law.

In the meantime, the Restoration had taken place, and unfortunately the maid of honour gave promise of becoming a mother. Naturally pure in mind, and, moreover, the child of a virtuous and illustrious father, her position was rendered painful in the extreme. As long as the English court had remained in poverty and exile, there had survived some hope in her mind that the duke might be induced to fulfil his imprudent engagement. No sooner, however, were the royal family restored to their ancient splendour, than the prospect of her ever becoming the wife of the heir to the throne presented but a visionary idea. Not

only had her lover begun to grow weary of her charms, not only was their marriage likely to encounter the violent opposition of the royal family, but the duke was also surrounded by selfish and worldly friends, who, aware how fatal so unsuitable a marriage must prove to his interests, endeavoured, by every argument in their power, to induce him to secede from his engagement. The most active of her enemies was Sir Charles Berkeley, who at this period exercised an extraordinary influence over the duke. At Berkeley's instigation, three other friends of the duke, Lords Arran, Jermyn, and Talbot, were bold enough to assert to the duke, even to his face, that Miss Hyde had not only encouraged their addresses, but that they had severally and repeatedly shared her favours. Failing in these cruel attempts to convince the duke of the infidelity of his mistress, Berkeley coolly assured his royal master that he himself had been among the number of her favoured lovers, adding, says Lord Clarendon, that, "for the duke's sake, he would be content to marry her, though he well knew the familiarity between them." Probably Berkeley's motives were penetrated by James, who, in consideration of their being well-intentioned, seems to have thought it incumbent upon him to pardon the maligners. At all events, it was to the credit of James that he allowed his better feelings to triumph, and that he used his utmost exertions to raise the woman

who had confided in his honour to that station which, after all, by nature no one was better qualified to adorn.

In the "Continuation of His Life," the chancellor gives a detailed and interesting account of the circumstances which preceded the elevation of his daughter. In this statement, the conduct, both of James and his brother Charles, reflects the highest credit on the honour of the one, and the good-nature of the other. Lord Clarendon, according to his own account, was one of the last persons who was made acquainted with his daughter's dishonour and doubtful position, and subsequently was the most active person in endeavouring to prevent the duke from leading her to the altar. On being acquainted by the Marquess of Ormond and the Earl of Southampton, that his daughter had not only been contracted to the duke, but that she was on the eve of becoming a mother, he broke out, he tells us, into an immoderate passion of grief and rage, insisted that he would turn her out of his house "as a strumpet to shift for herself," and even recommended her committal to the Tower.

The fact of a marriage contract having been mutually signed by James and Anne Hyde was first communicated to Charles by the duke himself. Falling on his knees, he implored his Majesty, with tears in his eyes, to give his consent to their marriage, adding that, if the boon were denied, he

should immediately quit the kingdom, and pass the remainder of his life abroad. Had the boon of concession rested entirely with Charles, probably few difficulties would have arisen. There were, however, other members of the royal family to whom the projected marriage was in the highest degree unpalatable, and who, of course, opposed every obstacle in their power. So incensed was the queen-dowager, that she immediately hastened to England, observing publicly that, "whenever that woman should be brought into Whitehall by one door, she would instantly quit it by another, and never come into it again." Her children, the Princess of Orange and the Duke of Gloucester, supported her in her opposition. The princess was naturally unwilling to give precedence to a private gentlewoman, and especially to one who but a few months since had been her own attendant.

The authority and personal interference, however, of the good-natured Charles at length prevailed, and Miss Hyde became Duchess of York. King James tells us, in his memoirs: "The king, at first, refused the Duke of York's marriage with Miss Hyde. Many of the duke's friends and servants opposed it. The king at last consented, and the Duke of York privately married her, and soon after owned the marriage." The ceremony was performed on the night of the 3d of September, 1660, at Worcester House, in the Strand,

then the residence of Lord Clarendon. They were married by Dr. Joseph Crowther, the duke's chaplain, Lord Ossory giving the lady away.

Her marriage was no sooner declared to the world, than preparations were made to enable the new duchess to keep her court at St. James's with the usual state. Although her position must at first have been rather distressing than otherwise, we find her demeaning herself with the same dignity and composure as if royalty and splendour had been her birthright. De Grammont, no indifferent judge on such an occasion, pays a just tribute to her conduct and behaviour. "She had a majestic air," he says, "a pretty good shape, not much beauty, a great deal of wit, and so just a discernment of merit, that whoever of either sex were possessed of it were sure to be distinguished by her; an air of grandeur in all her actions made her be considered as if born to support the rank which placed her so near the throne." We learn, from the same authority, that her court, though not so numerously attended, was always more select than that of the queen-mother. According to Burnet, she "took state on her," rather more than was necessary.

As the court of England, in modern times, has been shorn of much of the splendour and circumstance which formerly invested it, a list of the persons who composed the court of the duchess and those of her infant children, in 1669, may

perhaps be glanced over with interest by the curious. Wherever it has been ascertainable, the salary attached to each office has been inserted against the name.

Groom of the Stole — The Countess of Rochester, 400*l*.
Lady of the Bedchamber — The Countess of Peterborough, 200*l*.

Four Maids of Honour.

Mrs. Arabella Churchill, 20*l*. Mrs. Anne Ogle, 20*l*.
 Mrs. Dorothy Howard, 20*l*. Mrs. Mary Blague, 20*l*.

Mother of the Maids — Mrs. Lucy Wise.

Four Dressers.

Mrs. Catherine Elliot, 200*l*. Mrs. Lelis Cranmer, 150*l*.
 Mrs. Margaret Dawson, 150*l*. Lady Apsley, 150*l*.

Starcher — Mrs. Mary Roche, 120*l*.

Sempstress — Mrs. Ellen Green, 80*l*.

Laundress — Mrs. Mary Cowerd, 250*l*.

Lace Mender —

Secretary to her Highness — Sir Phil. Froud, 100*l*.

Two Gentlemen Ushers; each 80*l*.

Six Gentlemen Waiters; principal one, 100*l*.; the others, 40*l*.

Four Pages of the Back Stairs; each 80*l*.

Yeoman of the Month, 50*l*. Tailor, 90*l*.

Shoemaker, 36*l*. 10*s*. Master Cook, 40*l*.

Eighteen Watermen; each 2*l*.

Master of the Horse to the Duchess — Sir Rich. Powle, 266*l*. 13*s*. 4*d*.

Two Equerries; each 100*l*. Five Grooms; each 32*l*. 10*s*.

Four Pages; each 52*l*. Two Chairmen; each 39*l*.

Eight Footmen; each 29*l*. Postilions and Helpers.

Four Coachmen; each 78*l*.

Officers and Servants of the Duke of Cambridge.

Governess — Lady Frances Villiers, 400*l.*

Under-Governess — Mrs. Mary Kilbert, 150*l.*

Wet Nurse, 80*l.* *Dry Nurse*, 80*l.*

Tutor of the French Tongue — Monsieur Lesne, 100*l.*

Three Rockers; each 70*l.* Cook, 38*l.* 5*s.*

Laundress to the Body, 60*l.* Musician, 31*l.* 4*s.*

Sempstress. Two Pages; each 52*l.*

Laundress to the Table. Four Footmen.

Page of the Back Stairs, 60*l.* One Groom.

One Coachman, Postilion, and Helper.

Officers and Servants belonging to the Princess Mary.

Two Dressers. *Laundress* — Mrs. Elizabeth

Mrs. Anne Walsingham, 80*l.* Brookes, 90*l.*

Mrs. Mary Langford, 80*l.* *Page of the Back Stairs*, 60*l.*

Rocker — Mrs. Jane Leigh, 70*l.* *Dancing Master*, 200*l.*

Sempstress. *Singing Master*, 100*l.*

Servants of the Princess Anne.

Dresser. *Sempstress*.

Three Rockers. *Page of the Back Stairs*.

It may be mentioned that, at this period, the Princess Mary was only seven, the Princess Anne only five, and the Duke of Cambridge only two years old. The Princesses Mary and Anne were afterward successively queens of England.

One of the strongest proofs of the good sense of the duchess was her demeanour to Sir Charles Berkeley and his libertine associates, who had so infamously maligned her character previous to her elevation. What must have been their feelings, when the duke, without any previous intimation

of his marriage, introduced them to her as Duchess of York. "They were so completely possessed," says Count Hamilton, "both with surprise and astonishment, that, in order to conceal it, they immediately fell on their knees to kiss her hand, which she gave to them with as much majesty as if she had been used to it all her life." The account is corroborated by her father. "The duke," says Lord Clarendon, "had brought Sir Charles Berkeley to the duchess, at whose feet he cast himself, with all the acknowledgment and penitence he could express; and she, according to the command of the duke, accepted his submission, and promised to forget the offence." The scandal, however, was long remembered, and many still affected to believe that she had been too kind to Berkeley before her marriage. Andrew Marvell, in one of his satires, speaks of "Falmouth's pregnant wench," and the charge is elsewhere raked up in other lampoons of the time.

For some years after her marriage, the character of the duchess appears to have been altogether irreproachable. It was destined, however, to the "handsome Sidney" to prove that her heart was not invulnerable. Her affections appear to have been really engaged. It is even affirmed that she proposed to her husband the journey which he undertook to York in 1665, in order to afford more favourable opportunities

for the intrigue: the duchess and her ladies were of the party, and Sidney was in the train of the duke. The intrigue appears not only to have been notorious at the time, but to have been carried on with so little discretion that it was perceptible even to the dull intellects of the provincialists. After alluding to the arrival of the duke and duchess at York, Sir John Reresby proceeds in his memoirs: "It was observed," he says, "that Mr. Sidney, the handsomest man of his time and of the duke's bedchamber, was greatly in love with the duchess; and indeed he might well be excused, for the duchess, daughter to Chancellor Hyde, was a very handsome personage, and a woman of fine wit. The duchess, on her part, seemed kind to him, but very innocently." The story is repeated by Pepys, De Grammont, and Burnet. The latter informs us that, as soon as the duke's suspicions were awakened, he precipitately dismissed Sidney from his court; moreover, the bishop adds that the duchess never afterward recovered her influence over the mind of her husband. Burnet had once the assurance to repeat this story before the duchess's daughter, Queen Mary. "It was in a good deal of company," says Lord Dartmouth, "as the Earl of Jersey, who was present, told me; only with this difference, that he did conceal the gentleman's name." There is no question, however, as appears by Pepys, Reresby, and De

Grammont, that Henry Sidney was the hero of the tale.¹

Another of the duchess's failings is recorded by De Grammont. "The Duchess of York," he says, "was one of the greatest eaters in England, and, as this was not a forbidden pleasure, she indulged herself in it, as an indemnification for other self-denials. It was really an edifying sight to see her at table. The duke, on the contrary, giving way to new caprices, exhausted himself by his inconstancy, and was gradually wasting away; whilst the poor duchess, gratifying her good appetite, grew so fat and plump that it was a blessing to see her."

In the character of Anne Hyde there seems to have been more to excite admiration than to inspire love. She was possessed rather of dignity than grace; rather of masculine sense than feminine gentleness. Bishop Burnet, who was unlikely to be prejudiced in her favour, speaks pointedly

¹ Henry Sidney, *le beau Sidney* of De Grammont, was the youngest son of Robert, second Earl of Leicester, and brother of the celebrated Algernon Sidney. For the aid which he subsequently contributed in effecting the revolution of 1688, he was created by William and Mary, 9th April, 1689, Baron and Viscount Sidney, in Kent; and 25th April, 1694, was advanced to the Earldom of Romney. Swift calls him an "idle, drunken, ignorant rake, without sense, truth, or honour." Burnet, on the contrary, characterises him as "a very graceful man who had lived long in court; of a sweet and caressing temper; and one who had no malice in his heart, but too great a love of pleasure." He died unmarried, in 1704, when his titles became extinct.

of her as "a very extraordinary woman." "She composed well," he says; "had acquired considerable information from books; was a kind and generous friend, but a severe enemy." She had begun to write the life of her husband, of which Burnet saw the first volume, but, unfortunately, it was never completed. On the mere credit of this unfinished memoir, Walpole has included her among his "Noble Authors." He certainly could have little to say in favour of her as an authoress, since the work which he speaks of he had never seen, and Burnet, who had seen it, says nothing in its praise. The duchess, however, was the author of a "Character" of her sister-in-law, the Princess of Orange, a circumstance of which Walpole appears to have been ignorant. Waller, in a copy of verses addressed to the Princess of Orange, thus alludes to the incident :

"While some your beauty, some your bounty sing,
 Your native isle does with your praises ring;
 But above all, a nymph of your own train
 Gives us your character in such a strain
 As none but she, who in that court did dwell,
 Could know such worth, or worth describe so well."

Some time before her death the duchess had become a convert to the Roman Catholic religion, a fact which, to the last, had been scarcely more than suspected even by her own relations. During the last fifteen months of her life, they had remarked that she neglected to take the sacra-

ment. When the omission had been alluded to by her spiritual adviser, Bishop Morley, she had either pleaded ill health or business as the excuse ; affirming that her belief in the Protestant faith remained unshaken. It was only in her last moments that she acknowledged her conversion, and subsequently received the sacrament from the hands of Hunt, a Franciscan friar. After her death, a paper was published, which will be found in Bishop Kennet's history, containing the arguments which had established conviction in her mind. It seems that, previously to her decease, only five persons had been in the secret of her conversion. A report, however, which was prevalent, that she was wavering in her faith, had been for some time a source of great distress to the chancellor, who was then in exile. Accordingly he addressed to her a long letter on the subject, which will be found inserted in his life of himself. But before it reached its destination, she had expired. Of her two brothers, — the Earl of Rochester and Lord Cornbury, — the former, disbelieving the reports of her apostasy, paid her a visit in her last moments. Lord Cornbury, on the other hand, who was a zealous Protestant, appears to have been fully satisfied of her conversion, and accordingly absented himself from her sick-chamber.

According to the "Stuart Papers," the duchess died "convinced and reconciled" to the Catholic Church ; and, having received all the sacraments

of that faith, expired with "great devotion and resignation." Shortly before she breathed her last, she requested the duke, her husband, not to stir from her bedside till life had departed. She further enjoined him, should any of the Protestant bishops demand entrance to her sick-chamber, to impart to them candidly the fact of her conversion ; adding that, if they would carefully refrain from disturbing her with controversial discussions, she had no objection to their being admitted.

When the duchess was almost in the agonies of death, Doctor Blandford, Bishop of Worcester, came to pay her a visit. He had previously been received in the drawing-room by the duke, who acquainted him with the state of the duchess's mind, and of the solemn injunctions which he had received from her. The bishop, according to the "Stuart Papers," while he intimated his regret at her having deserted the faith of her fathers, had nevertheless the charity to express his belief that she was in a fair way to salvation, inasmuch as her change of opinion had its origin, not in worldly motives, but in the conscientious and full conviction that she was pursuing the path of duty and truth. "He afterwards," we are told, "went into the room to her, and made her a short Christian exhortation, suitable to the condition she was in, and then departed."

It appears by Burnet's account, that, on entering the apartment, Bishop Blandford discovered

the Queen, Catherine of Braganza, seated by the bedside of the dying woman. "Blandford," says Burnet, "was so modest and humble that he had not presence of mind enough to begin prayers, which probably would have driven the queen out of the room ; but that not being done, she pretended kindness, and would not leave her. He happened to say, 'I hope you continue still in the truth,' upon which she asked, 'What is truth?' And then her agony increasing, she repeated the word, Truth, Truth, Truth, often." A few minutes afterward she expired.

The death of the duchess took place at St. James's Palace on the 31st March, 1671, in her thirty-fourth year. She had been ill many months ; and, according to a letter from the Earl of Arlington to the English ambassador in Spain, was afflicted with a complication of diseases. Her remains were privately interred in the vault of Mary, Queen of Scots, in Henry the Seventh's Chapel at Westminster.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MARY OF MODENA, QUEEN OF JAMES II.

Lineage of This Princess — Married by Proxy to James, Duke of York — Her Youth and Beauty — Character of Mary — Her Uneasiness at Her Husband's Amours — Her Conduct on Her Elevation to the Throne — General Dalziel's Rebuke to Her — Character Drawn of Her by the Princess Anne — Her Flight from England at the Revolution — Laments the Imprudence and Bigotry of Her Husband — Her Strong Attachment to Him — The Princess Louisa — Her Charming Character and Lamented Death — Her Interesting Epitaph at Paris — Death of the Exiled Queen.

MARY BEATRICE ELEONORA, descended from the ancient house of Este, was the daughter of Alphonso the Fourth, Duke of Modena. She was born on the 5th October, 1658, and was early adopted by Louis the Fourteenth as his daughter. When in her fifteenth year she was married at Modena by proxy to James, then Duke of York, and shortly afterward was conducted by her mother to England. The duke's proxy on the occasion was Henry Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough.

The acceptance of the duke's proposals by the house of Este, and the fact of his having been actually married, were announced to James at

the same moment. Lady Vaughan writes to Mr. William Russell, on the 23d September, 1672 : "The news came on Sunday night to the Duke of York, that he was a married man ; he was talking in the drawing-room when the French ambassador brought the letters in, and told the news. The duke turned about and said, 'Then I am a married man.' It proved to be the Princess of Modena ; for it was rather expected to be Canaples's niece.¹ She is to have one hundred thousand francs ; and now we may say she has more wit than ever woman had before ; as much beauty and greater youth than is necessary. He sent his daughter, Lady Mary,² word, the same night, he had provided a playfellow for her."

James, shortly after her landing, met his young bride at Dover, where the nuptials were solemnised and consummated the same day, the 21st November, 1673. So unpopular was the marriage at the time, from the fact of the princess being a Roman Catholic, that Doctor Crew, Bishop of Oxford, was the only prelate who could be prevailed upon to accompany the Duke of York to Dover, for the purpose of performing the ceremony. "The Duke and Duchess of York," say the "Stuart Papers,"

¹ A daughter of the Duc de Crequi. M. de Canaples, here mentioned, was a younger brother of that nobleman.

² Daughter of the Duke of York, by his first wife, Anne Hyde. She afterward married the Prince of Orange, and became Queen of England.

“with the Duchess of Modena her mother, being together in a room where all the company was present, as also was my Lord Peterborough, the bishop asked the Duchess of Modena and the Earl of Peterborough, ‘Whether the said earl had married the Duchess of York, as proxy of the duke?’ Which they both affirming, the bishop then declared it was a lawful marriage. After this, their Royal Highnesses arrived at Whitehall, the 26th of November, having been met by the king, attended by the principal nobility on the river.” According to Oldmixon, her marriage portion, amounting to about two hundred thousand pounds, was paid by the magnificent Louis.

The advantages of youth, beauty, innocence, and good nature, naturally rendered Mary of Modena a favourite at the court of Charles. Her exquisite symmetry, her fair complexion, and especially her dark and lustrous eyes, are dwelt upon enthusiastically by her contemporaries. Lord Lansdown thus celebrates their brilliancy :

“Our future hopes all from thy womb arise ;
Our present joy and safety from your eyes ;
Those charming eyes which shine to reconcile
To harmony and peace our stubborn isle.”

And again :

“Those radiant eyes whose irresistible flame
Strikes envy dumb, and keeps sedition tame.”

In his allusions to her in "The Progress of Beauty," Lord Lansdown grows still warmer in her praise. In reference to her subsequent misfortunes, Mary of Modena was poetically spoken of by her contemporaries as the "Queen of Tears."

It was not without reason that, on the arrival of the duchess in England, the enemies of the duke affected to sympathise with her extreme youth, and to deplore her union with a man, alike fickle in his affections, cold in his feelings, and ruined in constitution. In Andrew Marvell's "Advice to a Painter," there is a passage, too gross to be inserted at length, but which concludes with the following lines :

"Poor Princess ! born beneath a sullen star,
To find such welcome when you came so far !
Better some jealous neighbour of your own
Had called you to a sound though petty throne :
Where, 'twixt a wholesome husband and a page,
You might have linger'd out a lazy age ;
Than on dull hopes of being here a queen,
Ere twenty die, and rot before fifteen."

As long as the young princess continued Duchess of York, her obliging manners, and her apparent innocence and goodness, endeared her to all who knew her. Burnet, of course, with his usual prejudice, insinuates that these pleasing and popular qualities were all assumed. "So artfully," he says, "did the young Italian behave herself,

that she deceived even the oldest and most jealous persons, both in the court and country ; only sometimes a satirical temper broke out too much, which was imputed to youth and wit, not enough practised to the world. She avoided the appearance of a zealot or a meddler with business, and gave herself up to innocent cheerfulness, and was universally esteemed and beloved so long as she was duchess."

Notwithstanding the cheerfulness ascribed to her in the above passage, the profligate amours of her husband were a constant source of unhappiness to the young and single-hearted duchess. In the letters of Lady Sunderland, the "*Sacharissa*" of Waller, there is more than one allusion to her domestic infelicity. On the 8th of July, 1680, she writes to Lord Halifax : "The duchess is not with child ; she prays all day almost ; she is very melancholy, the women will have it, for Mrs. Sedley ; she looks further than that, if she has as much wit as is thought by some." This, and other passages, afford a painful picture of the position of one so young, friendless, and inexperienced. Notwithstanding, however, his unfortunate connection with another woman, James appears, in their personal intercourse, to have treated his wife with marked attention and respect. Of this fact we have several evidences in the correspondence of the time. In a letter addressed to John Ellis, Esq., dated 27th July, 1686, "His Majesty," says the writer, "as a piece of gallantry, made all his

four thousand horse march at two in the morning into Staines meadow, and attend the queen from thence to the Heath, where she honoured Lord Arran with dining with him." And again we find in a letter dated 19th April, 1687: "The king visits Richmond often; makes it his hunting-quarter twice a week, and most commonly attends the queen thither with great civility."

That the conduct of Mary of Modena, after her elevation to the throne, altered in some degree for the worse, that her manner assumed something of haughtiness, and that she interfered in the stirring events of her husband's brief reign, and partook of his pious ardour, there can be little question. It must be remembered, however, that from the age of fifteen she had been moulded by her husband to all his principles and prejudices; she entertained for him the most devoted attachment; and consequently, surrounded as he was by enemies and dangers of every kind, she naturally took the highest interest in whatever was likely to affect either his life or his happiness. As regards her character in social life, no person could be more amiable. Her chastity has never been impugned; she was charitable and pious; and, under peculiarly trying circumstances, invariably figures as an affectionate mother and a devoted and exemplary wife.¹

¹ James speaks very feelingly of her conduct to him when he was banished into Scotland in 1679: "The duchess, notwithstanding

The haughtiness of which her enemies accused her has been illustrated by the following anecdote: When James, during the reign of his brother Charles, was sent as a kind of state exile into Scotland, he happened one day to invite the famous General Dalziel to dinner. The duchess, observing three covers laid upon the table, and ascertaining from James the quality of their intended guest, objected, it is said, to sit at dinner with a private gentleman. Dalziel, who happened to enter the room at this particular moment, overheard the spirit of the conversation. "Madam," he said, with proper pride, "I have dined at a table where your father stood behind my back." He alluded to the period when he had served in the imperial army, when her father, the Duke of Modena, had attended as a vassal of the emperor, on an occasion when Dalziel happened to dine in state at the imperial table. Dalrymple attributes to this circumstance that James, who had previously disgusted the Scotch by his distant manners, entirely changed his demeanour, and gained their favour by his familiarity.

standing her late illness and vomiting blood at sea, the short time it was designed the duke should stay in Scotland, and the king's pressing her for that reason to remain at court, would nevertheless accompany him; and though she was not then above twenty years old, chose rather, even with the hazard of her life, to be a constant companion of the duke her husband's misfortunes and hardships, than to enjoy her ease in any part of the world without him."

The following extract of a letter from the Princess of Denmark, afterward Queen Anne, to her sister, the Princess of Orange, is too curious to be omitted. It will be seen by the date of the letter that it was written only a few weeks previous to the queen's delivery of the Prince of Wales. The portrait drawn by Anne of her young mother-in-law is certainly far from being a pleasing one. The princess, however, had every reason to be prejudiced against those who surrounded her father's hearth; and, moreover, as the queen's delivery of a son removed her at an unwelcome distance from the throne, it was only natural that she should have viewed the character of her mother-in-law in no very favourable light :

“RICHMOND, 9th May, 1688.

“The queen, you must know, is of a very proud and haughty humour; and though she pretends to hate all form and ceremony, yet one sees that those who make their court that way are very well thought of. She declares always that she loves sincerity, and hates flattery; but when the grossest flattery in the world is said to her face, she seems exceedingly well pleased with it. It really is enough to turn one's stomach to hear what things are said to her of that kind, and to see how mightily she is satisfied with it. All these things Lady Sunderland has in perfection to make her court to her; she is now much oftener with the queen than she





MARIE ELEONOR D'ESTE
Epouse de Jacques II. Roy de la Grande
Bretagne

used to be. It is a sad and a very uneasy thing to be forced to live civilly, and, as it were, freely, with a woman that one knows hates one, and does all she can to undo everybody, which she certainly does.

“One thing I must say of the queen, which is, that she is the most hated in the world of all sorts of people; for everybody believes that she presses the king to be more violent than he would be himself, which is not unlikely, for she is a very great bigot in her way, and one may see that she hates all Protestants. All ladies of quality say that she is proud, that they don’t care to come oftener than they must needs, just out of mere duty; and indeed she has not so great court as she used to have. She pretends to have a great deal of kindness for me; but I doubt it is not real, for I never see proofs of it, but rather the contrary.”

Whatever may have been the conduct and principles of Mary of Modena in prosperity, she certainly bore the bitter reverse of fortune which awaited her with exemplary fortitude and pious resignation. The time was fast approaching when her person could no longer be secure in England. The public mind was inflamed against her on account of her supposed influence over the king; the mob had already proceeded to the most daring outrages, and the chapels and houses of the Roman Catholics were being demolished almost within the

hearing of the terrified queen. The king had sent for the mayor and aldermen of the city, and desired them to put a stop to the tumult. They told him plainly, however, that the rabble was too powerful and too infuriated to be interfered with. James then sent for the Constable of the Tower, and desired him, by firing off some cannon, to endeavour to intimidate the offenders. The garrison, however, mutinied, and even threatened to kill the officer if he attempted to obey the orders of his sovereign.

It was in the midst of this lawless outbreak that it was decided the queen should seek for safety in flight. According to Burnet, "she went to Portsmouth, and from thence, in a man-of-war, went over to France, the king resolving to follow her in disguise." This is not only entirely a mistake, but it is astonishing to find the bishop so ill-informed on the subject. The queen, it is true, went to Portsmouth; but in consequence of the Earl of Dartmouth objecting to the Prince of Wales quitting the kingdom "without more positive orders," she returned disheartened with her infant to London.

The particulars of her final escape were as follow: On the evening of the 6th of December, the king sent for the Count Lauzun, and, without previously intimating his intentions to the queen, desired him to make instant preparations for her departure from Whitehall. James then retired

harassed and miserable to bed. Everything having been duly prepared, at the appointed hour Count Lauzun,¹ accompanied by M. de St. Victor, entered the king's apartment, and acquainted him with the steps which they had taken. James instantly rose from his bed, and proceeded to the queen's apartment. Having awakened her from her sleep, he informed her that not an hour was to be lost, and that she must prepare for her instant departure. Astounded by the suddenness of the announcement, she fell at her husband's feet, and implored him, in a passion of grief, to allow her to remain with him and share his dangers. James, however, was inflexible, and issued

¹ Antoine Nompar de Caumont, Count de Lauzun. His personal history is not without interest. Sprung from a distinguished family in Gascony, he became an especial favourite with Louis XIV., who distinguished him on all occasions. Toward the ministers, as well as the courtiers of Louis, he demeaned himself with the greatest haughtiness; indeed his insolence rose to such a height that, when Louis consented to his marriage with Mlle. de Montpensier, — whom he had already espoused, — he insisted that the marriage should be celebrated with honours such as were used at the espousals of the royal family. The princes of the blood remonstrated, and Louis desired him to think no more of the match. Lauzun, however, had the audacity to show his rage in the royal presence, accusing the king of having forfeited his word, and breaking his sword before the king's face, telling him it did not deserve to be drawn in future in his service. In consequence of this outrage, and his refusal to give up Mlle. de Montpensier, the king ordered him to the Castle of Pignerol. Here he remained some years, till Mlle. de Montpensier gave up the Principality of Dombes to the Duke de Mayenne, in order to obtain his release. He

further orders that the two nurses of the prince should be awakened. It was not till his infant was brought into the apartment that his natural coldness gave way to his better feelings. Affectionately embracing his child, he gave the most particular injunctions to Count Lauzun to watch carefully over his charge.

It was between three and four o'clock in the morning, in the most inclement season of the year, that the unhappy queen, carrying her infant in her arms, stole in disguise down the privy stairs at Whitehall to the riverside. The principal fear of the fugitives was lest the cries of the royal infant should attract the attention of the guards. For-

then paid a visit to England, and was shortly afterward employed by James to conduct the queen to France. At the intercession of that princess, Louis pardoned, and afterward promoted him to a dukedom; while James showed his gratitude to him by honouring him with the Garter. He was sent to Ireland after the revolution in command of the auxiliary troops, on which occasion the Duke of Berwick says that, if he ever had any military knowledge, he had by this time forgotten it, though otherwise reported to be a man of great personal courage. The duke describes him as the model of a courtier,—noble, generous, and sumptuous in his mode of living; fond of high play, yet always playing like a gentleman. He adds, however, that he turned everything to ridicule, and wormed out the secrets of others, merely for his own amusement and to play upon their foibles. "His person," adds the duke, "was so diminutive, that it was impossible to conceive how he had ever been a favourite with the ladies." After the death of Mlle. de Montpensier, Lauzun united himself to a daughter of the Maréchal de Lorges. He died in 1723, in the Convent des Petits Augustins at Paris, at the age of ninety-three.

tunately, however, it slept the tranquil sleep of infancy, protected alike from the inclemency of the elements, and unconscious of the cruel revolution which was being effected in its destinies. At the water-steps of the palace, the queen was handed into a small boat, which had been provided to carry her to the opposite side of the river. The night was an unusually dark one; there was a high wind; the rain poured in torrents, and the river was swollen far above its ordinary level. Lauzun had given directions for a hired coach to be in readiness at Lambeth; but for some reason it had not arrived. The queen, therefore, was not only for a considerable time exposed to the fury of the elements, but also had to undergo all the miseries of fear and suspense. "During the time that she was kept waiting," says Dalrymple, "she took shelter under the walls of an old church at Lambeth, turning her eyes, streaming with tears, sometimes upon the prince, unconscious of the miseries which attend upon royalty, and who upon that account raised the greater compassion in her breast, and sometimes to the innumerable lights of the city, amidst the glimmerings of which she in vain explored the palace in which her husband was left, and started at every sound she heard from thence." While in this situation the fugitives had a narrow escape from being discovered. "The queen," says Father Orleans, "waiting in the rain under the church wall, for a coach that was making ready,

the curiosity of a man, who happened to come out of a neighbouring inn with a light, gave considerable cause of alarm. He was making toward the spot where she was standing, when Riva, one of her attendants, suddenly rushed forward and jostled him, so that they both fell into the mire. It was a happy diversion, as, the stranger believing it to be the result of accident, they both apologised, and so the matter ended." From Lambeth the queen was conducted by land to Gravesend. At this place a vessel was expecting her, in which, after an expeditious voyage, she arrived at Calais about four o'clock on the following afternoon. The Duke de Charost, Governor of Calais, received her on landing, and conducted her with all due honour into the town.

The kindness with which she was received by the French king was beyond all praise. He had already taken the precaution of ordering several vessels to cruise in the channel for the purpose of securing her escape ; and, moreover, the Marquis de Beringhen was sent with the royal carriages to conduct her honourably to St. Germain. Her thoughts, however, dwelt entirely on her absent husband. He had promised to rejoin her in twenty-four hours ; but instead of his keeping his word, a report reached her ears that he had been seized and ill-treated by the mob. She immediately made up her mind to return and share his misfortunes ; nor was it without the greatest

difficulty that she could be persuaded to relinquish the project. At the same time she addressed an affecting letter to Louis, appealing powerfully to his feelings, and imploring him to allow her to remain at Boulogne, in order that she might be nearer to her husband.

It may be mentioned that, some years afterward, the House of Lords passed a bill for the attainder of the exiled queen, but it was not pressed in the Commons. The Parliament even affected to regard her in the light of a queen-dowager, and her jointure of 50,000*l.* a year was ordered to be regularly paid. This sum, though it annually passed the accounts as having been sent to her, was never remitted by King William. It was argued by that monarch, that, were the measure suffered to take effect, it might be used as an argument against his own authority. Nevertheless, the money was paid into his coffers, and was apparently appropriated by him to his own purposes.

During the lifetime of her husband, Mary of Modena resided with him at St. Germain, interesting herself in the various plots which were contrived for his reinstatement on the throne, and apparently far more anxious for their success than James himself. So far, however, from her having previously hurried on her husband to his most violent measures, she is said, in her conversation with the English ambassador, Lord Stair, to have deeply lamented the egregious imprudence which

had lost her husband his throne. The fact is well-known, moreover, that no one opposed with more sensible arguments, or with greater earnestness, the introduction of the dangerous Jesuit, Father Petre, to the Privy Council. Her devotion to her husband continued to the last. She appears to have hung about his dying bed, to have attended to his slightest wants, and to have anticipated his approaching dissolution with the most distressing grief. After his decease, she retired for a period from the world, and indulged her sorrow uninterruptedly in the convent of Challiot.

"Lord Hailes," says Horace Walpole, "is very rich in anecdote. He told me that the Earl of Stair, when ambassador in France, showed marks of respect to the exiled queen of James the Second. She sent to thank him, and to say that she had received less attention where she had reason to expect more." Lord Hailes has himself published this account, adding that, at the approach of Queen Mary's equipage, Lord Stair always made his own stop, thus showing her the same attention as if she had been Queen of England.

A misfortune, almost as insupportable as the death of her husband, awaited the exiled queen. In the year 1692, about four years after her banishment, she had become the mother of the Princess Louisa, a princess who, as she increased in years, presented a character so feminine and fault-

less as to have won the love and admiration of all who moved within her sphere. This excellent young princess died of the smallpox in 1712, when only in her twentieth year. It is difficult to read, without emotion, the brief and passing notices of her which have been handed down to us by her contemporaries. Madame de Maintenon writes in one of her letters : "I had the honour of passing two hours with the Queen of England, who is the very image of desolation. The princess had become her friend and only consolation. The French at St. Germain's are as disconsolate at her loss as the English, and indeed all who knew her loved her most sincerely. She was truly amiable, cheerful, affable, anxious to please ; attached to her duties, and fulfilling them all without a murmur ; docile to her governess at the age of six, having a real affection for the queen, her mother. Her chief happiness consisted in pleasing her. She was affectionately devoted to the king, her brother, and thought only of preventing his leaving the queen, which he is sometimes apt to do in his little court. It was in the exercise of these virtues that God has taken her to himself."

Even Louis the Fourteenth, in his old age, appears to have been deeply affected by the loss of this young and virtuous princess. "The queen," says Lord Dartmouth, "showed me a letter wrote in the King of France's own hand, upon the death of her sister, in which there was

the highest character that ever was given to any princess of her age." "She was admired," says Burnet, "by all that knew her, as in all respects a most extraordinary person." As she was the daughter of parents whom he detested, the praise of Burnet is in this instance as valuable as it is honest.

The entrails of the Princess Louisa were interred in the Scotch College at Paris. Over them is a plain slab, inscribed with the following interesting memorial :

D. O. M.
 Hic sita sunt
 Viscera Puellæ Regiæ
 Ludovicæ Mariæ
 Quæ Jacobo II. Majoris Britannia Regi
 Et Mariæ Reginæ divinitus data fuerat,
 Ut et parentibus optimis perpetui exilii
 Molestiam levaret,
 Et fratri dignissimo Regii sanguinis decus,
 Quod calumniantium improbitate detrarebatur,
 Adsereret.
 Omnibus naturæ et gratiæ donis cumulata,
 Morum suavitate probata terris,
 Sanctitate matura cœlo,
 Rapta est ne malitia maturet intellectû
 Ejus, eo maximè tempore quo, spe fortunæ
 Melioris oblatâ, gravius salutis
 Æternæ discrimen videbatur,
 Aditura
 XIV. Kal. Maii MDCCXII.
 Ætat. an. XIX.

From this period little is known of the exiled queen. She continued to reside at St. Germain's, and lived to see the failure of her son's expedition to Scotland in 1715. Her death took place in the Castle of St. Germain's, 7th May, 1718, in the thirtieth year of her exile, and the sixtieth of her age. In the chapel of the Scot's College, at Paris, is the following hitherto unnoticed inscription :

D. O. M.
 Sub hoc marmore
 Condita sunt
 Viscera Mariæ Beatricis Reginae Mag. Britan.
 Uxoris Jacobi II. Regis.
 Rarissimi exempli princeps fuit
 Fide et pietate in Deum, in conjugem, liberos eximia,
 Caritate in suos, liberalitate in pauperes, singulari.
 In supremo regni fastigio Christianam humilitatem,
 Regno pulsa dignitatem majestatemque
 Retinuit.
 In utrâque fortunâ semper eadem ;
 Nec aulæ deliciis emollita,
 Nec triginta annorum exilio, calamitatibus,
 Omnium prope carorum amissione
 Fracta.
 Quæ vitam in Domino VII. Maii, an. MDCCXVIII.
 Ætatis anno LXº.

CHAPTER XXIV.

JAMES FITZ-JAMES, DUKE OF BERWICK.

Birth and Education of the Duke of Berwick — His Extraordinary Character and Early Piety — Distinguishes Himself at the Battle of Sedgemoor — Joins the Imperial Army — Anecdote — The Duke's Military Services — His First and Second Marriage — Killed at the Siege of Philipsburgh — His Children and Their Descendants.

THIS admirable person and gallant soldier was the illegitimate son of James the Second, by Arabella Churchill, sister to the great Duke of Marlborough. He was born, according to his own account, on the 21st of August, 1670, at Moulins, in the Bourbonnois, whither his unfortunate mother appears to have retired for the purpose of concealing the evidence of her frailty and her shame.

The duke further informs us, in his curious memoirs, that, at the age of seven, he was sent to France, with the express object of being educated in the Roman Catholic faith. He was, in the first instance, entrusted to the care of Father Gough, priest of the Oratoire, by whom he was placed in

a college of the Jesuits, at July, the same seminary in which his unfortunate cousin, the Duke of Monmouth, had been previously educated. On the death of Father Gough, he was removed to the College of Plessis.

The extraordinary character of the Duke of Berwick was early displayed. Nursing visions of future glory, even when a mere child, instead of joining in the amusements which are usually so delightful to boyhood, he addicted himself to such studies and manly sports as were calculated to obtain future celebrity for him in the military profession. His early piety, and more especially his marked predilection for the Romish faith, rendered him an especial favourite with his bigoted father.

About the period of James's accession to the throne, he returned to England. Immediately afterward took place the invasion by the Duke of Monmouth, on which he earnestly entreated his father to allow him to serve under Christopher, Duke of Albemarle, against his unhappy cousin. As he was only fourteen years of age, the king was naturally unwilling to grant his request. His importunities, however, eventually prevailing, the Duke of Albemarle was directed to receive him as his aide-de-camp, but with strict orders to watch over his safety, and guard him from unnecessary peril. In the early part of the battle of Sedgemoor, he was entrusted by the general to convey an

order to a body of five hundred horse to make an immediate charge against the enemy's cavalry. Not content with merely executing his commission, the gallant boy placed himself at their head, and assisted in entirely defeating the enemy.

He was still only fifteen, when he obtained the king's reluctant consent to serve in the Imperial army against the Turks. Accordingly, in 1686, he set out for Vienna, and, on his arrival, was kindly and graciously received by the emperor. On his introduction, his Imperial Majesty made the most minute inquiries respecting the details of Monmouth's rebellion, and the manner in which the duke had demeaned himself in his last moments. They were subjects naturally interesting to a despot.

A characteristic anecdote is related of the Duke of Berwick at this period. Count Stralman, the Imperial minister of state, had despatched a gentleman belonging to his household to invite the duke to dinner. This person, from information which he received at the duke's lodgings, had followed him to the church of Capuchin Friars, which it was the daily habit of the young soldier to frequent. On entering the sacred edifice, he discovered the future hero not only prostrate at the altar, but so completely wrapt up in his devotions, that the count's messenger at first mistook him for some zealous proselyte, desirous of being admitted into the order. The story was repeated

to the count, and appears to have been a subject for much raillery to the Imperial minister.

The camp of the Emperor, in consequence of the number of the young French nobility who flocked to his standard eager to prove their valour against the infidels, was at this period rendered unusually brilliant. The Duke of Berwick, however, kept aloof from their wild frivolities. His manners and behaviour, indeed, were rather those of a young divine than of a youth who had been educated in a court, and who was just entering the gay field of arms and pleasure. His piety and his modesty, however, had certainly no prejudicial effect upon his valour. At the siege of Buda, in 1686, his daring gallantry was so remarkable that the Elector of Bavaria, who commanded the Imperial army, — fearing that the King of England might have to hereafter impute to him the loss of his son, — was obliged to send a message to him in the heat of the engagement, desiring him to be more sparing of his person. James was so gratified with his conduct in this campaign that he created him, on the 19th March, 1687, Baron of Bosworth, Earl of Tinmouth, and Duke of Berwick, besides conferring upon him the Earl of Oxford's regiment of horse. The year following, he invested him with the Order of the Garter. The outbreak, however, of the revolution prevented his regular instalment, and his election was afterward declared void by King William.

The history of the Duke of Berwick is from henceforward comprised in the military history of the period. His conduct as a general in after life was fully answerable to the promise he had given in his boyhood. His merits, indeed, as a soldier require no comment. He accompanied King James in his attempt to recover his dominion over Ireland, in which country, on the departure of the Count de Lauzun, though only nineteen years of age, he was appointed to the temporary command of the forces. After the failure of the Irish expedition, he entered the service of the King of France, and subsequently served in his army in Flanders. In the engagement near Liège, in 1693, although on the victorious side, he fell into the enemy's hands, and became the prisoner of his uncle, the Duke of Marlborough. How little could he have imagined, when he first quitted his father's court, that in a few short years he should become the antagonist of his own uncle, and his father's then most trusted friend. President Montesquieu says, in his panegyric of the Duke of Berwick, "Such, indeed, was the fate of the house of Churchill, that it gave birth to two men, who were destined, at the same time, each of them to shake and support the two greatest monarchies of Europe."

After enduring a brief captivity, the duke, in 1696, was despatched on a secret mission to England, for the purpose of conferring with the leaders of the Jacobin party on the most feasible means

of restoring James to the throne. Montesquieu dryly observes that it was a strange kind of commission, of which the object was to induce persons to act against common sense.

During a series of subsequent campaigns, the Duke of Berwick contended in person against his illustrious uncle, the Duke of Marlborough. His conduct at the battle of Almanza, in 1707, — in which he defeated the combined forces of England and Portugal, — and indeed his brilliant services in half the countries of Europe, are sufficiently well known. The honours which he reaped were well deserved. He was created Duke of Fitz-James by the French monarch, and rose to be a marshal of France. By the Spanish king he was created Duke of Liria and Xerica, a grandee of Spain, and a knight of the Golden Fleece.

The duke was twice married. In 1694, at his father's desire, he united himself to Honora de Burgh, daughter of William, Earl of Clanricarde, and widow of Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan. She survived their union only two years. The duke is described as having been inconsolable at her loss, and it is even said that his health was seriously affected by his bereavement. Relinquishing, for a time, the pursuit of glory, he retired to Pezenas, the place of her interment, where he passed several hours every day in praying beside her tomb. Her heart he preserved in a silver box, which he constantly kept in his possession,

and regarded as a sacred relic. His second wife, whom he married about two years after the loss of his first duchess, was Sophia, daughter of Henry Bulkely, a brother of Lord Bulkely. She is described as having been a person of beauty and merit. By her mother, Sophia Stuart, a daughter of Lord Blantyre, she was related to King James, to whose wife, Mary of Modena, she was for some time a lady of the bedchamber.

The manner of the Duke of Berwick's death was probably such as he himself would have chosen. He fell in the trenches at the siege of Philipsburgh, 12th June, 1734, at the age of sixty-three. Count Daun, who conducted the defence of the town, had ascertained, by means of a spy, that the duke was about to reconnoitre the works, and that in all probability he would present himself on a certain hour at an exposed post. Daun instantly directed the erection of a battery to command the spot, giving a discretionary power to the engineer to fire whenever he considered himself secure of his aim. The expertness of this person proved fatal to the duke. He was in the act of mounting his horse, — the Duke de Duras being on one side of him, and one of his sons on the other, — when he was struck in the neck by a cannon-ball which carried away his head. The son is said to have been covered with the blood of his father.

By his first wife, the Duke of Berwick had only one son, James Francis, to whom in his lifetime

he had transferred his Spanish titles of Liria and Xerica. This nobleman married Catherine, daughter of Pierre, Duke of Veraguez, by whom he had several children. His descendants, we believe, are still grandees of Spain.

The duke, by his second wife, Sophia Stuart, was the father of five children : James, who died without issue in the lifetime of his father ; Francis, who rose to eminence in the Church ; Henry, who also entered into holy orders ; Charles, who succeeded to the dukedom of Fitz-James in France, and from whom the present duke is descended ; and Maria, married to the Duke of Mirandola, a Spanish grandee of the first class. The English Dukedom of Berwick had been declared forfeited in 1695. The title, however, was retained in his lifetime by the great duke, though it was subsequently dropped by his children and their descendants.

CHAPTER XXV.

CATHERINE SEDLEY, COUNTESS OF DORCHESTER.

Her Wit and Want of Beauty—Becomes the Acknowledged Mistress of James II.—Their Temporary Separation—She Wages a War of Wit with the Roman Catholic Priests—Lord Dorset's Ode to Her—Marries Sir David Colyear—Anecdotes—The Countess's Children by James II.—Her Death.

CATHERINE SEDLEY, a lady of more wit than beauty, and more indelicacy than either, was the only daughter of Sir Charles Sedley, baronet, the celebrated poet and wit. She was for many years the acknowledged mistress of James. On his accession to the throne, the king, from conscientious motives, determined to break off the connection. To soften, however, as much as possible the bitterness of separation and the unwelcomeness of disgrace, he created her (2d of January, 1686) Baroness of Darlington and Countess of Dorchester for life. The fact of the king so publicly distinguishing his mistress appears to have caused the greatest uneasiness, not only to the queen, but to her troop of confessors. Evelyn, who about this period was present on two different occasions when the queen dined in state, observes

that such was her indignation that she could scarcely be prevailed upon to eat a morsel, and even refused to enter into conversation with her husband.

About three weeks after her elevation to the peerage, Lady Dorchester removed from her apartments at Whitehall, to a house which had been taken for her in St. James's Square. Here she remained till the following month (February, 1686), when we find her journeying toward Ireland, which had been fixed upon by her royal lover as the scene of her exile. She had proceeded, however, only three miles beyond St. Albans, when she was taken in labour, and suffered a miscarriage. A long illness, which nearly proved fatal to her, was the consequence. Whether her sufferings touched the heart of James, whether he was actuated by reviving attachment, or whether by the force of habit, certain it is that the unfortunate connection was again renewed. Accordingly, about the month of April following, we find Lady Dorchester was once more installed in her splendid mansion in St. James's Square.

This renewed intimacy, however, was of short duration. The tears and entreaties of the queen, as well as the denunciations of the father confessors, finally proved too powerful for Lady Dorchester's influence over her bigoted lover. She had for some time waged a war of wit with the holy fathers, amusing the court by her open

ridicule of their sanctity, and even showing her contempt of them to their faces. Her final expulsion, therefore, must have been as gratifying to the priests as it was mortifying to the discomfited mistress. According to Reresby, the king settled on her a pension of four thousand a year, on the express condition that she should retire to France. The fact is a significant one that, after James had himself been driven into exile, he continued to correspond with his former mistress.

Lady Dorchester had little to boast of on the score of beauty; indeed, her own remark on the subject is a sufficient proof of the fact. "I wonder," she said, "for what qualities James chooses his mistresses. We are none of us handsome, and if we have wit, he has not enough himself to find it out." She is said to have endeavoured to make up for the want of personal advantages by the extravagant costliness of her dress, a circumstance to which Lord Dorset alludes in the well-known ode which he addressed to her in 1680:

TO DORINDA.

"Tell me, Dorinda, why so gay,
Why such embroidery, fringe, and lace?
Can any dresses find a way
To stop the approaches of decay,
And mend a ruined face?

"Wilt thou still sparkle in the box,
And ogle in the ring?

Canst thou forget thy age and p—?
 Can all that shines on shells and rocks
 Make thee a fine young thing?

“So I have seen in larder dark
 Of veal a lucid loin,
 Replete with many a brilliant spark
 (As wise philosophers remark),
 At once both stink and shine.”

Her wit, which was hereditary, as often shocked by its indelicacy as it diverted by its sprightliness. Neither time nor place, however unseasonable they might have been, could restrain the unhallowed license of her tongue. The first Earl of Dartmouth, who was probably well acquainted with her, observes, “Her wit was rather surprising than pleasing, for there was no restraint in what she said of or to anybody; most of her remarkable sayings were what nobody else would in modesty or discretion have said.” Her spirits seem to have been as high as her wit was exuberant. “Doctor Radcliffe and myself together,” she said, “could cure a fever.” According to Lord Dartmouth, her mother died in a madhouse. Not improbably the affliction was partially inherited by her offspring.

One would have thought that a woman who even in her youth had possessed few claims to beauty, and who had now passed the meridian of life, — one, moreover, who had been for years the mistress of another man and the mother of his children, — would, on being discarded by her first

lover, have found some difficulty in discovering a man sufficiently infatuated to make her his wife. Sir David Colyear, however, afterward first Earl of Portmore, made her an offer of his hand and was accepted. It was the victory of wit over beauty. The Earl of Dorset, who appears to have entertained a natural and invincible abhorrence of Lady Dorchester's character, in another of his gay and scattered trifles alludes to the projected alliance :

" Proud with the spoils of royal cully,
With false pretence to wit and parts ;
She swaggers like a battered bully,
To try the tempers of men's hearts.

" Though she appears as glittering fine,
As gems and jests, and paint can make her,
She ne'er can win a breast like mine,
The devil and Sir David take her ! "

By her husband Lady Dorchester became the mother of two sons, of whom Charles, the only one who survived her, was the grandfather of the late Lord Portmore. When her two sons were taken from her to be sent to school, " If anybody," she said, " call either of you a son of a ——, you must bear it, for you are so ; but if they call you bastards, fight till you die, for you are an honest man's son."

Though received with a certain degree of coldness by Queen Mary, she presented herself at the

court of William the Third, and even figured at the drawing-rooms of the first George. In the latter reign, meeting the Duchess of Portsmouth, the French mistress of Charles the Second, and Lady Orkney, the favourite of William, at one of the assemblies at St. James's, — "By Jove," she said, "who would have thought that we three —s should have met here!"

According both to Burnet and Reresby, Lady Dorchester was the mother of several children by King James, of whom, however, only one daughter survived her. This person, to whom James gave the name of Catherine Darnley, was married first to James Annesley, third Earl of Anglesey. On being divorced from that nobleman, she became the wife of John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham. Her likeness to Colonel Graham, a witty and fashionable hanger-on of the courts of Charles and James, as well as her mother's well-known partiality for that person, caused a question to be raised whether she were in fact the daughter of King James. Her mother is reported to have one day said to her, "You need not be so vain, daughter, you are not the king's child, but Colonel Graham's." Graham was himself not unwilling to have the story believed. The Duchess of Buckingham and Graham's legitimate daughter, the Countess of Berkshire, were thought to be extremely alike. "Well, well," said Graham, "kings are all-powerful and one must not complain, but cer-

tainly the same man is the father of those two women."

The following couplet, in Doctor Johnson's "Vanity of Human Wishes," would lead us to suppose either that Lady Dorchester became a penitent in the close of life, or that she latterly encountered misfortunes which were in some measure attributable to her early frailty :

"Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring,
And Sedley cursed the charms which pleased a king."

There is nothing, however, in what we know of her history to prove that such was the case. On the contrary, her life appears to have been a long career of undeserved prosperity. The name was probably selected incidentally by Doctor Johnson for the want of a better. Boswell, we believe it is, who suggests that the substitution of the names of Shore and Valière would have made the illustration happier, and the couplet more effective.

Lady Dorchester died at Bath — under what circumstances is not known — on the 26th of October, 1717. She seems, like many of the royal mistresses both of Charles and James, to have affected an interest in religion as soon as wrinkles and paint took the place of youth and comeliness. In a letter of the period, dated 6th of April, 1686, "I imagine," says the writer, "your Countess of Dorchester will speedily move hitherward, for

her house is furnishing very fine in St. James's Square, and a seat taken for her in the new consecrated St. Anne's Church." Possibly, however, the pew at St. Anne's may have been merely a necessary appendage to a fashionable character of the period. There exists a portrait of Lady Dorchester, painted by Kneller, and there was also another portrait of her by Dahl at Strawberry Hill.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ARABELLA CHURCHILL.

Account of Her Family — She Becomes the Mistress of James II., then Duke of York — Her Children by James — She Marries Colonel Charles Godfrey — Her Death.

ARABELLA CHURCHILL is the only remaining mistress of James who is known to have borne him children. She is principally remarkable as having been the sister of the great Duke of Marlborough, the mother of the Duke of Berwick, and the paramour of a king. In regard to accomplishments, whether of person or mind, she appears to have been deplorably if not utterly deficient.

Miss Churchill was a daughter of Sir Winston Churchill, of Wotton Bassett, in the county of Wilts, a man once famous as a historian, but whose literary merits have long since faded in the eyes of posterity. He suffered for his loyalty during the civil troubles, and, like more than one other person under similar circumstances, was rewarded at the Restoration by the seduction of his daughter.

The young lady was born in 1648. She appeared at the court of Charles, about the age of

eighteen, in the dangerous capacity of maid of honour to the Duchess of York. The description of her in the "*Mémoires de Grammont*" is far from flattering. She is there spoken of as "a tall creature, pale-faced, and nothing but skin and bone." She must, however, have possessed charms, which, though imperceptible to others, at least captivated the heart of the Duke of York. An intrigue formed in the court of Charles was not very easy to be concealed; and accordingly, before Miss Churchill had been many months at Whitehall, the predilection of James became no less a subject of annoyance to his duchess than of ridicule to Charles and his merry associates.

Considering the conspicuous position of Miss Churchill, not only from her connection with James, but from her close relationship with the two most illustrious men of their time, it is singular how little is known of her career. The want, indeed, of all stirring interest in her story and character, regarded in a negative sense, may be considered as in her favour. It certainly proves that, though she unfortunately strayed from the paths of virtue, she neither attempted to dazzle the world by impertinent wit, nor insulted it by shameless effrontery.

Besides the Duke of Berwick, Miss Churchill had three children by her royal lover. Henry Fitz-James, her second son, was born in 1673.

He followed his father's fortunes, and was in consequence outlawed in 1695. He afterward became a lieutenant-general and an admiral in the French service, and subsequently Grand Prior of France. He died on the 7th of December, 1702, leaving by his wife, Mary Gabrielle, daughter of the Marquis of Lussau, an infant daughter who died without children. Miss Churchill's remaining offspring by James were Henrietta, born in 1670, who became the wife of Sir Henry Waldegrave, afterward created Baron Waldegrave, the ancestor of the present earl, and a younger daughter, whose name has not been preserved, who died a nun. Lady Waldegrave appears to have been a considerable favourite with her unfortunate father. Among Sir Henry Ellis's "Original Letters" are preserved several very interesting ones which he addressed to her during his exile.

After her connection with James was at an end, Miss Churchill united herself to Colonel Charles Godfrey, comptroller of the household and master of the jewel office. By this gentleman she had two daughters, — Charlotte, married to Hugh Boscawen, first Viscount Falmouth, and Elizabeth, who became the wife of Edmund Dunch, Esq. The frail subject of the present memoir died in May, 1730, at the advanced age of eighty-two.

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